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"THE MAN THEY HANGED" by Robert W. Chambers has as its theme the fact that Captain Kidd never was a pirate at all. Mr. Chambers has always been interested in America's early days and has in the past written tales drawn from American history that have proved extraordinarily popular. In "The Man They Hanged" he shows that Captain Kidd was in his day the victim of a base plot and that he has been wronged by popular history ever since. Kidd was in fact an honored and law-abiding citizen. He owned a considerable number of houses in New York and was even distinguished by receiving a large sum of money from the government in recognition of his public services. His misfortunes came about through his being chosen by public men both in America and in England to rid the seas of pirates. The story of how he was made a pawn by those "higher up" and of how he fought the injustice to the very end makes a remarkable narrative. Against the dark and dreadful life of the "Red Sea Trade" (as piracy was called) he makes a singularly noble figure.

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The MAN *They* HANGED

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Novels by Robert W. Chambers

The Man They Hanged
The Mystery Lady
The Girl in Golden Rays
America
The Hi-Jackers
Eris
The Talkers
The Flaming Jewel
The Slayer of Souls
In Secret
The Little Red Foot
The Crimson Tide
The Laughing Girl
The Restless Sex
Barbarians
The Dark Star
The Girl Philippa
Who Goes There!
Athalie
The Business of Life
The Gay Rebellion
The Streets of Ascalon
The Common Law
The Fighting Chance
The Younger Set
The Danger Mark
The Firing Line
Japonette
Quick Action
The Adventures of A Modest Man
Anne's Bridge
Between Friends
The Better Man
Police!!!
Some Ladies in Haste
The Tree of Heaven
The Tracer of Lost Persons
The Hidden Children
The Moonlit Way
In Secret
Cardigan
The Reckoning
The Maid-at-Arms
Ailsa Paige
Special Messenger
The Haunts of Men
Lorraine
Maids of Paradise
Ashes of Empire
The Red Republic
Blue-Bird Weather
A Young Man in a Hurry
The Green Mouse
Iole
The Mystery of Choice
The Cambric Mask
The Maker of Moons
The King in Yellow
In Search of the Unknown
The Conspirators
A King and a Few Dukes
In the Quarter
Outsiders

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The MAN *They* HANGED

by

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

New York and London
D. APPLETON & COMPANY
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The Man They Hanged

Chapter I

THIS Sancia—when first I laid eyes on her—was no more than a child. Nor was I much older.

They were hanging Leisler and Milburne that morning. Yet it is not with the hanging of these two unhappy gentlemen that this history is chiefly concerned, alas!

I noticed Sancia on the outer fringe of the throng in the dark of the falling rain. A northeast wind whipped her wet curls and skirts where she stood tiptoe in her clogs to see across the turbulent rabble surging around the gallows.

Wishing to see, also, I pressed forward, but presently noticed the blades of halberds in front of me and was soon forced backward again before the soldiers.

Suddenly somebody gave me a push from behind, and, looking around in the gloom of the storm, I saw it was this Sancia.

"Have you no manners," she said, "to back into me and tread my foot like a horse? You clumsy boy!"

"Nor have you any, either," I retorted, as the crush forced us almost into each other's arms; "—you, who loiter here among this wolfish rabble to see two honest gentlemen turned off—"

At that the press of people forced her against my breast, and she caught me by the shoulder, and thrust her face

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and cloud o' wet curls close to mine: "Hold your tongue!" she whispered fiercely; "there are plenty here around you to tear you to pieces if you speak kindly of Leisler!"

But already I was aware of my rashness, because a man in front of me had twisted his bull neck around to look at me, and others, also, were turning to see who had spoke.

Near me a brawny fellow in blacksmith's leather, struggling to heave his shoulders free, growled out an oath; and, "What have we here," said he, "—a Jacobite?"

"'Twas that young man," said another, "who tells us we are a wolf rabble at the hanging of an honest man!"

I strove to push the child, Sancia, away from me, but she held to my shoulder-belt, begging me to remain silent lest they tear me to pieces.

A corporal in a buff coat, and carrying a halberd, forced his way to us, and an officer who wore body-armour over a dirty buff jacket followed him.

"What's this!" he bawls. "Who spoke approving this black dog Leisler?"

"'Twas I spoke," said I, "and if my speech be not to your taste, sir, you may lick my sword-point and see how that smacks."

But I could not find my sword, for the child Sancia had me by the shoulder-belt. And when the corporal reached for me she beat away his arm with furious little fists. And, "What are you about, soldier!" she cried, "to lay your filthy hand upon a boy who is no more Jacobite or Papist than am I!"

"Are you neither Papist nor Jacobite?" demanded the officer.

"Neither," said I, "but shall entertain what sentiments I choose and voice them when it pleases me."

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At that there was a growling in the mob; and one cried: "We'll leave no Jacobite alive in New York City when we're done hanging Leisler!"

Suddenly a trumpet sounded near the gallows. The officer scowled upon me, then turned on the throng; and he and the halberdier began to push their way back toward the gallows, shouting, "Make room there! Clear away! We'll have no Jacobite brawling here!—"

Sancia jerked me by my broad-belt: "Lift me high," said she, "for I have not yet seen the gallows though I stand tiptoe in my clogs."

I put both arms to her body, lifted her, and held her seated on my left shoulder. Then I looked coldly upon those around us who still were gaping at me. Some, now, shifted their hang-dog eyes, and others seemed satisfied that I was no Jacobite.

And now, through the dark of the falling rain, I thought, far away, to hear the throbbing of wet and stringy drums; but all was noise and confusion and movement in front of us, the mob swaying forward and back, now giving before the halberds, now pressing on toward the place of execution. An iron bell began to toll in the city.

The gallows stood beyond the Out-Ward of the city, on cleared land which was a rough sort of common.

Grass and bushes were green and trees had new leaves, for already it was the middle of May. And though spring came not so early to New York City in that year of 1691, yet there were many birds to be seen and white blossoms starring all the woodlands, and tulips in gardens since April.

Well, now, holding Sancia upon my shoulder, I looked up at her—but I did not then know her name was Sancia or who this child might be.

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"Come," said I, "what do you see, little friend?"

"I see the black gallows and two noosed ropes," says she, "and wet halberds shining in the rain. . . . I see a vast and melancholy throng," says she, "all a-shoving and a-huddling. . . . And the city wall, beyond, and the two gates,[1] and cannon in the little forts, and a trumpeter high on the wall."

"Do you hear drums?" said I.

"No. It is the trampling of the throng on the sod, I think. . . . How dark it grows! How the rain blows! . . . What a dismal day to die on!"

She strained her childish neck in effort to see something of those beyond us where the soldiers barred an open space around the gallows.

"Yonder," she said, "stands Robert Livingston. . . . I can see Colonel Bayard, too. . . . And yonder comes Frederick Philipse, a-horse. . . . What a Saturday morn for men to die! . . . To die a-hanging in the rain. . . . " And turned, bent over, and looked down at me. Then, closer, with her tangled curls near my face: "What is your name?" she whispered.

"Dirck Hazlett."

"You? That one?"

"None other. Why?"

"I had not heard that this Dirck Hazlett was a gentleman except by birth," said she bluntly.

"I care not what you hear of me," said I.

"Also, you are only a boy," she added. "I thought you a man. . . . What age have you who stand so straight and carry me lightly upon your shoulder?"

"I am eighteen," said I scornfully, "—and what do you make of that, child?"

"Do I weary you—here seated upon your shoulder?"

[1] The Land Gate and the Water Gate.

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"No. . . . However, you shall descend, and then perch you upon the other side to ease my shoulder-belt."

"Let me down to earth," says she.

I lifted her down where she stood on her clogs again in the wet grass beside me.

"Who are you in your cap and curls and hooded cloak?" I asked in my turn.

"I am Sancia Caradac."

"Oh—she who lives with the Widow Oort—"

"You've heard of me?"—she looked up out of deep sea-grey eyes deeply fringed with black lashes.

"Some talk concerning you I've heard," said I carelessly. "A matter of a troop of horse? Yes? So you are that same Sancia? I had not known you were but a child—"

"Fifteen," quoth she. . . . "Or nearly . . . I am no child, I'll have you know it, my saucy lad!"

I did not trouble to answer the impertinence, because I was now listening to something else.

"If fifteen be not womanhood," said she boldly, "then manhood is not attained in eighteen years either. . . . You may think me what you choose; but, what *I* am, that also are *you!*"

"Be quiet," said I; "there are drums coming!"

We heard their beaten rhythm, now, like a pulse throbbing its dull undertone through the fevered noise and trampling confusion.

"Lift me, Mr. Hazlett," she pleaded in a softer voice; and I took her up again and set her upon the other shoulder where she held on with one arm around my neck.

"They are coming out of the gate; I see horsemen," she cried.

From the rabble a fierce roar arose: "Black dogs! Black dogs! Hang them!" And, "Gralloch them!" came a harsh Scotch voice from somewhere near me.

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The hollow vibration of wet drums beating a dead march through the rain, the swelling shouts, the wavering crowd, now surging forward, now sagging back before the halberds, and, over all, the deepening gloom of the rain—these things made a miserable and tragic scene which I never can forget.

"Sancia?"

"I hear you, Mr. Hazlett."

"What can you see?"

"Soldiers marching hither. And horsemen riding along their ranks."

"Can you see the Governor?"

"No. But Colonel Bayard is there a-horse, and Stephen Van Cortlandt. . . . And I see Nichols riding in his black cloak. . . . I see the drums, now. . . . I see the Mayor of New York,[2] and the Recorder,[3] and the Coroner,[4] and they are walking with Chief Justice Dudley, all in their black cloaks. . . . Now more horsemen ride hither with their naked swords. . . . I see the Attorney General,[5] and Captain Hicks,[6] and Ingoldsby,[7] and there come George Farewell and Isaac Arnold, and James Emott. . . . And yonder is Graham![8]

"Sancia?"

"I hear you, sir."

"Lean closer."

She bent her hooded face to my cheek, and I whispered in her ear: "Too many folk to see two poor gentlemen die. This smells of martyrdom to me."

Her damp curls against my cheek, she said under her

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[2] John Lawrence; aged 72.
[3] William Pinhorne.
[4] Thomas Clarke.
[5] Newton.
[6] Jasper Hicks, Captain of the frigate *Archangel*, then in port.
[7] Lieutenant Governor of New York.
[8] James Graham, second son of the Earl of Montrose, Speaker of the New York Assembly.

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breath: "*That* is my opinion. . . . Too many against two. . . . Have a care what you say and do. . . . Hear the people howling now—" She sat upright, holding tightly around my neck:

"There they are," she said in a frightened voice; "Captain Leisler walks with Dominie Selyns. And Milburne[9] on the other side. . . . I see them plainly through the moving wall of muskets. . . . Leisler bears himself nobly . . . Milburne weeps. . . . Sir, I feel afraid—"

"What do you see now?"

"A mist in my eyes—and the rain darkens all. . . . Livingston draws near the scaffold—I see his lean, yellow face and the long nose of him and his bushy hair under the steeple-crown. . . . A gold chain shines on his doublet. . . . Leisler mounts the gallows; after him, Milburne; and now there is a masked man there. . . . Many people on the scaffold. . . . They are praying . . . Leisler kneels. Milburne is on his knees, still weeping. . . . Mr. Hazlett?"

"What do you say?"

"Do you wish to see?"

"I see, now," said I. "Do you desire to observe how these poor gentlemen are turned off, Sancia?"

I looked up at her bright, frightened, yet hardy face turned toward the gallows, and the grey eyes of her wide and intent upon the tragedy enacting there.

She made no answer to me, and I grasped her around the knees and held her firm, seated on my right shoulder.

I could see, now, what was passing on the gallows; and hear well enough, too, because the rabble had fallen strangely silent save that here and yonder some woman sobbed aloud.

I saw Captain Leisler rise from his knees. Milburne

[9] Jacob Milburne, son-in-law of Leisler.

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also got up and stood swaying on the arm of Dominie Selyns.

Leisler came forward to the edge of the scaffold, bearing himself manfully. I could hear every word he uttered.

He said that he was a great sinner and asked pardon of God and man.

Then his voice rang out a little; and he declared that all he had done was through loyalty to his King and Queen, and no thought of self or false pride or unworthy desire for power ever had lodging in his mind and heart.

For me, this doomed man's speech carried truth in every syllable. And he was a manly man and a soldier, and it hurt me to hear him, so that without thinking or counting cost I called out:

"Why do they hang such a man in New York when we need every true heart and sword to hold our own against the King of France!"

As I ended I looked to be torn to pieces in the sudden movement of those around me, and I saw horsemen with bared swords turn their heads in my direction. Yet no one struck me or called out an injury, but some cried: "Let them be pardoned!" and others: "Hang them for the black dogs they are!" Everywhere women were sobbing and calling on the Governor for mercy. But he was not there; and likely as not lay drunk abed in Bayard's house at that awful moment.

A man near me shouted: "They can not be saved! The eleventh hour has passed! Bob Livingston hath willed it! We shall see them die at a rope's end!"

Another cried: "Milburne speaks! Silence and listen!"

Milburne, shaking on his thin shanks, was attempting to address the crowd. I heard him speak of his young wife; and he was making a most tearful and miserable

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appeal when, of a sudden, his sunken and distracted eyes caught sight of Livingston; and he shrieked at him: *"You* have sent me to my death! Before God's tribunal I will impeach you for this murder!" [10]

That burst of passion seemed to spend him, for he sank back against the hangman.

I heard the sheriff say in a loud voice to Captain Leisler: "Sir, are you ready to die?"

Leisler replied: "I have no fear of death. Whatever I have done I have done for the King and Queen, the Protestant religion, and the good of my country!"

The hangman, who was busy pinioning Milburne, left him and came to Leisler, who nodded and said in a clear, cool voice: "I am ready. Make an end!"

At that, Sancia bent low and pressed her wet face against me.

"I can not endure," she gasped; "I am sick with fright—"

"Shall I set you down?"

"Yes."

I lifted her to the ground, and the poor child crept within the circle of my sword-arm and hid her face against my jerkin. I looked at the scaffold.

Suddenly the drop fell. There was a deathly silence, then a great cry of sorrow pierced the misty gloom. Women screamed; I heard shrieks, oaths, fierce yells of triumph, yells of anger and revolt.

The girl, Sancia, clung to me, shuddering.

As for me, knowing nothing of the right or wrong of it all, and being no politician, God be thanked, I held Sancia with one arm and adjusted my shoulder-belt with t'other hand so that my sword came into place and at quick service.

[10] His exact words.

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"Well," said I in a loud and careless voice, and looking at the smith and his brawny friends who, lately, had made to snatch at my neck-cloth, "yonder, in my opinion, hang two very gallant gentlemen who should not have died at all! And I care not a tinker's rivet who likes what I say!"

At that Sancia lifted her head very quickly and with grey eyes wide and bright.

But the smith seemed nothing fierce, now. He said in a surly voice: "You are welcome to your opinion, now that they are dead."

Another man called out to me: "Milburne told us that there should be no more lords and tyrants and aristocrats; and for that the lords and the patroons have hung him!"

"Always there should be lords and commons," said I, "and Milburne was a fool. Yet, in my opinion, he merited better fate."

Some lout, leering at me as he passed, cried out: "Listen to Lord Derringdale's half-Dutch grandson! Sure he'll have lords to rule us, too!"

Another shouted: "New York is sick o' lords and tyrants and is like to spew 'em up!"

"You rats," said I, "why did you not shout a rescue to your patron saint, young Milburne, if you feel so bitter!"

"Why do you continue to anger them," whispered Sancia, plucking so violently at my sleeve that the puffed sheer linen o' the under shirt pulled out in her grasp.

"There is no courage in them," said I in a loud voice, "who come a-snarling to the gallows, yet suffer their own prophet to die without a move to save him. . . . As for Milburne, I know not. But I think there died a very gallant gentleman when Captain Leisler died—and I care not who knows my opinion—"

In the dense, sullen throng pushing by toward the city

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gates I saw Robert Livingston's cold eyes looking at me, and knew he had heard what I had said.

I took off my hat with its wet feather all limp, and swept the drenched grass with it:

"Sir," said I, "if what you heard me say displeases you, why, my name is Dirck Hazlett, and my quality is as good if not better than your own—even though your friends may have to seek me in a water-front pot-house!"

Livingston's dark, arrogant face darkened as the throng almost shouldered him against me, then bore him slowly onward, then again blocked his way.

"Well, sir," said I, "you know what to do about it if you care not to swallow my opinions concerning political murder."

"All know you for a brawler and a ne'er-do-well, Mr. Hazlett," he retorted haughtily. "Mend your ways or it will be the sheriff who shall seek you in your pot-house."

I laughed: "Why, you thrifty Scotch trader," said I, "I do you an honour and you'll never know it!"

"You keep a civil tongue in your head or *you'll* know it!" he remarked in his cold, deadly way.

I said: "I offer you again the unique privilege of tickling sword-points with a gentleman, Mr. Livingston."

"A gentleman who has forgot his blood and consorts with pirates," he returned in his icy manner.

"Oh, well," said I good-humouredly, "everybody in high places does that, from Governor to turnkey. And where would money come from in New York were it not for Arab gold?[11] And they say it jingles in your pockets, too."

But the press of people had now borne Mr. Livingston past where I stood with the child Sancia, and he gave me a malignant glance and no more, every fibre of this man

[11] Pirate money current everywhere in New York.

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showing his contempt of my youth, my circumstances, and my reputation. For which I cared not a clipped farthing.

As the throng swept by us in the falling rain, I saw the glimmer of halberds and muskets and the shining broad-blades of horsemen beyond; and heard drums and trumpets sounding a gay march as the soldiers of the garrison tramped back again to their stations in the block hausen and their barracks within Fort William.

"Well, damn all hangmen," said I aloud to myself, "I would not send my worst enemy to the gallows; and that, Robert Livingston hath done this day. . . . He and our drunken Governor—"

"Dirck?"

"As for you," said I, turning ill-humouredly on Sancia and letting my arm fall from her body—"who gives you leave to call me Dirck? Mind your manners, my pert child, while I do you the service to take you home."

"You call me Sancia!" she retorted, reddening.

"Which is becoming because you are a child!"

"I tell you I am fifteen, nearly—"

"And still have need of others to wipe your nose!"

"I *am* a woman!" she insisted, her eyes and voice so stormy that I began to laugh.

"Why do you laugh," says she: "—men marry us at fifteen! Aye, there was Lysbet—Arent Van Dyck's daughter—at fourteen years, too—"

"What ails you," said I, "to fly into this temper? This ghastly business of the gallows has unnerved you. . . . You are all of a quiver, still—"

"It's all man's deviltry," quoth she, trembling, "—all men are devils—yes, and boys are but younger devils—"

"Spit your fire, little kitten!" said I. "You are none the less a kitten. A wild one, too, I take it. And I tell

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you plainly, Mistress Sancia, had I the ruling of you I'd give you a birching for this morning's hoeky!" [12]

"I am done with school! I go where I choose!" she replied angrily. "I tell you I am a woman grown and should be so used!"

"Does pretty Mistress Oort know you are here in the fields outside the city wall to observe the hanging of two unhappy men?" I demanded.

At that she seemed troubled and walked beside me through the wet and trampled grass with her head hanging.

Stumping along on her wooden clogs, she seemed very little and lonely in the falling rain, and I remembered her history, now—having heard of this child but never before having noticed her in the city.

For truly this Sancia had been a child of misfortune. Her grandfather was that unhappy Captain who commanded the troop of horse at the execution of Charles the First. So it may well be understood that her family kept clear of Charles II and of James. But in a Jacobite plot they killed her father and caught her mother, among others, and very brutally shipped these poor women out to the New World to be sold or indentured.

Some foreign sea-captain, named Jacques Caradaque, or Caradac, took a fancy to her mother and married her honestly, and made two voyages to the Spanish Grants. But on his last return, laden with indigo, he brought also the yellow death into port. And he and Sancia's mother and nearly the whole crew died aboard the snow in the Lower Bay. And they brought the child, Sancia, ashore —the last of the race of him who had commanded the horse at the execution of Charles I.

Mistress Oort took her out of pity; and, soon after

[12] Probably the modern phrase "playing hookey" comes from this term.

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widowed, and having no child, made much of her in the fine house on Wall Street.

In New York all knew the story of Sancia, who now was become more like a daughter than a servant to the lovely Widow Oort.

Thinking of these things as I walked along beside her in the rain, I looked sideways at her, to observe what manner of misfortune's child I so oddly had to do with.

She was only a little taller than my shoulder; of a slim but firm body under her clothing which was made full in the Dutch fashion, and short, revealing two slender ankles and narrow shoon between the leather straps of the clogs.

Yes, and her hand was well made and showed her blood in its smooth symmetry and pretty turn of finger and wrist.

For the rest, her damp curls clustered under a close cap which made a deep point over her forehead, and shadowed her rounded cheeks, too. Yet, it was a delicate face, with a short, straight nose, bright lips, and the two darkish grey eyes of her—

I listened attentively. Head hanging as she walked she was singing under her breath—and presently I could distinguish the faint murmur of that hymn they sing when there is a burial among us.

"Sancia?"

She looked up at me.

"Why are you singing?"

"For those two men dead. For their passing. . . . Will Milburne's wife be given her husband's body?"

"I think so."

"And Captain Leisler's lady?"

"Surely."

"Then they will have hymns enough. I was not sure;

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I sang to myself—so there should be some service done them. . . . I am sorry I spoke too boldly to you, Mr. Hazlett."

Her upturned face was so pale and sweet that I said: "You shall call me Dirck, child, though I be a man grown, too." And I touched the faint line above my upper lip which, God willing, would some day mark my manhood plain enough for all to see.

As we came to the city gate I took her hand and led her through where the soldiers in buff-coats and bandoleers stood silent and surly, and where horses were tied to the guard-house rail. The bell was still tolling.

Far away in the city streets we could hear the drums of the troops marching to the Fort. Everywhere, in the rain, folk were afoot in the streets; and taverns and wine-shops were overflowing with people gathering to gossip after the executions.

Horsemen, fully armed, patrolled the city, and here and there were knots of people gathering and watching the crowds with furtive eyes.

New York was now in a condition most critical. A vast unease sat upon the city torn by internal strife and faction, and in ever restless dread of the French King and Frontenac. For France was certain to revenge herself on New York for what New York had lately done to Canada with her Iroquois. And no man knew when that blow would fall.

The houses on Wall Street were mostly built of straw-coloured brick in the Dutch manner, as were many of the houses throughout the city, although the English had erected, and were still building, handsome mansions after the English style. There were several of these on Wall Street, but the Widow Oort's was a Dutch house with stepped gables and iron-railed stoop.

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Before it we stopped. After a moment Sancia looked up at me, still pale.

"I did not know it would be so cruel a spectacle," she said. "My heart is all a-tremble. Men are cruel."

"You should not have gone," said I.

"No; it was too piteous. . . . I am paid for my hoeky, Dirck."

"Well," said I kindly, "you shall now go in to Mistress Oort and confess you. God knows she ought to birch you, but I think she will not. Then you shall get you a piece and eat, and so strive to forget this dismal Saturday in May. . . . So God be with you, Sancia."

"God be with you, Dirck. . . . Shall I see you again some day?"

I was turning away, and now turned again to her.

"I think," said I, smiling, "that if ever you pass my way I shall be very sure to notice you."

"And where is your way, Dirck?"

"Not your way, I fear."

"But—when you walk abroad, whither do you walk to take the air?"

"Sometimes by the Half Moon near the Queen Street gate. I like to look out upon the water."

"Are you a mariner, Dirck?"

"No, nor know aught of ships or the sea; yet consort much with seafaring folk."

"Captains in taverns," she nodded.

"Yes, and with others in ale-houses."

"Pirates?" she asked under her breath, her grey eyes starry.

I laughed: "They do not so name themselves, Sancia. . . . Well, I take the air of a pleasant evening by the water along Queen Street. And if ever you come that way, why then we shall walk and talk."

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"Of—what, sir?"

"Of many things," said I, laughing. "Of Arab gold; of joes and half-joes; of doubloons—or of the new leaves on the trees and of birds that sing in May, if you choose, Sancia—"

"I shall walk, one day, on Queen Street," said she.

"What day?"

"On that day when first the sun shines warmly. . . . I have a little dog called Fidelle. By him shall you observe and know me."

"I shall know your grey eyes, child."

"They be no child's eyes, my poor lad," she flashed out quickly; and I saw a little blaze in them and how they darkened and cleared.

"I would have you know," says she, "that I desire the consideration due to a woman grown. If I do you the politeness to treat you as a man and no boy, then you should do the like to me. Will you do so, Dirck?"

I was all laughter inside me, but I pulled a serious face and said I would. And with that I uncovered and took her hand and lifted it a little, and so, bending over, touched it with my lips.

With that she curtsied—the little minx—and far too low at that; and so we parted before her door with every politeness and circumstance. And I, still laughing within myself, dropped palm on hilt and walked away toward the end of the street, where was gathered a crowd opposite to the land where the new English Church [18] was to be a-building soon, and which was now a grave-yard.

[18] Trinity.

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Chapter II

WHEN, in these calm and after years, I think about our City of New York as it was in those days, I wonder how ever it did survive the civil strife within and the menace of enemies without.

Leisler was dead, God rest his soul, but the violent years of his governorship had disrupted the city and filled it with suspicions, antagonisms, treacheries, and feuds.

Albany ever had been against Leisler, and there people still distrusted us, though we had hanged our fiery, profane and turbulent Governor.

Our miserable city, under a bastard government combined with that of Boston, was a source of disgust on the one side and a fishy, puritanical hatred on the other.

We of New York desired neither Puritan nor Papist among us or in alliance; and we had learned that New England's Puritan love for us and her aid in time of peril were but two shaky crutches for us to lean upon.

As for our City of New York, with a drunken, guzzling, lecherous Governor, it lay already under the deepening shadows of coming storms.

For the late Revolution in England, which drove out our Papist King James and welcomed William of Orange, had utterly disrupted New York.

And although the armed turmoil of civil strife within our gates had passed in the black tempest which left poor Leisler hanging by the neck on a grassy common,[1] there was no contentment, no peace, no security within the city.

[1] About where the Printing House Square is today was the place of execution.

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Clearing skies showed only the more clearly what ruin had been wrought by both factions during Leisler's stormy reign.

Laws, now, were openly violated; property was seized for taxes; neighbors wrangled and quarrelled; suits for debt, for damages were multiplied daily; ships landed goods and captains refused to pay duty; and taverns and coffee houses swarmed with strange seafaring folk, merchants, privateers, and admitted pirates. Everywhere in men's hearts a great bitterness was growing—dark, harsh fruit of rumour and suspicion, and of that ever present fear of the French and of Government abroad and plotters within the gates.

Always the threat of Count Frontenac against Albany and New York, and the memory of that snowy night of horror and of the woe he had wrought upon Schenectady, were ever in men's minds. The friendly Iroquois were our only barriers to invasion from Canada; and all men knew that the French meant to seduce and gain the Five Nations—indeed, were about it now with Jesuits and with gauds.

As for our Governor, Sloughter, he did nothing, and was of a kidney to do nothing. He went to Albany with Livingston and a guard, a few days after he had signed Leisler's death-warrant, but he could not or would not take the field with Schuyler against the French. No. All he did was to flatter the Mohawks with presents which, I think, Ingoldsby and Livingston paid for; and he let Schuyler march on Canada alone.

Back he came a-sailing in his sloop to his distracted city of New York to swill his fill and glut his belly.

I saw him land from his sloop at the Great Queen Street Water Gate where six companies of city militia were drawn up to greet him.

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He had Bob Livingston with him. It was a fair day with blue sky and windy, and the river very pretty with the silvery crests of little waves. Flags flew; there was much bustle; cannon fired from the Fort and from the Half Moon; and the regular troops manned the road to the Fort.

Well, there was much talk and cursing and quarrelling in taverns, ale-houses, and wine-shops. Some said that the French would now cut Schuyler's gizzard and then make an end of us; others held that our King and Queen were mindful of us, and presently meant to send us war ships and troops to take Canada and settle this bloody matter once and for all.

That was the talk on that June day; and it was the talk all through the early summer that our Governor meant to call out the regulars, the militia, the *Coureurs-de-Bois,* the Iroquois, and all true men to take the field and put an end to this same Frontenac and his White Coats and Praying Indians. But he did not stir out of the city. He did only one good and useful act; he died. Very suddenly a-drinking coffee out of a blue Delft bowl.

Lord!—what a tumult! And some ran here, crying out that it was a plot and that his negro servant had poisoned him; and some ran there to give the lie to rumour. All the sourness and suspicion and latent animosities of the two factions flared up; crowds gathered along Wall Street to cheer the martyrdom of Leisler; others in Queen Street cried out upon him and what they called his treason.

However, the surgeons opened the Governor's body and found no poison. Ingoldsby was named Commander in Chief. They appointed Abraham DePeyster, Mayor of New York—for which God be thanked for such a mayor at such a time.

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And then our King sends to us as our new Governor, one Colonel Benjamin Fletcher, another needy soldier of fortune. . . . "—Though if he be needier than I," thought I, "God help him!" However, he began immediately to help himself—a big, red-faced, hearty and very busy gentleman who loved good cheer and merriment, and found means to gratify his merry inclinations—

But my pen runs too fast; and I have first to tell you something of our City of New York as it was then; and, by your leave, something, also, of myself, so that you shall be acquainted with him who relates to you this history and who shall use you, I protest, with every utmost respect and true politeness.

Therefore, firstly, the City of New York. Which at that time was not as you know it now, and had no more than a thousand houses and no more than five thousand inhabitants.

The water, then, washed the bulkheads which shored up Great Queen Street—which now is called Pearl Street—and Wall Street was the northern limit where the city's wall ran, its two gates flanked by small forts.

Within the fort, which was called William Henry, was the church, Governor's mansion, barracks, and other necessary structures. There was a French Huguenot Church northeast of the fort; the Stadt Huis, or City Hall, with its guard house and jail, stood opposite to Coenties Slip,[2] and in front of it were the whipping post, cage, stocks, and ducking stool for scolds.

The streets were much as they now are save in name; as, for example, what we call Maiden Lane was Virgin's Path and lay outside the walls; and other changes have come since; other streets and lanes have been opened; and

[2] Conraet Ten Eyck owned the land. He was nicknamed Coentje, and from this nickname came *Coenties.*

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now the wall is pulled down and the Out-Ward is becoming a city in itself, and everywhere are bouweries and handsome country seats to be seen.

Well, in those days there were handsome houses, too, both Dutch and English, such as the mansion in Whitehall, and Dongan's house and the fine new DePeyster mansion on Great Queen Street, and many another, also.

There were six Wards—the North, South, East, West, Dock and Out-Wards; and the city was as it now is, a shady, sweetly scented place of trees and gardens and green lawns and paved footways—where the winds from two great rivers and the Bay freshened the air. It was as it is now, a place of sprightly activity; of much coming and going; of busy waterways and marts and docks; of pleasant streets and ways and lanes made lively by folk abroad on business and pleasure; a place of many shops and taverns and ale-houses; a place of brave fashions and gay dressing.

In all, New York was something different to any other New World city—something gayer, more human; universal. There was, somehow, that in it of latent imperial promise; and naught of the dull and dour New England atmosphere nor of the smug, narrow pride and selfishness of Albany.

The city was part Dutch, part English, with a good seasoning of Huguenot French, a number of Jews, Spaniards and Portuguese, and a few Swiss and Germans.

But already New York in government, in life, in customs, was an English city, and becoming more so day by day. For the marvel of its incessant growth abides with us still; and today when the first George is our King, it still grows and stretches out toward the north in a most amazing manner, and we see, every year, mansions and

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farms and gardens and bouweries where but yesterday were green fields and brooks and hills and forests.

There were, as I say, fine houses in New York, such as Colonel DePeyster's, with its great double doors in the centre and the broad balcony over it; its double arched windows, vast rooms forty feet deep, and its coach house and stable in the rear.

Two thousand guineas' worth of silver was used daily upon his table with the finest of cut glass and china; and upon the handsomely decorated walls hung priceless pictures of the ancient masters; and he had sixteen servants to do his bidding; and a great garden to walk in, full of sweet scented shrubs and pretty fountains.

Well, I have striven to show you the brick, hewn stone, and wood houses of New York of my youth, with their tiled or slated or shingled roofs; and the gilded or painted weather-cocks on the steeples, and the flag on the Fort blowing in a freshening breeze from the Narrows—these and the ten-foot, palisaded and sodded wall with its arched gates and forts and Half Moon—and the basin and docks and new Battery flanking the Fort with its long row of guns. And now, of myself.

I was eighteen; a poor kinsman of the Derringdale Lord who, if ever he had heard of me, paid no more heed to my existence than if I were the clod his horse trod on when he rode to hounds.

My grandfather, a widower, was employed by King Charles in some capacity that had to do with his Majesty's household; and was killed in a brawl between the King's men and some people of a foreign Ambassador.

My father was Master of Arms to the Duke of York—a mean and low-lived Prince. For my mother, whom my father had married in Holland, being young and handsome, this same Prince pursued her with his usual

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effrontery and was given a slap across the moustached mouth of him with the steel hilt of my father's rapier—which they say split it an inch wider and left his eyes crossed for a month.

So my father had to run for it, and he and my mother gained the coast and got them into France. From whence to Holland, and from there came to the West Indies in the *Lovely Laura,* brig, four months out, and landed in Curaçao. From thence, a year later, they sailed to New York where my father hoped for employment as sword-master to the garrison but was obliged to enlist, and served as a Sergeant at the Fort, where Colonel Dick Nichols pretended not to know him and was otherwise kind.

There, in barracks, was I born upon the very day that the Dutch fleet under Colve sailed into the Bay and trained their broadsides on the Fort.

Down came the British flag and up went the Dutch. And for that cowardly surrender, our Commander, Manning, was court-martialled; and his sword broken in front of the Stadt Huis: and the Duke of York confiscated the entire estate of our Governor, Colonel Lovelace—poor devil—who was absent when the Dutch sailed up, and knew no more about it all than did I in my cradle of soft white pine.

Well, as all know, the Dutch remained but a few months before ousted, in their turn again, by treaty; and Major Edmund Andros assumed the Governorship of New York.

Thus, in the fifteen years that ensued between two deeds of violence—the seizure of New York by the Dutch, and the seizure of power by Captain Leisler in 1689—I cut my baby teeth, grew up, went to school and was birched, and played with my school fellows at alley taws by the waterside behind Whitehall.

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My father was a handsome, careless man who knew only the art of handling arms; and being a notorious man for having cuffed the Duke of York, could hope for no advance or preferment in the Army or Government service; and my Lord Derringdale made no effort to help him.

So at last my father dropped his halberd and quitted the Army; and built him a little house on Great Queen Street, and there set up as sword-master; and gave lessons to any who desired to learn that art.

He was, as I say, a gay, handsome, careless, but honourable gentleman, and he loved my mother and was very kind to me.

He it was who taught me all I know of swordsmanship—and I admit I know a little.

I was ten years old when my mother died. She was young, very fair with blue eyes and yellow hair. She died in her sleep, but, of what, I knew not save that she had often fainting spells from her heart ever since that fatal day when my father struck the Duke of York and they fled by night a-horse to the coast, and horsemen scouring all England to take them.

So, in *my* heart, I laid up foul memory of the Stuarts and hoped for a day when I could prick my crest on the hide of one o' them with a sword's point. God hasten that day and amen.

After my mother died my father lost his gaiety. He had made some trifle of money in his profession, and my mother had laid it by in prudent investment against old age which neither she nor he were destined to see.

For my father, who did nothing these days but sit a-sunning on the settle which was built outside our door on a kind of low stoop, was accustomed to go o' moonlight nights in summer to sit by my mother's tomb in the grave-

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yard where Wall Street ends, to the westward above the water.

And there, one morning, he lay dead with flowers in his hand and his handsome face in the grass of my mother's grave mound.

Well, afterward I had the little house, and the income from a little money; and knew not what to do with myself. And so fell into idle ways in taverns and coffee houses, amid odd company. And, I fear, did sometimes empty too many jacks and bottles; and became somewhat of a brawler—not quarrelsome nor seeking quarrels, perhaps, but shunning none, either.

So, presently, tongues wagged in town, and heads, too; and there was talk of ne'er-do-wells who shamed the Derringdale name, and of un-birched cubs who had sooner play at sword-point than eat an honest dinner.

It was said of me that I idled and drank and loitered in pirate-haunted wine-shops along the water front. All of which I did. But never yet have I used dagger on any man. Nor ever betrayed an enemy to the law; but, if I could not deal with him, let him go for God to punish.

Thus was I at eighteen; and had no purpose in life other than to see what life I might, and curiously explore what I saw, and learn about men and their motives, and something of why God made us and placed us within this strange and wayward world.

So, now that you are acquainted somewhat with me and with my brief history which is in noways remarkable, I shall take leave to continue that same history, not because of any vanity or belief that it, in itself, is worthy of your attention, but because my life, presently, became allied with the lives of those whose history is well worth the telling.

And I hope to God to make it plain to all honest minds

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and hearts that my chiefest friend was a man among men, than whom no finer, braver, simpler, kinder, or more honest gentleman ever lived.

I saw him first on Queen Street on a late July afternoon, a-walking by the waterside. And he had Sancia by the hand; and on his arm walked the lovely Widow Oort.

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Chapter III

WHEN Sancia saw me she plucked the hand of him who led her, so that he turned his head; and the pretty widow also looked upon me.

So, off with my laced hat, and a low salute to all; and would have passed on but Sancia called out in a piteous way: "Oh, Dirck! Will you not speak to me?" And suddenly, vexed: "Now, hang the man, will he not notice me at all?"

"Willingly," said I, laughing, "—but first by this gentleman's leave—and if it also be the pleasure of my lady—"

Sancia held out her eager little hand, and I perceived she wished me to use her as grand lady once more and kiss her fingers—the subtle minx!—and so I did with every circumstance and politeness, and then bowed again to the gentleman and the charming widow.

Sancia's face was now flushed with gratified vanity; and, displaying much self-possession and some affectation, she named me to her companions, and them to me, and again we exchanged bows and curtsies, and the gentleman gave me his large, firm hand.

"Mr. Hazlett," said he, "we have heard something of your acquaintance with our little Sancia, and are happy to find an opportunity to thank you for the protection you afforded her on that tragic day in the fields."

"Sancia is too kind," said I, smiling, "for she is not beholden to me, but I am more so to her—"

"Nevertheless," said the Widow Oort, laughingly, "the child does naught but chatter of her friend Dirck Hazlett, and how he defied the rabble—"

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"Oh!" cried Sancia, reddening, "that I do not, Mother!" And gave me a flushed and distressed look which made the Captain laugh in his frank, hearty way.

"Well, then," said he, "what harm lies in a friendship that is nothing ashamed, but honest and undisguised! We are glad to make your acquaintance, Mr. Hazlett"—he hesitated and looked at me more gravely—then seeming to discover in my face something to win his confidence—"It will afford us a real pleasure to know you better, sir; and of that I am very sure now that I have met with one of whom I often have heard some report."

"Captain Kidd," said I, feeling a slight heat in my face, "I am vastly honoured by your complacency; and, with your leave, shall hope to prove, perhaps, somewhat better than those same reports concerning myself and conduct which no doubt you have heard."

The widow dimpled and smiled upon me, with the kindly, reproving air of one who is inclined to pardon and ignore what she does not approve.

"To me," said Captain Kidd in his hearty Scottish way, "a man is what he proves himself to be. Sir, will you take the air with us and stroll with Sancia who, I am persuaded, is dying to hold converse with you—"

"I am *not!*" cried Sancia, "—or, if I am, I do not desire to have you say so to confuse and shame me—"

"Why do you always plague her, William?" remonstrated the widow, striving herself not to laugh. But the Captain laughed the louder and said in his bluff voice:

"Let Sancia stroll with her gallant and be not shy that she finds pleasure in a youth whose eyes recommend him very eloquently to me!"

"Sir," said I, "you are far too kind, I protest—"

"Mr. Hazlett," said Captain Kidd, "I have sailed the seas, and I know a true man when I lay eyes on him,

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whatever may be report regarding him. . . . By your leave, sir, I entertain no doubts concerning you."

"Nor I, you, sir," said I, feeling the warmth mount to my cheeks.

"Why, then," said he, and his clear, pleasant eyes of Scottish blue all a-crinkle, "sir, we should become friends —all four of us, Mr. Hazlett—and that ought to be pleasant, because I know nothing pleasanter than friendship—" he hesitated, looked mischievously at the charming widow—"unless, Sarah, it be that gentle passion—"

"A fiddlestick!" she cried, swift colouring yet smiling too in that lovely, veiled way that her violet eyes knew so well.

And I saw how it was between this sturdy, frank and finely made mariner and the fresh, young widow on his arm.

Well, I looked politely and smilingly upon them both, and then upon Sancia, who instantly gave herself the air of a grand lady and requested my arm.

Thus, side by side, we fell in behind the Captain and his lady, a-walking by the waterside on Great Queen Street where waves made a silvery noise along the beach and the sweet odour of locust bloom scented the July air.

Ahead of me, Captain Kidd smoked his pipe as he strolled with his lady on his arm. It was a long Dutch clay, and smelled as rank as do all pipes of seafaring men.

Beside me, leaning lightly upon my arm, sauntered Sancia; and now she whisked her nose with a hanker, and now sniffed the locust-blossoms and gazed upon the low dipping sun belted with a purple streak of mist.

"Well," said I, "what is all this news you have to tell me, Sancia?"

"Mother was plaguing me. I have no news."

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"*I* have, then."

"And what news, sir, pray?"

"That I am content to be with you again," said I.

"Oh! *That!* Well, then, so am I content to be with you."

"You are condescending, Sancia."

"No; I am honest. Oh, Dirck, are you truly content to see me again?" she asked, forgetting her airs and graces.

I said that, to be with her, was a rare pleasure; and she looked up at me out of her big grey eyes intently, then with a lovely, childish smile that instantly engaged me in her graces—the beguiling minx!

"Dirck," she said, "I have so vast a budget of news to share with you that I can not think of a single item. . . . Have you thought on me, sometimes?"

"Every day," said I with easy assurance.

"And I of you every *hour!* I know I should not admit it—"

"Why not, Sancia?"

"Lord! A woman of sense and discretion should not confess her affection to any man—"

I had to turn my head in fear of laughing, so quaint and droll and sweet this child.

"Then we are well met and rightly paired," said I, "because I desired to be your gallant, Sancia, yet had no hardihood to seek you out, not being acquainted with your —guardian—"

"I call her mother."

"—Your mother, then—"

"Truly, Dirck, have you thought on me the while?"

"Truly and constantly."

"And—desired to be my gallant?"

"And nothing less," I protested.

"Oh, Lord," says she, "for there is young Mr. Dudley

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who brings me nosegays, and Sir Robert Robinson's nephew, George, who holds my yarn for me, and—"

"I tolerate no rival!" said I as fiercely as I dared and yet keep a sober face. Which temper delighted the child.

But she was a very kitten, and played with it to her heart's content; and, "Oh," said she, "would you brook no rival, Dirck? Could you not endure to see me walk abroad with Harry Dudley? Would it pain you? Tell me, Dirck—I beg you—"

"Sancia," said I very gravely, "this is like to be a matter too serious for jesting. Either you are mine or another's. Which?"

At that her face altered and flushed; and I was sorry I had carried a pleasantry so far when I saw the deep look she gave me—I can not describe it—but, suddenly, what was lovely and childish seemed gone in her face; and two grey eyes regarded me as a woman, sometimes, regards a lover.

"I did not know you meant it," she said. . . . "Do you, Dirck?"

What was left, now, to say but yes—for a laugh would have hurt her mortally. I knew I had gone too far.

She gave me a bashful smile, tremulous, almost painful.

"Now, I know it is no jest," she said, "and that you truly are become my gallant. . . . I—am seriously inclined to you. . . . And am content. . . . Are you?"

"Yes."

Suddenly she pressed my arm and her happy laugh rang in the sunset air: "Oh, Dirck," she said, "who would have thought it, at our second meeting! What wondrous chance guided our steps together? What happy augury when I espied you? You *are* my gallant, aren't you? Mine alone? Aren't you, Dirck?"

"None other, Sancia."

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"And I your mistress, yours alone! You won't neglect me, will you? For I shall grow very swiftly and hasten me to ripen, and shall presently overtake your years. And you shall see how in the twinkling of an eye I shall put on womanhood! You shall behold it, Dirck, and be amazed that it hath come so swiftly to transfigure me. Are you impatient?"

"Well, yes," said I, "in a manner—or so to speak—" for I was now so deep in, and so badgered by her ardent and impulsive courtship that I knew not what to say and was afeard to hurt her if I took it all less solemnly—"yet, Sancia, I am most tender to childhood, too, and—if I may so express my sentiments—I dread to see—or, so to speak—the rosebud open into—or what I may perhaps describe—a more mature and perfect loveliness—"

"Oh, Dirck, you do not desire me to hasten my years?"

"Yes, I do—but you also suit me marvellously as you are—"

"Fifteen is a pitiful age," she remarked contemptuously, "—and all treat me as a child, save only you. *You* know I am a woman, don't you, Dirck?"

"Surely."

"And that I am capable of the most ardent sentiments?—"

"Oh, certainly, but—"

"And of truest and most passionate love?" she insisted.

"Well, I scarcely—"

"*Am* I?" she demanded, hotly.

"Oh, certainly. But I think that at fifteen, comradeship is pleasant. Indeed," I cried, "what is more admirable than companionship that hath no other thought than to please and be pleased. And what could be more delightful than to nourish between us so innocent a friendship, Sancia?"

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"Truly. But you are in love with me, too, are you not?"

"Wildly," said I, "but—"

"But what, Dirck?"

"There are some few years that must first pass—"

"Two!"

"Do you not think—"

"No, I do *not!* At seventeen I desire to be yours, Dirck. I so promise. Do you?"

"Certainly," said I, provoked, yet laughing inwardly to be so beaten and cuffed about by this chit of a maid of fifteen. "Well, Lord!" said I, drawing a long breath, "here we be in sight of the wall and the Water Gate with its painted weather-cock a-top. . . . But what is the Captain about, who enters yonder handsome house with his lady?"

" 'Tis his own house," said Sancia, laughing, "and soon to be my mother's also."

"Oh," said I, smiling, for I had already noticed how the land lay between those two, and that it was plain they were betrothed and very much in love.

As Sancia and I came up slowly, Captain Kidd and his lady, who had mounted the stoop, leaned on the iron rail to watch us.

"Will you sup with us, Mr. Hazlett?" called out the Captain.

I thanked him politely for his kindness.

"Well, then," says he, "the door is open, and you and Sancia shall come in if you choose, or await a summons to supper."

Sancia laid her little hand in mine with a heavenly smile, and took mincing steps like a grand lady as I led her across the runnel by the alleyway and up the stoop; where it was her pleasure to seat herself and to draw me to a place beside her.

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This house of Captain William Kidd was a fine one, built in the Dutch manner, and of three stories and cellar and a garret.

It had a handsome porch and two pair of windows flanking the doorway; five windows in a row on the second floor; and three ornamental dormers.

On the gable ends were windows in pairs on every floor. Two fluted chimneys rose from either end of the house. Cellar grills gave on either side of the stoop.

It was a handsome, substantial house of cream-coloured brick, the roof slated, the footway paved, and a little walled garden behind it and bordering the alley which we now call Hanover Street.

Where I sat on the lintel beside Sancia, I turned my head to look into the house, and saw how pleasant it seemed in the light of the setting sun which fell on carved mahogany chairs, on polished tables, and across a gay Turkey carpet.

"When do they marry?" I inquired.

"In August," said Sancia.

"Are they to live here?"

"Yes. Mother hath two other houses which she means to lease. . . . It is a happy marriage and a true love match," she added with a slight sigh. "Oh, Dirck," she lisped, "how admirable is true love—is it not?"

"Most admirable," said I, controlling an inclination to smile.

"I'll tell you one thing," said Sancia, "if I am loved, I shall love. I am very sure of that. But if I am no longer loved I shall not break my heart over any man. No! He can go to the devil!"

She was sitting with elbows planted on her knees and her determined chin on both fists, and a-looking out into the fiery sunset across the water.

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All the shore and the bulkheads and the street and the houses burned red in the glow, and every window glittered like a live coal.

In her silk bodice, slashed sleeves, and short silken skirt, and with the curly hair clouding her fair cheeks under the close-set Dutch cap, she was a pretty thing to see, this young English orphan girl in the rose glow of sky and water.

Off shore a snow of some ninety ton beat slowly to windward. A hag-boat had anchored near to Coenties Slip to unload. Beyond, a tall ship was moored; and skiffs and canoes were in motion between us and the Jersey shore.

Sancia leaned lightly against my shoulder, her grey eyes resting on the water where it crimsoned between our late Governor Dongan's Island and the forested Jersey heights.

"Like the gates of glory," she murmured, "—and if a heavenly fleet manned by winged angels should come a-sailing through I would scarcely marvel. . . . How wondrous sweet hath God made His world, Dirck."

We sat watching the swallows skimming the water above the moored shallops and row-boats drawn up on the shore, and listening to the loud chirping of robins and the soft caroling of bluebirds.

As for the great flocks of waterfowl—ducks, geese, and swans, that cover up the Upper Bay and rivers in autumn, they had now gone northward, save only a rare gull or two, and the tiny snipe which ran along the shore.

"A fine ship," said I, looking at the vessel at anchor in the stream.

"*The Princess of Orange,* merchant," said Sancia. "She belongs to him who is to be my step-father."

"To Captain Kidd?"

"Surely. Also, he owns two more great ships—a brig

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and a sloop. They are in the India trade. After my mother marries him he sails again."

I knew little of Captain William Kidd save that he was a substantial citizen and a man of consideration and wealth in the City of New York.

I knew that he mixed not in factional disputes but always had minded his own affairs which were to gain money by fair trading and live, when ashore, an honoured and respected life.

That he, also, was a gentleman and a man of education and cultivation had been plain to me when we exchanged first compliments. With the directness and even, perhaps, bluntness of a sea-captain, his manners and dress and carriage, and speech, showed him to be gently bred and cultivated. And there was a clear honesty in his eye that spoke eloquently of kindness and firmness, and in his strong features there seemed nothing hinting of any secrecy of character or of suspicion or meanness. His face was smooth shaven, his crisp hair, worn somewhat short, was of a sandy hue; his eyes clear blue; his mouth strong yet tranquil. He was a man who invited friendship. And, in his face was that generosity which trusts—and which, perhaps, was this man's visible sign of weakness—a confidence almost childlike in his fellow men.

This was my first impression of Captain William Kidd, the unluckiest man ever born.

A black servant came to the doorway where we sat, to summon us to supper. I rose and gave my hand to Sancia, and lifted her to her light feet.

"Lord," quoth she, "I be famished a-sitting here and thinking on my supper—"

"I supposed you were reflecting upon love," said I, maliciously.

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"And so I was," said she, "—upon my passion for cherry-pie!"

I caught a flash of the mockery a-dancing in her eyes as she took my arm with a mincing air; and so I carried her with pomp and dignity into the dining room which was all rosy and golden with sunset tint and early candle-light.

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Chapter IV

WE supped at a handsome, carved oval table[1] of richest mahogany, set with a damask cloth. Four tall candles of bayberry lighted it. The service was blue Delft, and pewter[2] which glistened like silver.

All was neat and sweet-smelling and marvellously clean; for, in New York, the English, I think, were ashamed to be less fastidious than the Dutch who set the fashion for domestic order and cleanliness throughout our Province of New York.

The floor had been sanded with white sand; and, with a broom, the maid had made a multitude of pretty arabesques and designs upon it.

For the rest, there was a long oak chest made in King Charles' time, on which stood decanters and nosegays in Delft vases; and a great bowl of Arabian silver ingeniously chased and carved, and now full to the brim with ripe cherries.

Eight other carved mahogany chairs,[3] set with great brass nails and covered with brown leather inlaid with a gold design, stood ranged around the walls. And on the

[1] This same table was listed among Captain Kidd's effects when the inventory was taken in 1699.

[2] Captain Kidd's establishment, while ample, and even extravagantly furnished for the times, seemed to have been devoid of table silver. The inventory lists only pewter. Only the very wealthy used silver table service in those days.

[3] The Captain had twelve of these, and twelve more decorated with smaller brass nails.

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walls were pictures of two ships; and over these were cutlasses and pistols most tastefully arranged.

When I led in Sancja, the Captain cried in his hearty way: "Now, this is a handsome sight for a lonely bachelor to gaze upon friends at salt under his proper roof!" And he gave his hand to Sarah Oort and handed her to a chair whilst I accomplished the like ceremony for Sancia; and, for her airs and affectation, I thought to hand a princess to her throne.

There were two servants, a High Dutch boy, whose features resembled a pig's; and a black; and these instantly fetched Madeira in crystal glasses for us all.

"Sarah," said the Captain, with his frank eyes of Scottish blue seeking hers of softest violet, "I give you health and happiness, and ask God's blessing on you always! And to Sancia the same wish and the same prayer! And, sir," . . . looking upon me, ". . . your health and kindly welcome among very humble but happy folk! I drink friend and guest alike; and may the one always be the other also, is the prayer and the desire of William Kidd!"

We drank this generous sentiment, and then to one another with all politeness; and I was conscious of a happy warmth in me, because of the kindness of these new acquaintances who welcomed me with such delightful simplicity among them.

We ate soupaan and milk; and there were cold meats and a salad, and pies and a multitude of those various and crisp pastries which the Dutch so love.

Hollands, too, and French Brandy were in decanters, and Madeira[4] of the very best.

The Captain was a frank soul, and ingenuous, and, be-

[4] Captain Kidd was very fond of Madeira wine and it figured largely in his cellar bins.

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cause, apparently, he had nothing to conceal from the world, seemed to believe that nobody else had either.

With a childlike bluntness he asked me about myself, and where and how I lived, and in what affairs of business was I busied; and I was a little ashamed to admit that I did nothing and lived in my small house, scantily, on the little money invested long ago by my mother.

"Well," said he in his simple way, "if you have no means of livelihood, Mr. Hazlett, we must find some likely opportunity for you. Do you know the sea and ships, sir?"

"Not a tide, not a rope or spar, sir. I am very ignorant save only concerning weapons and the swordsmanship my father taught me."

"They say you give lessons in the art," said the widow, politely.

"Yes, Madam; but pupils are few. The art passes as musketry improves. However, I understand firearms, too, and am an indifferent good armourer; and so, by fashioning and repairing, add something to a slender income."

Sancia tossed her head and said: "As a sea-captain disdains aught save what concerns the sea and ships, so a sword-master considers only his profession and what pertains to it. If you are poor, yet idle, Dirck, then you are nobly so, and the fault lies with others!"

"There's for you, Mr. Hazlett!" cried the Captain with his hearty laugh, "and we all think as Sancia thinks."

Madam Oort said in her charming way: "You are very young, Mr. Hazlett, and are right to pause ere you pick and choose."

"Aye, industry is senseless," added the Captain, "unless mind and aptitude direct. An ant is industrious, but 'tis a senseless activity. Come, Mr. Hazlett, would you like

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to ship with me and learn the sea and the ways of men and how to gain honest fortune in honest trade?"

"Sir," said I, surprised and touched at such blunt kindness from this man I scarcely knew, "I am deeply sensible of your politeness and very greatly beholden. . . . Would you really consent to take me, Captain Kidd?"

"You shall come aboard the *Sarah-O* sloop along o' me when next I sail, if you will, Mr. Hazlett."

I felt, under the table, Sancia's little foot a-pressing mine; and, "Oh, Lord," she exclaimed, "am I to be bereft as soon as I discover my first gallant?"

"Your first—*what!*" cried the Captain, and roared with laughter. "Well, now, what have you to say to that, Mr. Hazlett?"—for I own I was taken aback and felt the heat in my face, and scarce knew what countenance to put upon it.

But when I looked into the forlorn grey eyes of Sancia I knew I must have a care lest I hurt her pride and bruise her; for it was plain that the child had taken my playfulness in deadly earnest.

Something of this, too, was apparent to Madam Oort, for she looked upon Sancia with an odd smile of understanding, and said to me: "To part with pleasant friends is always a grief; but that is life, Mr. Hazlett, and our little Sancia must learn, as all are obliged to learn, that nothing lasts on earth."

"You are wrong, Sarah," said the Captain, "for you know one thing that shall last as long as I last."

The widow blushed and laughed, and gave him a pretty look, yet admonishing.

Servants brought the silver bowl full of cherries and napkins and basins for all, and we ate the plump ripe fruit and sipped a rich liqueur from Curaçao out of tiny crystal glasses, and ate little rich crisp cakes.

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"Well," said the Captain to me, "all men know what your father did to a certain profligate Prince, and all true men approve; and for that, and because I like you, your father's son is welcome in this house—and I would lend to him a friendly hand if he cares to take it."

"Sir," said I warmly, "I am deeply conscious of the courtesy and kindness with which I have been received by all under this roof. I never shall forget it, and my poor services are ever at your disposal, together with a friendship as steady as the unchanging star you steer by. . . . With your permission, sir, I fill my glass, with all respect and every ardent desire to merit your approval, and I offer you my warmest wishes for that approaching happiness which I can not choose but perceive is one day to be yours, sir, and to be shared by your lovely and gentle lady."

Madam Oort leaned impulsively toward me in her graceful way, and thanked me; and we all drank her happiness, and the Captain's. I ventured a glance at Sancia and found her grey eyes on me; and we smiled a separate toast to each other across the candle-light.

Now, from the pipe-rack the Captain took his pipe, and a new one; but I did not smoke; so Madam Oort lighted his pipe from a candle; he gave her his arm to the door which led into the garden in the rear; and there they slowly walked away, arm in arm, along a path of white sea-gravel bordered by hollyhocks, carnations, lilies, and roses.

Overhead, large calm stars had come out. It was very still—scarcely a sound in all the city—silence over land and water, and the scent of blossoms tincturing the dark.

Under a cherry tree was a settee, and thither Sancia led me and seated herself, and made me sit beside her.

For a while we were silent, and I watched the faint glow of Captain Kidd's pipe beyond us in the dusk where

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he and his lady were seated in a kind of bower under a thick foliage of grape-vine.

At last Sancia said in a woeful voice: "Are you going away to sail the seas, Dirck?"

"I shall have to turn my hand to something, Sancia."

"Why?"

"Because I live but ill on what I have and what I earn."

"But, Dirck, you always can sup with mother and me and so practise thrift until we marry."

In the dark I felt my face redden.

"Sancia," said I, "when you are of an age to consider such matters you shall have long forgotten me."

"Dirck!" she exclaimed in a piteous voice.

"But, child—"

"Have I not told you I am no child, but know my mind and heart!" she cried. "Dirck, do you not love me?"

"Yes," said I, hastily, "and to distraction; but—"

"If I were yet in my cradle I would love you, and know I loved you!" she interrupted hotly. "Today I feel as I shall feel tomorrow! The years that add to my age but increase the flame. It is not only in my heart but in my mind and spirit that I am in love with you. Nothing can change me save only yourself. And if you learn to love me no more, then you may go to the devil!"

So ardent her voice, so fierce and determined her manner, that I durst not make light of it and was afeard even to smile there in the dusk. Lord! What a fury of childish passion had I awakened with my playful humouring of this little fiery maid! What had crammed her curly pate full of notions that should properly ripen and more occupy her some two years hence?

Well, there was naught for it now but to humour her or wound her. That was far more evident than the hair

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on my upper lip. And time would dissolve such matters with its never failing chemistry.

"Do you love me?" demanded Sancia. "Yes or no. Very well. Will you please to say so, Dirck?"

"Dear chi—dear mistress of my affections," said I, "I do esteem you and am happily in love. But I myself am not very old, and I have no wealth and so must mend my fortunes—"

"Dirck!"

"It pleases you?"

"Mother will give me her other house on Broad Street, and a dowry of one hundred half-joes, one hundred doubloons, and three hundred pieces of eight. I have already sixteen petticoats of silk—" she began to count on her slender fingers— "and I have six doublets in velvet and silk, and ten pairs o' hanging sleeves in gold gauze, in *gris-de-lin,* in puce silk, in *feuille-mort* and in Bristol. I have six cloaks—one long and scarlet—and three love-hoods. Green stockings I have, and blue and rose, and quilted caps and three close caps of lawn and lace, and three lace stomachers. Shoon I have of fine silk and flowered russet and of white callimanco, and black velvet, white damask, green silk and embroidered. Of fine shifts I have five—"

I could no longer control my laughter: and, "Sancia," said I, "I own one new doublet, one jerkin and another very ragged; and the buff-coat I wear, and shirt and breeches, and a pair o' boots! And what do you make of that for a fashionable sweetheart?"

"Is that truly all?" she asked in an awed voice.

"I forgot my shoulder-belt and sword. . . . And is this the gallant you would wed?"

For a full minute, I think, she sat silent in the dark.

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And of a sudden, then, I felt her arms on my shoulders and her warm sweet cheek and hair against my cheek.

It was her silent answer.

"Well," said I, so surprised and moved that I spoke with difficulty, " . . . whether you be child or woman, Sancia, you have won from me loyalty and devotion. I have nothing else to offer—"

"Love," she said. "I ask no more."

I would not kiss her on the mouth; I could not, somehow, or even on the cheek or brow. But I lifted her little hands and laid my lips to them very gently.

"You shall think me better and finer than I am if it please you, Sancia. What service I have to give you may count on as upon a brother's—"

"A lover's, you mean; do you not, Dirck?"

"Yes—if it please you—"

"Does it please you, also, to be my lover?"

"I am on my knees to you—"

"Oh!—that is well," she said faintly. "That is a most heavenly sentiment for a maid to lean on in days of absence . . . Dirck?"

"What do you say?"

"Shall your warmth increase with my years?"

"Why—I think so—"

"—Because you have not kissed my lips. . . . I would have you do so—if it please you, also—"

So chaste and still that pure and passionless kiss that the touch of her rose mouth seemed to cleanse me of what sin and evil I had contrived to shoulder at eighteen years.

Very slowly our lips parted, and she laid a cool, smooth hand in mine, and rested so against my shoulder.

For a while we fell silent, and I with that odd, restful sense of peace that comes with meditation in some calm security after violence and peril. . . . God knows what

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sweet quiet stole into my mind and heart and soothed my thoughts.

But Sancia was resolving herself into another mood, and she sat upright, now, and bade me look upon her attentively.

"It is midsummer," said she, "and too late for maying; but you shall take me abroad by the Kissing Bridge and we shall eat cherries and early peaches at some pretty bouwerie. Will you do so, Dirck?"

"Will you ride pillion?"

"That I will gladly!" she cried, delighted. "We will journey up over the hills toward the Spuyten Duyvil, where we shall stand upon a breezy mound and observe two rivers, the ocean, and the Sound—"

"And," said the voice of Captain Kidd from the darkness, "you shall take a glass and make out my great ship, *The Princess of Orange,* merchant, and presently see her weigh anchor and stand for the Empire of the Great Mogul!—that is, if you journey a-horse tomorrow."

He had come up in the starlight with his sweet lady on his arm, and we all stood together there in the garden.

"Bed-time," said he, pinching Sancia's cheek. And to me—"You and I will take our pretty convoys back to Wall Street. But—" he gave me a straight look—"Dirck," said he in his frank, blunt way, "a word aside with you—"

When he had led me a few paces: "I understand," said he, "that you are well schooled and a scholar. Is it true?"

"I have had instruction beyond mere schooling."

"Dirck," said he, "I offer you a fair wage to become secretary to my affianced wife."

"Sir," said I, astonished.

"You wonder? You need not. The woman I am to marry is lovely, good, accomplished in many arts and

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graces save only one. Dirck, she[5] has never been taught to write, and must have another's aid to set down household figures or to indite a letter.

"Now, to be at pains to hire some penman is tedious and inconvenient. Before I marry I must needs make another voyage. I do not desire that a hired clerk read the letters that I should receive from my affianced wife. But, Dirck, you are our friend and Sancia's. . . . And as you seem to have some little requirement for funds whilst you are deciding upon a career to embrace, we ventured to hope—Sarah and I—that perhaps you might be so complacent—"

"I will serve her with pleasure, sir—but *for* pleasure only, and shall accept no wage."

"Sir," said he bluntly, "that is gallant but not the path of thrift—"

"No, sir; I shall be happy to use my poor ability to aid your charming lady, but can not accept a farthing for the honour she does me."

"Well," said Captain Kidd, laughing, "have it your own way. But how ever you are to make a fortune in this world of trade I can not see. . . . Come, Dirck, you are a most gallant lad and fair. So I yield; but you shall not berate me if I bring you from India a bale or two of trifles! Is it a bargain?"

"I like not those same bales—"

"Ah! Wait till you see them opened!" he cried, still laughing. And, to the widow: "Sarah, you shall have Dirck's service when you will, and he hath said it who tells no lies—and I lie like a nigger if ever he has told

[5] This otherwise graceful, accomplished, and really charming lady could not even sign her name to the touching letters written for her to Captain Kidd. A cross was her signature, to which her amanuensis added, "Sarah Oort," or, later, "Sarah Kidd."

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a single one in all his life! . . . So; shall we stroll to Wall Street then?"

I bowed and gave my arm to Sancia. It seemed natural and nothing strange that already I was one of this pleasant household.

The Captain filled his pipe first, set his tinder a-glow, puffed twice and deeply, then snapping the lid of his silver tinder-box, he gave his hand to his lady and went out through the side door into the flowery lane.

And I, with Sancia close clasping my arm, and feeling her warm cheek against my shoulder, followed through the calm lustre of the stars.

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Chapter V

MY small house of hewn stone, with its tall and pointed roof of red tiles, its single chimney, and its one story and loft, stood near the corner of Queen Street and Great Queen Street just beyond the city wall. On the corner of these streets was my peach orchard, walled in.

From my doorstep settle I could see the Burghers' Battery of ten guns through the high arched Water Gate with its weather vane a-top. I could see even as far as the Stadt Huis, Battery and the slip at the foot of King Street, and part of the Wet Docks beyond, where Dock Street closes Broad Street.

When I looked north I saw a few houses on Great Queen Street, and fields, gardens and wooded hills and water. And many windmills.

New York was a city of windmills in my youth; and these were more plenty then than they are today. On hill, in dale, and vale, by the brookside, by the river, everywhere one saw the four arms of windmills against the sky. And to me it is always a pleasant sight to see, on a fair and breezy day, the sails turning in the sun.

I had no servant. My father had bought a black of Frederick Philipse—or rather of Margaret—who drove a pinch-penny bargain as she always did, and sold my father a runaway. Who, presently, was gone—stolen, or pressed by Phips, or run off to the Panis—we never knew.

So, now, having no servant, Maddaleen, daughter of

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Anetje Wyck, who kept a shop on Stone Street, came every morning to clean and make my bed.

And I wished I were rid of her but knew not how to accomplish her dismissal—but, of the girl Maddaleen, later.

Now, this was my mode of life. At the Dark Ship Inn I had for breakfast soupaan, and read a book.

Then, if I had a sword or musket or a pistol to mend, I went home where, in my peach orchard, I had made me a little wooden hut with a forge and tools.

Or, if some young gallant of the city, such as John Livingston, or Alexander Graham, desired a lesson with rapier—or if some officer of the garrison, or some sea-captain, wished to learn a little more than he already knew of thrusts and cuts and parries, then, in my loft, I gave instruction. Which cost a British half guinea [1] the hour if with a broadsword; and a chequin [2] for the same with rapiers.

Sailor men and soldiers with cutlass or hanger could pay in trade-goods if they chose. But of gentlemen I required gold, minted or in grains. And God knows I had some very strange gold pieces from seafaring gentlemen in the Red Sea Trade [3] and On the Account [4]—privateersmen—as they assured all—with letters of marque and reprisal. But all knew them for what they were when they brought in their prizes or their strange bales o' goods smelling of the Grand Mogul and of Spain and Madagascar and Hispanola.

Every week and oftener these brigantines and ships and snows and galleys and sloops came in to New York port, and often with French, Spanish, Portuguese, or Moorish

[1] About $2.30. [2] About $1.75.
[3] The discreet expression for piracy.
[4] The same meaning even more cautiously expressed.

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prizes; and always with strange cargo aboard and strange gold in bags, whether England was then at war or not.

Always these seafaring folk were to be seen on the water front along Dock and Great Queen Streets, and by the Wet Docks and Whitehall Battery, along the Postern Gate from the North West Block House to Leisler's Battery.

In the wine-shops of the Beaver Path they gathered; in the taverns of Great Queen and Dock Streets, and in the ale-houses along Broad Street where the stinking canal seemed to suit their noses hardened to bilge and the filth of Spanish towns.

They were strange folk for the most, in their plumed hats or scarlet caps, their doublets, jackets, bright sashes and short white breeches over boots of every description.

And the swords they wore were of every sort, also, as were their pistols—some very fine with Damascus work and gold and silver, and even jewelled; and I have seen rubies and emeralds, and pearls, too, set in many a dagger hilt along Dock Street.

Now, it was not always so simple to tell at a glance whether a man, by his dress and deportment, might be an honest merchant, a licensed privateer, a man-o'-war's man, or some gentleman in the Red Sea Trade, lately out o' Madagascar, and On The Account—or so to speak.

No, one could not always be sure save in observing them together or when drinking or supping in wine-shop and tavern.

For, heated, or in noisy company, or a-wenching, or in their cups, those tainted with piracy became bold enough, and seemed to make nothing of honest folk who might observe or hear them and their bragging and revelry and ribald songs.

I remember, once, while supping late at the Dark Ship

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Inn, how a noisy and merry company of these gentry came in to revel and feast and disport them with their wenches.

Of me and of other sober citizens they made nothing and only laughed at us and conducted so that we should admire their boasting and their wit.

And presently they enacted a sort of play, with great laughter, which, they assured us, they had once enacted in Madagascar.

So, now, first they chose a jury of their fellows and their bold-eyed, laughing wenches.

And one, who bragged in his cups that he had been aboard Culliford,[5] was the Judge; and another played the Attorney General. Before this court they brought still another, pretending he was on trial for piracy upon the high seas.

And this I set down here is something of what I remember how they enacted this grim jest on the floor of the Dark Ship, amid shouts of laughter from their fellows:

The Attorney General moved the Court and began:

"If it pleasure your Lordship and you, Ladies and Gentlemen of the Jury, this trembling wretch before you hath committed piracy upon the high-seas, and I trust that your Lordship will see that he is hanged from the telegraph [6] on Fort William—not for piracy alone, but because this fellow is a villainous drinker of cold water, and rum will not sit on his stomach, and he is like to corrupt others and seduce them to become water-drinkers—"

The Judge (to the Prisoner): Why, you wet-bellied dog, what have you to say why you should not be turned off and set a sun-drying on Execution Dock?

The Prisoner: I am not guilty an't please—

[5] Robert Culliford, the pirate.

[6] The wooden tower of the semaphore on the Fort in New York.

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Judge: Not guilty! Say that again and you shall hang anyway!

Prisoner: I am poor and honest but was persuaded by Mr. Tew and Mr. Culliford to a dish o' Jamaica water—and so was forced, being dead with drink—

Judge: Is not this Culliford a vile pirate?

Prisoner: No, sir; he is in the Red Sea Trade—

Judge: Is not Tew a bloody buccaneer?

Prisoner: Oh, no, your Lordship, he is an honest trader On The Account.

Judge: You admit that you drink cold water?

Prisoner: Your Lordship—

Judge: Silence! Gentlemen and Ladies of the Jury, we may proceed to judgment, I think.

Attorney General: Certainly, my Lord, for if the prisoner be allowed to speak he might clear himself and that would most grossly affront the Court!

Prisoner: My Lord, pray consider—

Judge: I? Consider? How dare you talk of considering? I have never considered in all my life! I'll make the charge treason if I catch any lawyer considering anything!

Prisoner: I hope your Worship will hear Law and reason.

Judge: The crowning insult. Why should the Bench hear Law and reason? *Reason! Law!* Why, damme, I'll give you reasons enough and Law enough if these be what you lack! I give you three lawful reasons why you must hang: firstly, because it is not fit that I sit here and waste my time as a Judge and nobody be hanged; secondly, because you wear the hang-dog look; thirdly, because I want my dinner. There's Law for you, you dog. There's reason enough to hand the innocentest man alive! Take

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him away, Gaoler, and hang him to the tallest tankard in the tap-room!

Thus and in this frivolous manner did these roaring men revel and deride the law and disport them. And every one, if he fingered his throat, might think to feel the noose that, one day, must become his proper neck-cloth.

Well, as you perceive, there were strange folk a-plenty in New York—and still are, and of the same complexion, they say, only more secret and less bold—and the city had a bad name in England because so impudently frequented by pirates.

If there were laws to bar out or take these careless gentlemen, I know not. But this I know, that they were tolerated, nay, even welcomed for the goods they brought and the money they spent ashore.

There was bribery. All knew it. And more than one Governor received gifts of plate and jewelry and Arabian gold and Spanish, and bales of rich stuffs from God knows where, and how obtained God also knew besides the crew and captain.

I speak not of privateers with letters of marque, nor of men-o'-war, nor yet of merchants who sometimes took the craft attacking them; but I speak of folk whose only business was piracy; of captains known, unknown, and suspected—of such notorious buccaneers as Captain Tew, who boldly came ashore and bribed the Governor of New York and even supped at his table and was his boon companion and revelled with him. And sailed again to the Red Sea where he did such deeds as would sicken an honest man to write of—

Again my pen flies too swiftly; and I must retrace my script along the river front to that July morning when, dressed and belted and my sword slung, I stood a-curling of my hair on an ebon stick, and examining my upper lip

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in a small French mirror to discover how the down grew darker and longer—but could not honestly believe it had.

Came that same Dutch girl who was becoming my plague and source of discontent—Maddaleen Wyck—in her cap, red petticoat, red stockings, and pattens.

"Good morning, Dirck," says she, all eyes and dimples, and with a flash of white teeth; and stood a-twisting with both forefingers the yellow locks that lay against her cheeks.

"Good morning," said I uneasily, " . . . and why are you so early?"

"Because," says she, unabashed, "you go early abroad and I see you so seldom lately, Dirck."

I continued to curl my hair and thought in my mind, "Now, hang this girl, for I do not know how to send her away and never grieve her!"

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Chapter VI

NOW in our City of New York, unlike London, as all know, it is thought no loss to dignity to engage in trade or keep a shop. Margaret Philipse, the Patroon's Lady, and the richest, thriftiest and, perhaps, meanest woman in the Province, did not disdain to gain by trade. And many among our gentlefolk keep shop and buy and sell, such as Lysbet Reinier and the wife of Domine Varick, and even our late Governor Leisler's young widow who, when he married her, was the Widow Vanderveen; and Gerrit Bancker's widow, too, did buy and sell and dicker with the smartest.

So was it with Madam Anetje Wyck whose late husband had been a respected magistrate. She sold bayberry candles and pewter; writing paper, ink, powder, quills, sealing wax, wool, tobacco and gilt chains and lockets. And her handsome daughter sewed and darned for others and set my house in order every morning.

But the deuce seemed in the girl whom I had known, as a lad, at merry but boisterous frolics where we skated on the Kolch[1] and made sleigh parties in winter and strawberry parties in May.

She was very fair of hair, and of skin, too, which was also rosy; and her eyes very blue and her arm a trifle plump—yet she had a neat and pleasing figure and a restless, shapely foot whether in pattens or morocco shoon.

[1] Kolch was a corruption of Collect. It was also known as the Fresh Water and was a deep pond where the Tombs Prison now stands.

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Her nature was light and thoughtless; and she might laugh or languish with you or turn tease and plague you, and you never knew how much was meant or how much feigned. Yet hers seemed a tender spirit, too, and could not endure harsh speech, dissolving innocently and instantly into tears.

Which I knew, and would not hurt her, yet desired to be rid of her coming to my house, and lately more than ever—I scarce know why, though I know the reason now.

Well, with my ebon-rod I curled my hair which I wore soldier-trimmed—that is, to the ear-lobes; and in the small French glass I could see Maddaleen watching me, and a little mischief in her eye, and much provocation.

"When you sweep out the sand," said I, "you may find a button from my buff-coat."

"And shall sew it on for you, Dirck," says she, a-watching me out o' too bright eyes.

"Shall I curl your hair for you, Dirck?" says she very sweetly.

But I would not have her fingers a-fiddling near my face.

"Lord," said she, softly, "are you afeard to have me touch you? See how careful I shall be—"

She came behind me and rested her finger-tips against my cheeks; at which I felt the red heat my face, but said carelessly that I had done with my curling stick and must go to the Dark Ship for breakfast.

And so, turning from the mirror, found my body between her arms; at which she laughed and made no move; but I was reddening again and her eyes plagued me.

"Once," she said, "on the Kolch ice by starlight, you had a kiss of me, Dirck Hazlett."

I desired to kiss her yet did not desire it. Her face was near; but from such toying and caresses I had kept

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free—I know not why—and was no wencher, and wary even of the shadow no less than the grosser substance.

But she was a fresh, sweet-scented thing, and had warmly perfumed breath, and: "What the deuce is in a kiss?" said I carelessly, "that if we take it or leave it should concern us?"

"Oh," said she, "do you kiss so many?"

"As many as I kiss and no more, Maddaleen. . . . You have eaten cherries."

"No, my mouth is like that. Touch lips, and if they stick, then I have eaten cherries and pay you forfeit for the lie!"

"Why do you wish me to kiss you?" I demanded, striving to speak lightly, but my heart becoming loud.

"All desire to kiss you, Dirck."

"That is a most silly—"

"No—none as handsome as you in New York, Dirck—"

"That flattery is as thick as soupaan," said I, " . . . which makes me think on breakfast. . . ."

"Then—you *won't?*"

"Oh, Lord," said I, " . . . yes, I will, and heartily, too, you little baggage. . . ."

And I gave her a smack which took her breath and which, God forgive me, troubled me and gave me a desire to repeat it all the way to the Dark Ship Inn.

Why the devil was I expected to kiss women? Now there was the miller's young wife, by the Spring Brook which ran into Turtle Bay, and she expected to be kissed when I begged a cup o' milk of her while shooting woodcock in the willows below her house.

And there was the lady of Alderman Bronck—his new wife at that—who, meeting me by the Kissing Bridge, barred my way and lifted up her chin as innocently as a drinking bird.

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And there was this child Sancia. . . . And here was Maddaleen Wyck—

Well, here was a pleasure and a plague, too, with which I did not mean to acquaint myself. Why? I can not tell you why. Only that to observe men a-bussing squealing farm wenches or coddling drabs in Petticoat Lane, or mauling 'em in ale-houses, did ever sicken me. And to cheapen fresher lips was disturbing to the youth of me and bred odd, blind, or indefinable sentiments of which I was both ashamed and curious and, in the end, impatient.

And, although when I had kissed the warm rose mouth of Sancia the caress had bred no such thoughts, still I had not wished to kiss her. Also, I had no desire to be pledged to her, or to any woman, ripe or unripe—no mind to love or experience a serious passion—but wanted freedom of thought and spirit, nor meant to mortgage and tie up my eighteen years to the apron strings and caushet points of any living creature who wore petticoats or hanging sleeves or silken clocks on her stockings!

So, something out o' tune with this world of women, I came to the Dark Ship and baited there. And I'm hanged if the fat, Dutch tap-maid did not breathe upon my neck as I drained a morning cup, and laugh too near my face with that blushing cheek but hardy eye which wenches show when they invite a bussing.

So, out o' humour, I got up and put on my shoulder-belt and sword and took hat and went out.

And there espied Captain Kidd come ashore in a small boat from his sloop, the *Sarah-O.*

Climbing the stairs he looked up and noticed me and waved his arm; and when arrived upon the street, clasped my hand with bluff cordiality, asking me how I did; and

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had I yet broken bread; and took my arm and carried me with him toward Wall Street.

"Dirck," said he, "I should make a small fortune on this voyage; and shall then, please God, have enough. And so, with this, and with the snug fortune of my dear affianced wife, I should live at ease and in tranquillity in our pretty City of New York, and, hereafter, make, at the most, but a single voyage each two-years to England. What think you, Dirck? Is not the prospect pleasing?"

"Charming, sir," said I gaily, "and all must deem you a most fortunate man!"

"I have been fortunate, yes; and I thank my God for his gentle dealing with so rough a man as I be, Dirck."

"Are you rough, sir?" said I, smiling, " . . . for you seem wonderfully tender for a man."

"Lord," says he, "a sea-captain must be rough at times, and often stern and always firm. Why," says he, "the crews we ship are often—the greater number—no better than unfledged pirates, and ready to become the mature thing at any moment. . . . And many in my crews already have been so; and have sailed with Culliford and with Tew and many another who hoists black colours when it suits his purpose. . . . I know them all, Dirck—I know them on the seas and in port—in Madagascar as well as here in New York where I rub elbows with them on Broadway and drink with them at the Dark Ship and the Sea Horse Tavern."

He shrugged his shoulders and motioned with his head toward a seafaring man in petticoat breeches and a red cap, who sat a-sunning him by an ale-house stoop:

"Yonder is John Wakefield," said he, "with his pipe and ale and an eye as mild and contemplative as a cud-chewing cow in June. Yet, there, too, is one who took the *Flower-de-luce,* snow, and a French banker, too, when

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there was no war, and he had no commission of reprisal nor dared show a French pass to excuse himself. . . . Yonder he sits a-sucking of a long clay; who slit a dozen throats that day and triced up a Spaniard for his crew to throw bottles at."

"Sir," said I, "New York can not prosper if she always harbour such folk and wink at the goods they land."

"Ho," says he, "there be others in the Red Sea Trade who never walked a deck or felt the swell beyond Sandy Hook.

"There be solid burghers and merchants of this city—men of consideration, men of respectability and of wealth—and some even of great wealth, who know more about the Red Sea Trade than some who trade there.

"That their money is invested in many a ship called privateer, but which flies the bones and death-head at the peak when a fat ship turns to run—is certain.

"They not only buy pirate goods, but encourage these gentry by taking secret shares in enterprises. I know it. I know all these men, and have boarded and been boarded by them in every sea sailed by man—" He laughed, grimly: "I should know a pirate when I see him, and I do, Dirck, whether he be stalking his own poop, pistol cocked; or whether, like Wakefield yonder, he sit a-dozing over his pipe in New York City.

"Who should know pirates if I do not? Why, when I commanded a ship in the King's late war, and had done my best, and was commended and thanked by the admiralty, what fate overtook my ship? *My own ship,* too!"

"I heard," said I, "that your crew turned pirate and made off with your ship whilst you were ashore."

"They did, the lousy dogs," said Captain Kidd. "I knew when we were fighting that I had a pack o' wild

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wolves under me, yet did not think they would turn on me so soon after an honest victory. . . . Well, Dirck, here is my lady's house, and you are expected, I suppose, to write her letters for her and cast up her bills and accounts—labour too rough for her pretty fingers too tenderly fashioned to guide a quill."

He laughed and clapped me on the shoulder; and we opened the garden gate and entered that way.

From thence Captain Kidd went into the basement by the back door, saying simply that he would return and summon me if all was clear.

So I sat me down upon a garden settle, but had scarcely done so when the basement door flew open and: "Oh, Dirck!" cried Sancia with her rapturous smile, and flung herself into my arms.

I think nothing ever so moved the humanity in me as did this young girl's unfeigned welcome; and at that instant God knows I felt as though I had been born her real brother.

I took her head between my hands and smoothed the bright, thick love-locks, and, slowly, laid my lips to the band of curly hair across her forehead.

"Little Mistress Mischief," said I, "are you well?"

"Marvellously well, and so is Mother. Have you breakfasted, Dirck?"

I said I had.

"And now are come in to cast up accounts for Mother?"

"Yes; but why do you not do that, Sancia? You are well schooled; you read and write and cipher—"

"I am not to be trusted when I cipher," said she, "and when I write I spell no word twice in the same manner. And as for reckoning in gold and silver and in brass, or to take correctly the weight of Arab grains—no! For I can not tell a Spanish pistole from a French guinea, or a

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moidre from a caroline. And if I am to allow four pence per grain for gold short of these weights, I do not know how to accomplish it—"

I was laughing and holding her by the shoulders, and now gave her a little shake.

"If you marry with me it will be simpler ciphering," said I, "because there will be naught to count save brass farthings."

"Oh, Dirck, do you wish me to learn to cipher?"

"No, I can count my pennies on my fingers—"

She took me by the shoulders and shook me, too: "Did I not tell you about my dowry? I care not for your pennies or whether you engage in trade. No! For if you remain at your ease, then we shall have the longer hours together!"

"Oho," said I, "would you maintain a tavern slug, Sancia?"

"I count not what you are so that you are mine."

Every innocent word disarmed me the more completely; and her sweet candour was winning a most tender friendship and respect for so generous a child who had in her mind no worldliness and in her heart no interest nor other motive than to give.

Lord! I never had been in love, never had experienced the tender passion, nor did I now, unless it were this sudden brotherly and ardent sentiment which now so filled my very empty heart and mind.

There was pleasure in it, and tranquillity, and warm desire to serve, protect, and cherish.

For never had I known so honest a maid and sweet as was Sancia; and maybe it was because we both were orphaned that we so quickly and naturally filled each other's hearts.

As for a subtle passion—love—no! She was too young

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to experience it; and I not naturally so inclined. Nor could contrive to so consider our friendliness, which seemed the sweeter for its tender immaturity.

Nor even did the thought enter my mind that other love than this might come of this to either of us, for I tell you that, had I thought on't, it would have seemed repellent. . . . Youth is a strange state of being. And, except with Sancia, all I knew of kisses made me secretly uneasy and ashamed, and left me wondering why I did not hate them —which I did not.

Well, presently came the Widow Oort and Captain Kidd, and I went to kiss her hand, which was soft as a child's.

"Now that you are steward here and master of accounts," said the Captain, gravely, "Sarah will know what this minx Sancia is costing her, and I shall have letters when I anchor in distant ports—"

"Ungrateful!" said his lady, laughing softly, "did I not send you letters when you were away before?"

"Stingy ones," said he, "but you shall not be bashful or hesitate to confide to Dirck the chastely ardent sentiments you harbour—"

"Well, then," cried his lady, blushing, "I harbour none, William, and shall send you, for a letter, an exact account of my household—"

"An you treat me thus, Sarah, I shall turn Mogul and install a wife in every port—"

"No doubt you have already done so—"

"Mother!" cried Sancia in horror.

We all were laughing now so gaily that Sancia perceived the jest and blushed hard in her turn, vexed with her own innocence.

"Nevertheless," said she, "men are men and like enough to do some devilish deed when distant. . . . And if I

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thought Dirck were so, then he never should lie away from me a single night—"

"Sancia!" exclaimed the widow, "where got you such strange notions! Such speech is not modest—"

"I am modest, Mother. But where it concerns Dirck I care not whether I be modest or—"

"What's in the child!" cried Captain Kidd, shaking with laughter. "Why, you saucy baggage, have you taken Dirck's kindness and condescension for a true pledge?"

"We *are* pledged! Are we not, Dirck?"

I looked at the widow and at Captain Kidd. And I said: "All my heart and mind and strength are enlisted in Sancia's service, and always she can command me. Is there more to say?"

"I told you so!" said Sancia, casting a heavenly glance at me. "And, Mother, in a twelve month I shall require my dowry and the other house—"

"My God," said Captain Kidd, "this minx has undone you, Dirck; and never went lamb to slaughter as meekly as you go—"

"Well, then," cried Sancia, "yes! I did woo him. Because I knew I was in love when first I laid eyes upon him! And could not dare to let him go out into the city and perhaps the world, unpledged. Was that carrying it too high? Am I too bold, Mother? But, O Lord! I seemed to know I loved him and, somehow, knew the danger of letting him escape me—"

The Captain leaned against the doorway and roared with laughter.

"Dirck," he said, "you're fair harpooned! She'll land you soon or late, my lad, so best come alongside gently and let her hoist you aboard for the flaying."

Sancia, flushed, breathless, defiant, looked from one to another:

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"I care not," said she; "he's promised. And so am I. So you may tell the other young gentlemen, Mother, and that ends their perplexities and yours."

On the widow's pretty features the bright colour of astonishment and embarrassment still lingered, and she seemed scarcely to know what countenance to lend to such behaviour. Also, she seemed something ashamed and gave me an odd look of apology, as though interceding for a wayward child and asking my indulgence.

"Sancia," she said, "you are but fifteen turned, and you are making out of a pleasantry an affair of serious complexion. Mr. Hazlett is a man, grown; while you are yet a child. It is not possible that either you or he could entertain those deeper sentiments—"

"I do!" said Sancia, earnestly; "do you not also, Dirck?"

What was I to say? I went to Madam Oort and kissed her hand, and, holding it, I said:

"I did not understand how lonely I was until your kindness showed me what a friendly refuge I have found among you. I honour you, Madam; I respect Captain Kidd; and, as for Sancia, I never knew so lovely a maid, and I do love her, and love you all—"

"Do you hear, Mother? He says he loves me!—"

"I do," said I. "Let us grow up together, Sancia—for I am not yet very reverend, and have a career to begin and a livelihood to win; and you have some few years in which to sun you and so slowly ripen under magic skies. . . . Be at ease; I love you, Sancia. And you love me, I am persuaded. But only time shall reveal in what degree. . . . And it shall reveal it, never fear. . . . And, meanwhile, love is love. . . . And we are friends, Sancia, than which passion there is none stronger, none tenderer."

"That," said Captain Kidd, "is honest common sense,

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and finely said. And I say to you two children, yes, love each other and love us, and love honour and truth; and if God lead you not together in the years to come, then you shall not come together in any closer bond than that which now binds you together and to us. And all shall be content because it is God's will."

After a silence, Sancia cast a shy but confident glance at me.

"I know what God desires," she murmured.

There was an arbour and a table under the fruit trees in the widow's garden, and hither she fetched documents and accounts and three small bags of coin. Also she fetched scales and a little sack of gold in grains and scales.

Captain Kidd picked up Sancia and set her in a peach-tree and bade her try the redder fruit with her thumb and finger to learn if any had ripened.

I sorted the papers and read them to Madam Oort for her consideration. Then we cast up accounts, weighed out gold and entered the weight in her ledger.

Then to several I wrote letters at her dictation—details of investments, of domestic affairs, and concerning inventories of goods already sent for to London.

It took up all the morning, but before dinner time we had finished; and a servant came to take away the letters, some to the Sea Horse Inn to await the post or the first ship outward bound, and others to go by Indian Post to Albany, or, by horse to Boston.

It happened that, after dinner, some gentlemen of importance were to gather here in Madam Oort's house, they having desired a meeting with Captain Kidd.

As we were seated at table, the Captain mentioned it and asked me to remain and make one of them at this impending conference.

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"For," said he, "you have a level mind, Dirck, and a cool head for so young a man. And I would have your opinion concerning these gentlemen and their plans and schemes and proposals. For," says he, "I am a good sailor, I think, and not too stupid in trade, but I confess I am not subtle in council, nor quick to penetrate those more deeply concealed motives that animate great folk in their great designs."

His lady said to me with her tender smile: "He is a very child in that he believes in all men until they prove unworthy. And, as for folk of consequence and in high places, Lord, Mr. Hazlett, he will not believe them capable of any guile or deceit or treachery or other dishonesty unless they flaunt their ignominy—as witness our Governor—"

"I understand," said I.

We, having dined, lingered over our cherries and Curaçao liqueur. Sancia beckoned me to come and sit beside her, and slipped her hand into mine and teased me with great, fat cherries, which she offered, then dangled just too high for me to attain a bite.

Captain Kidd and his lady were conversing in low voices, and I heard her say, once or twice: "I bid you have a care of any such affairs, William. I know you to be clean, but others might think different if you rub elbows with those whose employees are said to sail On The Account and ply their trade in the Red Sea."

And again I thought to hear her mention the name of Frederick Philipse, and of Robert Livingston.

"Are they coming hither?" I asked Sancia.

"I think so. But why does Mother wish you to sit in the parlour with these men when I need you so much myself?"

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"Ah," said I, "they require my wisdom and experience of years—"

"Eighteen! Ho! . . . And I do not think you very wise or that experience hath taught you very much."

"Why so?" I asked, warily.

"Because wisdom would move you to lead me to the garden, where we could be alone; and—experience having taught you that it is pleasant to kiss—you would then profit by that sweet knowledge—and so should I—"

"Very well, then; come!"

"No; I change my mind. . . . However, if you insist so ardently and are like to make a commotion about it—"

We fell a-laughing and I caught her hand and, from their stems, I bit two cherries.

"Do you know what *pig* is in High Dutch?" she demanded.

"What?"

"There is no name for it. Only in Low Dutch can so low an animal be mentioned—"

We laughed again like the children we were.

"Dirck?"

"What do you desire?"

"*You!*"

"Say it in Low Dutch; I don't understand you."

She giggled. We glanced at the Captain and his lady, whose heads were close together in whispered consultation.

"Play slap-hand with me," said Sancia. She spread out her lovely fingers.

I touched them very gently.

"Will you not slap?" said she.

"Not that hand."

"Why?"

"It is too soft and pretty."

"It lacks a ring," she said, looking slyly at me.

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"When the time arrive it shall not lack what it requires."

"You mean it; don't you, Dirck?"

"I do."

Again that childish and heavenly expression, and her grey eyes very bright.

A servant came to announce Mr. Livingston.

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Chapter VII

THE several gentlemen who had been expected were now arriving, and Mistress Oort received them in the parlour, a stiff, strange room seldom used, and still retaining a musty smell, though aired and sprinkled with lavender—as Sancia whispered to me while she sniffed the air.

First arrived Robert Livingston, as I say, Manor-lord of the name—a cold, dark gentleman in a large dark cloak—haughty, often arrogant, yet of distinguished bearing and manners when he chose, and could be politely charming if it suited him to be so.

A servant took his tall-crowned hat and cloak and walking stick. He wore no sword.

He advanced with sophisticated politeness—for he was equally at home at court, in manor-house, or in shop or cottage—and paid his compliments to Mistress Oort. To Sancia he bowed but did not kiss her hand, which I saw very plainly vexed her. To Captain Kidd he said, most amiably:

"Well, Captain, I am glad to see you," and shook him by the hand.

Then, noticing me, he hesitated not an instant, but bowed most courteously, and I rendered him his salute the lower still.

Well he knew me as the son of my father; and also was aware that my father never had liked him. He was, if he chose, at liberty to recollect my sauciness to him on that dark morning when they hanged Leisler in the rain.

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But it was plain to see that Mr. Livingston had come here to be agreeable, for he said very civilly to me:

"Mr. Hazlett, I am at ease to see one of the Derringdales again, for the present Lord is a friend o' mine, and also I knew your father."

"Who knew my father," said I, "may be counted honoured, Mr. Livingston, but as for his Lordship, I know nothing about him, for he never has bothered his head concerning me and is not likely to."

So we "got over the bar without capsizing," as Captain Kidd remarked to me later; and we both ignored our late unpleasantness on the Common.

Came presently to this conference the Phillipsburgh Patroon, and wore his mourning for Margaret who was dead in June—a grossly-made Dutchman with the figure and face and thumbs of a carpenter—which he had once been—but his was a shrewd eye and a chilly one; and God knows Frederick Philipse was both of these—a remorseless, contriving and secret man.

He made his manners boorishly, and then shook my hand—for all in New York had known my father and all knew who I was, whatever they might think about my conduct as a tavern idler prone to high spirits and to quarrels.

Then entered Pell of Pelham—he of Old England, I mean, and nephew to him who was served the writ by the Court Messenger Van Elslant, with Albert the Trumpeter at his booted heels. He had a pointed nose and green eyes set too near his nose; and his head was as round as a bullet.

And I never saw this acquisitive, selfish, and soulless man, that I did not laugh in my sleeve, a-thinking of Westchester and the Oostdorp and what they did to him in the North Riding and the East.

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He gave me his hand in a stealthy manner, then, like some great, green-eyed horse-fly, he rubbed his hands together, which were large and dry and bloodless.

Etienne DeLancy arrived last—graceful and animated like all Frenchmen, yet with the dour iron of the Huguenot in his straight limbs and figure—and always I felt that here was a real soldier, and would beget soldiers, and was fitter to be a sword-master than to build mills and trade over-seas.

Well, now that these very great folk had gathered, I was already arrived at an opinion concerning why they came here.

Colonel Philipse had been for twenty years a councillor. His and Margaret's business ventures were in the East and West Indies, as well as among the Iroquois and pelt traders of the Mohawk Valley.

He could say what he damned pleased, but my father told me that Frederick Philipse and Margaret had direct dealings, also, with Madagascar—which, as all know—is the most notorious nest of pirates in the world.

There could be no shadow of a doubt that Frederick Philipse's ships supplied pirates with gunpowder, spirits, flour, weapons, and other necessities at shameful rates; and that he took his pay at usury in gold, silver, jewels and merchandise captured from honest traders by these same pirates.

It seems strange that such illicit commerce should be winked at and condoned and not be considered dishonourable by honest men in New York. However, I know that my father deemed it a filthy business, and was at no pains to conceal his opinion. Yet, Robert Livingston, and John Pell, and Etienne DeLancy, also, did countenance it, and were privy to it; as were many officials of the City of New York, including the Governor himself.

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And so New York had become a resort for pretended privateers and other dubious craft, which truly were no other than real pirates, and flew the death's-head when it suited them. And it seemed to suit them the greater portion of their every voyage.

Well, all having arrived, and wine and cherries and cakes and coffee having been served, Madam Oort rose and, in her pretty way, took leave of all; and Sancia made many curtsies and withdrew reluctantly, looking pettishly at me.

There was a brief silence, and Colonel Livingston turned slowly to me as though politely questioning my presence, which Captain Kidd noticed, and said in his hearty way:

"As Mr. Hazlett is like to join in business with me, I think it best that he should know all I know concerning affairs—"

He caught Mr. Pell's stealthy eye and seemed to read it, but went on without pause, " . . . Because, gentlemen, there is nothing secret in my business, but my log and accounts will all bear daylight; and I had as soon you should inspect them as myself. Now, gentlemen, I am hove to, and you may come aboard me without a shot!"

He laughed at his own wit, loudly, frankly, and drank off his coffee from the saucer where it had cooled.

As for me, I remained confused and surprised at his kindness, because I had not known he really meant to make me even a petty part of his own business.

I said nothing, however; the gentlemen looked at me, at Captain Kidd, and then at Mr. Livingston, who seemed to be recognized as their spokesman.

"Well, then," said he, with seeming candour, "as all here are gentlemen of honour and honest merchants, let us consider the enterprise which brings us together. So,

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gentlemen, by your leave, I shall briefly unfold what is in our minds in general, and what, in particular, concerns our worthy and honourable fellow citizen, Captain Kidd."

He paused, sipped his Madeira, set aside the glass, and addressed himself directly to Captain Kidd:

"Sir," said he, "all in New York City know you as a man of probity, of courage, of enterprise, of solid substance—I may even take the liberty to add, a man of considerable wealth."

"I am well to do," remarked the Captain frankly, "but as for further eulogy upon my enterprise and courage, I fear you are too kind, Colonel."

Livingston smiled and bowed: "Sir," said he, "all know what Colonel Hewson said of your bravery in the late war in the West Indies, and how Mr. Cooper spoke of your behaviour when, aboard the *Lyon,* he saw you bring your ship into action and fight Monsieur Du Cass all day long, gun for gun—"

"Tush!" cried the Captain, ". . . any loyal sailor would have done the like! Come, sir, let it lie so that I am no greater coward than others; so open your ports and run out your guns, Colonel, for you've the weather-gauge o' me and you know it!"

He roared with laughter; DeLancy laughed; Pell screwed his features; and Philipse cackled.

"Very well," said Livingston, "this, then, is our proposal; that, as there are at present four stout vessels in this port which are fitting for the Malabar trade, and commanded by known and enterprising men—firstly, that we five merchants participate in the cost of fitting these said four vessels; secondly, that each among us does subscribe eight hundred pounds toward this enterprise, which is £200 apiece to each vessel; and that, if this proposal and general scheme be agreeable, we examine into it

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further and consider it in detail, and summon before us the four captains of these four vessels—which four craft be two brigantines, a top-sail schooner, and a sloop—"

"Sir," interrupted Kidd, sharply, "you name those four captains when you describe their vessels. I know whom you mean. You speak of Thomas Tew, John Ireland, Tom Wake, and Billy Maze.

"And is it with these gentlemen that you purpose to compound in the Malabar trade?" He laughed and shook his head: "No, gentlemen, not I, then."

There ensued a silence. Then Livingston said suavely: "Letters of reprisal shall be procured, of course, and all due legal steps taken and all forms most scrupulously—"

"Sir," interrupted Kidd, bluntly, "I'll not touch it." He got up from his chair abruptly, and walked up and down the room, and returned again to his chair.

"Since I've been a-sailing," said he, "every month o' the year, and every year, too, such opportunities are offered me. I've had none o' them; I'll have none o' them."

"But hearken, sir," began Colonel Pell, when Kidd cut him short:

"Hearken? Why, sir? To what purpose? I shall embark in no such enterprise. I care not for the law of it or for the letters of reprisal, or if it be the Malabar trade or the Red Sea Trade you call it. I care not for the gain of it, or if I am like to find my fortune in the hold of Tom Tew's *Wildfire Brigantine,* or in the guts o' Jack Ireland's sloop, either.

"I know all these gentlemen. I have sailed the seas too long not to have some acquaintance with every captain who uses the sea. I know them and they know me, and know my ships, too, and where and how I sail and trade.

"No, sir, I shall not participate with anybody, if he

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were the King of England himself, in any enterprise conducted by Mr. Tew, or Mr. Wake, or Mr. Ireland, or Mr. Maze."

"Sir," said Livingston haughtily, "if armed with law and reprisals, have you aught to say against the character of these four captains?"

"Mr. Livingston, I am accustomed to hold my tongue, nor meddle in any business not my own."

"Well, damme," broke in Philipse harshly, "to hear you speak one would suppose these four captains to be very pirates!"

At that Kidd turned on him, red in the face and his blue eyes ablaze:

"Then you shall have it if you ask for it, Colonel Philipse," cried he. "Yes, every one o' these four captains has sailed On The Account; and, whatever the law and form and purpose of this Malabar affair, I shall not invest a penny in it."

He got up again and began to walk about, still talking:

"I care not what has become customary in New York, and what is deemed fair trade and honest. I do not criticize those who care to embark on such enterprises.

"But, as for me, no; I will not. Because such a business does not suit my taste. And, also, because I know something of men in the Red Sea traffic and gentlemen who sail On The Account; and it makes them not a whit better, in my mind, that they carry letters o' this and that and show Dutch or Spanish or French passes with their booty. No, by God!—"

He stopped in his restless walk and turned on Livingston:

"Colonel, I know pirates when I see them; and I know piracy when I see it, too. Why should I not know it when my own crew would first seduce then force me after the

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two actions in the late West Indian war! And did they not, when I was ashore, mutiny and seize my own ship, and run up the black rag and stand for Hispanola? By God, they did, then!"

"Very well," said Livingston, calmly, "if you are averse to privateering, then we can scarce hope to persuade you. . . . And I, for one, am sorry, Captain Kidd, for you are a man of courage, honour, and substance; and we had hoped even to have your aid in person—I mean you and your ship to lead a trading fleet to Malabar—so honest do we deem this enterprise—and, even had we any glimmer of doubt, with you as admiral we would feel secure that you would and could control any hot-head captain—"

Kidd, who had been staring at him in astonishment, burst into roars of laughter:

"Control such men as Tew? As Jack Ireland? As well give me a pack o' wolves and bid me have a care that they bite nobody. Why, if I led them, and we met a Dutchman, and if I set signal to salute and sail on, why, then, they'd salute *me* with their shotted broadsides and sail to hell in chase o' that same Dutchman! Yes, sir, Dutchman, Portugee, Spaniard, or Mogul—or Englishman, for that matter—I believe it; I know it in my mind and heart, so help me God!"

At that Mr. Livingston looked very grave, and presently rose from his chair. But he was all smoothness and courtesy, and he gave his hand to Captain Kidd, and bowed to me—as did the others—and so took their leave with all ceremony but with no more words than politeness required.

"Sir," said Colonel Livingston, who left last, and who paused at the door, "if, perhaps, you are somewhat old-fashioned, Captain Kidd, and perhaps over-fastidious in affairs now recognized as legitimate, nevertheless your

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scruples recommend you highly to me, and I shall know where to look for an honest captain when I require one."

"Lord," cried Kidd, laughing, "there be no lack of honest sailors, Mr. Livingston, and, as you say, maybe I am old-fashioned. I think I am. So, sir, when you have need of an old-fashioned sea-captain, why, you may remember me, and I shall be very happy to engage with you in any old-fashioned enterprise of trade!"

Mr. Livingston bowed and gently closed the parlour door behind him.

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Chapter VIII

IN August peaches were ripe and never have I seen such a plenty in all my life.

In the Out-Ward, and thence northward, in all the gardens, farms, bouweries, everywhere the peaches hung so numerous upon the trees and lay so thick under foot that one could not take a step without treading upon the juicy fruit; and the hogs became so glutted that at last they would eat the fruit no more, but left it to millions of butterflies, hornets, ants and wasps.

Now, concerning myself; I went every morning to Wall Street to wait upon Madam Oort; and there very quickly and easily accomplished my duties as scrivener, writing what letters were required and casting up business and household accounts.

I was used like one o' the family by these simple and kindly folk; I breakfasted, dined, supped with them when I would; learned to know them and understand them, to respect and love them.

For I think I never knew more honest folk nor gentler nor more generous.

In Sarah Oort was thrift born of sense and self-respect, but nothing shrewd or grasping, and never did I know her to seek an advantage over another to that other's loss or undoing.

She was frugal, yet always there seemed to be plenty; she was considerate of all; and the happiness of her servants and tenants and of those beholden or dependent

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upon her was pleasant evidence of this sweet woman's kindness.

Save only in writing and ciphering, she was accomplished. She played both harpsichord and guitar and sang with much charm. With the needle in wool, in linen, in silk, she was wonderful indeed. She could draw landscapes and water scenes and colour them prettily.

And she could make verses, but not write them; so it was that, in her mind, she did secretly compose those lines which were a farewell to Captain Kidd when he sailed in August on the last trip he would make before she married him.

I have forgot part of those verses which I took from her shy lips and wrote down for her, but I remember this much:

Though sea and wave take you away,
Yet both shall bring you back again,
For both the law of God obey
Who ruleth sea and land and men;
Therefore my fond heart trusteth Him
That you shall sail and be secure
Through sunny days and starlight dim—
Because His mercy shall endure,
And from the wide and wave-tossed sea
He'll bring my William back to me!

There were several verses which I wrote down and copied in a careful and elegant hand; and drew, above, with my pen, two turtle-doves a-billing, which I know very well how to draw and shade with my quill.

I would not vaunt or boast of such an accomplishment, but must confess that it was a chaste and ingenious design; and my dear Madam Oort was pleased to praise the conceit, and to thank me for my embellishment.

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As for Sancia, when she saw it, nothing would do but I must make for her verses, and design turtle-doves and hearts entwined to frame them.

Now, I have no skill in verse, and the lines I wrote for her limped and halted from birth; but she swore they were sound and gallant; and made me design doves and swans upon the paper, which I did, and I flatter myself there was some beauty in these poor efforts of mine.

Late in August, wind and tide favouring, Captain Kidd sailed in the *Sarah-O,* sloop, following by a fortnight one of his ships in the Holland trade, though he was for England.

It was a tender leave-taking between him and his gentle lady and Sancia. I sat in the garden the while, a-watching the humming-birds among hollyhocks and lilies.

Presently they all came into the garden, and we went out and down the street and turned into Great Queen Street, where were the Wet Docks.

The *Sarah-O* lay off the Half Moon battery in mid-stream. A boat was awaiting him at the foot of the stairs, and his servants stowed away his box and bundles.

He embraced his lady once more, and Sancia; and all strove to put a good face on it.

To me he said: "See that you transcribe every word that Sarah sends me; I would not miss a comma or a dot. Look to them when they need you. We all love you, Dirck—save only that minx, Sancia—"

At which we all made out to laugh; and he picked up his box of pistols and his cloak and went down the water-stairs and got into the boat.

I gave Sarah Oort my arm, and Sancia took me by the hand, and there by the water we stood and saw his boat make toward the sloop; saw him board her; saw the small

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boat hoisted aboard; saw anchor lift and sail hoisted; saw the *Sarah-O* move, sail into the wind, swing wide in a graceful arc, and stand for the Narrows, mainsail, topsail and both jibs bellying white in the steady off-shore wind.

Without a glass we could see Captain Kidd standing aft and waving his hat to us. But after a little we saw him no more. For a few minutes the sloop glided white against the green woods of West Jersey, and, later, in mid-channel. Then Nutten Island cut her from sight.

The widow had her handkerchief to her eyes, then quietly wiped them and smiled at me.

So, saying little, we walked back to the house on Wall Street, where, out of plums and peaches, the household was making syrups and jellies against the coming winter.

"When shall we go a-fishing in the Kolch?" demanded Sancia, detaining me by the hand.

"When you choose the day," said I.

The widow said that we should wait until the fruit season was ended and that Sancia had a world of work to do among the plums, peaches and early grapes.

"Will you sup with us?" asked Sancia, wistfully, with that trailing sweetness in her voice which ever meant cajolery and persuasion if I were otherwise minded.

But I had seen that burly, whiskered fellow, Captain Tew, go into the Dark Ship Tavern; and with him was John Ireland and Thomas Wake. And I own I was curious to learn when these three pirate captains meant to sail, and whither, and if they had truly made a bargain with Colonel Livingston and Pell and the others.

So I thanked Madam Oort and said that I was to sup in company—my own—which was no great lie.

"Ladies?" demanded Sancia.

"None," said I. Which was true, and God knows none

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could give them that title who supped in company at the Dark Ship.

"Wenches?" insisted Sancia, jealously, "trollops?"

"Come," said the widow, taking her hand, "are you to soil your lips with such inquiry which befits none gently bred!"

"Nevertheless," said Sancia stubbornly, "there be wenches in taverns, and Dirck frequents the one, and I know not if he does the other—"

"Shame," said Sarah Oort, gently, yet as she looked at me there was a smile faint in her eyes; ". . . and I say to you in all candour, Sancia, that if you take so high a tone with Dirck he will presently sicken of your company—"

"Oh, Dirck," she cried, "it would hurt me if I thought that ever you laughed and dallied with a tavern trull—"

"What's in the little minx!" cried Sarah Oort, drawing her to the door. "Will you cease to pester Dirck, you silly thing! Men are men. Let them alone until you marry one. Then let *him* alone. If he love you, he will not seek the company of others; and if he do not, then all your tears and prayers and scolding can not avail!"

Drawing Sancia in at the door, she gave me a laughing glance, yet despairing, too, and full of wisdom.

Sancia regarded me with piteous yet hostile eyes: "If you are untrue," said she, "I never shall forgive!—never! I shall console myself with another, and you may go to the devil—"

"Sancia! Are you mad!" . . . for she had caught hold of the door and would not go in.

So I went to her and kissed her desperate little hand clinging to the door, so that it relaxed and fell away into mine. Then I kissed it again.

"I have no commerce with such women," said I, "and

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never had and never shall. And where you get such notions I know not—"

"Servants chatter," said the widow, "and at Sancia's age a maid is all ears. Come, then, silly child, and help me look to my damsons or you eat no pies this winter!"

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Chapter IX

IT was too early to sup; though, for that matter, I had always an appetite under my belt as ready as the sword at my belt—God forgive me!—for anger is a vain thing and gluttony a sin.

I walked toward my small house on Great Queen Street; but first reconnoitred it from the city gate with caution, because I was not sure whether the girl, Maddaleen, might not loiter there still, she having lately talked of the plums on my trees, and said she had a mind to make me jam for tarts. I told her I loved neither jam nor tarts. But to no purpose; for she only laughed; and, says she: "Then perhaps you might love *me!*"—which observation I did not notice, but went out whistling a careless tune; and vexed at her hardiness—and because she was a pretty thing to trouble me.

Well, I did not see Maddaleen, so went to the door and unlocked it with my great iron key, and so indoors where all was cool and dim, and a nosegay on a table—that jade's work again!

Here I took off my best doublet and my shoulder-belt, with its slim sword a-trail, and hung these and my felt hat upon nails.

Then off with my boots and pulled on moccasins, and opened my shirt to the coolness from the back door, which was open and through which I could see green leaves and sunshine and hear bees in the resida and thyme.

Now, in the pleasant, golden gloom I sat me down in that large arm-chair my father loved, and which was made in King Charles' time.

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Here for a while I sat a-thinking of my father and my mother, until the sweetness and pleasure of memory turned into that lonely longing which starts a-dragging at the heart. . . . And so I took up that great book of my father's, called *The Loves of the Gods,* and read those parts pertaining to battles and the chase.

But there was too much love in it—they were loose folk who prayed to those ancient gods who were but guzzlers and wenchers. And the goddesses a parcel of trollops like those at the Court of the Second Charles—saving Mrs. Stuart and, please God, a few more like her.

There was a well in my garden and a good one, not brackish, but sweet and cold.

I went out and let down a bucket to fill a sugar cauldron. Then I undressed and got into my bath and there sat and cleansed me.

When I was dry again, I put on my second best shirt, and dressed me otherwise in a new jerkin and breeches of Indian leather as soft as cotton, laced without buttons, and made gay with bows and rosettes of orange ribbon.

I put on nut-brown hose and brown shoes with gilt buckles, and a new shoulder-belt laced with gold. Into the loop of this I thrust my slender Spanish sword, pulled my shirt through the sleeve-slashes until it puffed, put on my brown hat of beaver with its orange feather, and then looked at me in the glass.

I was well enough, I thought, save for that thin shadow over my lip—for the damned thing would not hasten to grow. No! And I feared it made me look as though my mouth were unwiped from a pull at the chocolate pot.

Now I went out, locking my door, and so, in the sunset light, strolled through the city gate and along the waterside toward the Dark Ship Tavern.

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For I had a mind to see what I might see, and keep my ears open to learn whether or no this Captain Tew and John Ireland and their mates had made a compact with Livingston and Pell for the Malabar trade. If they had, I was none too easy concerning the *Sarah-O* and other ships of Captain Kidd. For these men—Tew, Ireland, Maze, and that rat-faced Wake—were plain pirates and nothing better for all their commissions and warrants and reprisals. Their bills and clearances and all the papers they carried were either without meaning, or frauds connived and winked at by officials in the city.

They crimped in port when they could; they tempted or forced on the high-seas. At any Royal proclamation of amnesty, immunity, pardon, they crowded on all sail and came a-rushing into port, their broadside guns still powder-burnt and sooty, their scuppers still stained with human blood, their sea-chests stuffed with Mogul gold and Portuguese and Spanish; their hold crammed full o' bales and bolts that they had never paid for save with shot and cutlass.

Well, thinking of these things, I strolled along in the pleasant evening weather, where many folks were coming and going about their business or pleasure.

I saluted all I knew with every care, lest any lack o' breeding in me be measured as a reproach to my dear parents.

A little way along two honest burghers joined me, the Inviters [1]—Conrad Vanderbeck and Dick Chapman—still clad in their dingy black and long cloaks and carrying their bell.

They had been to Brooklyn on their funereal business

[1] Their full titles were "Inviters to the Burial of Deceased Persons"; or, in Dutch, "Aanspreeker." They were public officers of New York City.

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and were tired but merry, and a trifle drunk; and they jingled fat fees in their breeches pockets.

"Madeira, rum, and a vat of beer and sugar-cakes all we could seat," said Dick, "for it was the schepen's wife, Marritje Rosen. I drank an anker o' beer myself."

They would have drunk another at the Sea-Horse Inn, but I refused and left them there.

Then Carel Van Doon, ensign in the garrison, joined me and walked; and he bragged of this and that and of women who loved him, till I was fair sick, for he was truly a Dutch *blather-schuyten,* and I was glad when he made off after a girl who looked at him from a dusky alley.

So, leisurely, I came to the Dark Ship, where there should be respectable company, but was not always. For when such ship as Tew's and Captain Wake's came into port, sober folk supped elsewhere.

Now, no sooner did I enter than I saw Thomas Tew, and he saw me—a whiskered, powerful man with hairy hands, and wore perfumed love-locks all wet with nard; and, for the rest, doted on velvet; for, despite the warm weather, his doublet and sleeves were crimson velvet and his sash white velvet set with turquoises and silver.

"Aha!" he cried, "the sword-master's boy! And there was no better sword-master in the New World!" he added with an oath.

"How do you do, Captain Tew!" said I politely, and gave him a hand that gripped as smartly as his own great hairy fist; and he let go first.

I shook hands with Captain Ireland, who gave me a horse-dealer's look and said I should sign articles and come aboard him, where tall fellows were growing scarce.

He was an iron-visaged man, grey and grim as one o' Cromwell's troopers, but had a shifting eye, and wild, and talked and mumbled to himself and buzzed when drinking.

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To Captain William Maze I bowed—that great, bald, sprawling oaf with his horse-face and huge flat feet. He once took lessons with the broadsword of my father, who could teach him nothing; for he thrashed like a windmill sail out o' gear in an east wind.

"Well, my pretty sea-chick!" bawls he, lifting his slopping pewter—

"Will ye ship along o' me,
And sail the Spanish Main;
And the first ship we see
Shall ne'er see port again—"

And they all lifted pewter and jack, spilling foam and slops over their velvets and silk, and bursting into the old sea-song:

"Fire a gun to larboard,
Fire a gun to starboard;
Port-fire, Greek-fire, galley-fire ablaze!
Hull her aft and forward,
Rake her driving shoreward,
Any rag's the proper flag for old Bill Maze!"

I took a brimming pewter from the tap-boy and nodded to that pallid little ruffian, Captain Wake—he of the bony cheeks and rat-teeth, and his hair and moustachios like wetted horse-hair.

"A health to you, Tom Wake," cried Tew, ". . . and drink or be damned to you!"

"Vain to wish health to Wake," bawled Maze, "for he looks like a corpse and is colder! By God, when I was aboard Culliford, the rats died and lay on their backs; and they all looked like Tom Wake when he's dead in his cups—"

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"Let go everything!" growled Ireland, "for there's a hurricane blowing called Bill Maze."

Wake showed his long, yellow front teeth at Maze: "You've feet like rafts, so be done a-kicking me under the table," said he, and flung a chicken wing at him, which flew wide.

Tew shouted for brandy, which he drank neat as he ate —a most horrid and loathly sight. But my stomach was young and strong, and I cut a smoking capon in two and yielded half to John Ireland.

With this, and with bread, and a cup of French wine, I was supping finely, and losing not a word to learn how the bargain lay between Livingston and these four men.

When sober, their speech had become careless and bold enough in New York, as toleration and license increased with the shameless bribery of officials. But when heated with wine and spirits, they paid no heed at all to what they said, and boasted and laughed at deeds which should have hanged them all in England.

Captain Tew, who was the most profane man ever I knew, was now bragging of his vessel, the *Amity,*[2] sloop, and cursing and swearing that nothing afloat could match her. With which Captain Wake took issue and vaunted his ship, the *Susanna,* vowing he would set a burning candle in his powder bin if he sailed not three times around Tew twixt Sandy Hook and Gardiner's Island.

Then John Ireland drained his hot pineapple rum and flung a crab from it at Tew:

"On my great ship," growls he, "I need a long-boat; and your damned sloop will do. But *you* I would not have for a boatswain's mate, Tom Tew, for you stink of nard like a wench of Saint Marie!"[3]

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[2] Afterward fitted into a brigantine.

[3] A notorious pirate rendezvous on the island of Madagascar.

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A huge roar of laughter shook the room; and I turned to see who else might be supping there.

Some respectable travellers and seafaring-folk, with wives and daughters, were hastening to make an end to their suppers and leave this noisy place. There were other sea-folk and their women, less respectable, who laughed when these pirates laughed, and who blushed not at their oaths.

A most villainous cloud of tobacco dimmed the place and it reeked of pineapple and beer and wine and the fumes of smoking food.

Tew was ever snatching at the skirts o' the tavern maids, who served us, and a-pulling them onto his knees where he made them drink Madeira, though they spat out the brandy and boxed his ears and pulled his greasy love-locks.

Captain Maze wore great gold hoops in his ears, so monstrous that they had pulled the lobes down almost to his shoulders; and Tew swore he resembled a Hind god, and was all for our seizing him and driving a ruby into his forehead between his wicked eyes.

In the scuffle, wine and rum slopped over Wake, which made him snarl and fetch a clip at John Ireland.

At that—swish—out jumps Ireland's cutlass, and Wake whisks his hanger from its soiled leather, and they struck once, clashing across the table—but that was all, for I had out my Spanish blade in a trice and beat theirs wide and up and down. Then amid the shouting, cursing and screams, Wake pulled a dagger, and Ireland's pistol was out; but I pushed up his arm as he fired, so that the ball hit the beams above.

Tew twisted the dagger out o' Wake's grip, and, oh, God, how he cursed and foamed and stamped and bellowed!

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And, "Damn your eyes and be damned to you!" he bawled. "What are you about, Tom Wake? I'll never sail for Malabar with such a Moor as you be! No, nor with John Ireland, either! And your Livingstons and Pells and skinflint Philipse can keep their money and their commissions, for I'd as lief consort with wildcats in a cage as sail in company with you!—"

But Maze was clapping him on the shoulder and filling up his overturned cup; and I put up my sword, and prevailed with John Ireland and, in the end, made Captain Wake give him his hand.

"If," said I, "you are to sail all together with commissions, and trade in consort, and share dividends with Mr. Livingston and his associates, is it sensible to cut one another's throats ere you weigh anchor and stand for—well, let us say for the Red Sea—"

"Why, you impudent sprig!" cried Maze, "who says we shall stand for the Red Sea!" But Tew roared with mirth, and:

"Have you never sailed On The Account, then, Billy, that you seem so thin-skinned when there is talk of the Red Sea?"

But John Ireland was growling again and his two bad eyes flickered at me.

"What is it to you?" he rumbled, "where we sail and to what purpose?"

"Aye," snarled Wake, "the sword-master's boy is to trade with Captain Kidd; and William Kidd would not listen to Livingston or enter into any agreement with us."

"Tush," said Tew, "Captain Kidd is friendly to all and meddles not in what does not concern him."

"Nevertheless," sneered Wake, "he hath sailed for England. And if there be men-o'-war at the Nore, and

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if they sail to cross us, then, by God, we shall know what business William Kidd hath thrust his nose into."

"Mr. Wake," said I, "the proper rhyme to your name is 'snake.' And how does that suit you?"

At that he got up and fiddled for his cutlass, but thought better of it; and Captain Maze pulled him down.

"A staunch little cockerel!" cried Tew, slapping me on the back, "who will not squat in the runs and hear a dung-hill crow!"

"Dung-hill!" screamed Wake, struggling to rise again, and held by Maze squirming like a rat.

"I said it and named you!" roared Captain Tew. "If you dare match with this cockerel you'll get his gaff in your guts and you know it!"

"Let be!" said I. "I have no quarrel with any gentleman here unless he force it on me. And that he can do very easily if he but name Captain Kidd to his disadvantage."

"Well said," grumbled Ireland; "and Kidd is a quiet man who meddles with no other man's affairs, but sends his ships about their business and sails aboard the *Sarah-O* to trade in England, as he has a right to."

Wake's corpse-like face was sweating, and he licked his bloodless lips as his envenomed eyes travelled about.

"Kidd went aboard Bob Glover [4] off Sandy Hook," said he, "and the *Sarah-O* and the *Charming Mary* stood for England in company. And that I have from a pilot who saw it with his proper eyes."

"What about it, then?" demanded Tew with a horrid oath.

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[4] Captain Robert Glover, an Irishman, whose behaviour at sea, in later years, became suspicious, although in 1698 he was robbed of his ship by a mutinous crew which turned pirate and made for Mangelore.

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"Why, if I meet them, I'll take the *Sarah-O* and the *Charming Mary,* too," cried Wake; and glared at me malignantly.

I laughed: "And what," said I, "would the ten guns of the *Sarah-O* and the sixteen guns[5] of Mr. Glover be about, Mr. Wake?"

Tew shouted and laughed and lifted his cup to pledge Mr. Wake: "Why, you damned pirate!" he bawled out, "how dare you talk of stopping honest ships on the high seas? Is that fair trade? Is that your compact with Colonel Livingston and Mr. Pell, and skinflint Philipse? Would you hoist Old Bones, then, and run out your wicked guns to stop the English flag?"

"Am I to be plagued by a sea-louse?" screamed Wake, "and may not scratch my itching? By the dirty Mogul Gods, I'll scratch if bitten, and let all sea-vermin hear what I say."

"The wolf and the lamb," quoth I, grinning. "And have a care that you do not stir a lion under the woolly pelt, Mr. Wake."

"Cockerel!" cried Tew, "thy friend Kidd can give proper account of himself to Tom Wake, and so pay no heed but let it go and in God's name, let us drink—"

"The Red Sea Trade!" bawled Maze, staggering to his feet—"and bumpers all! Up jack and pewter! Up every glass and cup! Here's to New York City that gives us shelter and bed and meat and drink and wench—"

"A wench!" shouted Tew. "Wenches to pledge us in the Red Sea Trade!" And he turned about to survey the company in the room and see if any drabs were there.

Respectable folk with their wives and daughters had left, or were hastening to take their departure, but there were

[5] Sixteen guns and a crew of eighty men.

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some people remaining, and, among them, to my surprise and displeasure I noticed Maddaleen Wyck with two other girls; and young Malloch Strawn was with them in his regimentals.

"You!" cried Captain Tew, " . . . with your plump neck and rose cheeks! Will you pledge us luck in the Red Sea Trade, my pretty little love-bird?"

"Enough," said I; "would you quarrel with the lieutenant yonder whose convoy she's among?"

"Well, then," bawled Maze, getting to his great feet and shambling toward the girl, "I kiss what I like, and when and where I like—"

But I got in front of him, and, setting my hand against his broad chest, gave him a violent push backward so that he stumbled and fell flat on the sanded floor.

Like a wild bull he was up again, and his sword out, and at me; and everybody shrank aside and fell back to be clear of his sword which, as I have said, he whirled like the sail on a tempest-driven windmill.

My blade caught his and must have been shattered had I not eased his, and caught and eased it a dozen times in the twinkling of an eye. Then my blade glided to his sword hand and bit; and stung him again in the arm.

But this only goaded him, and he changed his sword to his left hand, holding out the other arm all dripping.

"Hell and furies!" he yelled, "I shall do your business for you now!"

"Put up," I panted, "or I shall do you a harm, Mr. Maze!"

His sword seemed but a wreath of lightning in the candle's windy light, and for a space I kept clear of it and let him press me; and I kicked aside tables and chairs as I retreated.

In kitchen and tap-room I could hear a great outcry,

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and bawling for the Watch; and wished that it might come, for I did not desire this brawl.

"Captain Maze," I said breathlessly once more, "I tell you, put up and stand aside because I do not wish to harm you!"

"Well, then," he yelled, "I'll clip your comb and hackle my pretty cockerel, and trim your spurs to my proper taste!" At that he fair flung himself upon me, letting drive a rain o' cuts and thrusts, and backed me to the till where, for a moment, I feared he would nail me fast.

But again I caught and eased his hasty blade, and presently played with it a little.

"Now," he shouted, "I spit you! Thus!"

"Well, then," I gasped, "if you must have it—"

He took it with a kind of yelping cough where it slid into him twixt bone and liver. When I freed my blade he still stood; made a slow stroke at me; lost his sword. Then he fell with a crash against a settle, and lay there feebly wagging one great foot.

Tew came up, cursing and blaspheming. "Have you done his business?" he demanded of me.

"No," said I, "if you get him to his bed and have a surgeon."

"Lift him," growled Tew, " . . . before the Watch arrives. Take him aboard the *Gentle Dove*. His long-boat awaits by the water-stairs!—" He went to the tavern door where a crowd had gathered; and among them were a number of Maze's crew.

These presently unhooked a shutter from the Dark Ship's windows, and got Maze upon it, and so bore him out into the darkness, followed by John Ireland and Tom Wake.

"By God," said Tew to me, "you shall come aboard the *Amity*, and shall command the first prize I take if you

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consent! I swear it! What do you say, stout heart and young? Will you sail with Captain Tew and make your fortune? Or will you rot in New York and die o' rum and pox in a stinking alley!"

Which so madded me that I could scarce keep my fingers from his hairy throat.

"Captain Tew," said I, "I may come aboard you yet some day. But if ever I do, it will be by the board and on the high seas, and never at your invitation, nor that of any other filthy pirate!"

If he drew on me, I cared not, his insult had so enraged me, and I was ready to prick him deep if he touched his pistols.

But he only stared at me, and then burst into a bellowing laugh.

"God," he said, "what a brave cockerel is this—and I must do with my dung-hill, henny-fowl and let him go!"

Then he gave me another look, not scowling, but regretful, and turned on his heel and went out into the starlight trailing his long sword over the stony way.

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Chapter X

I NOW heard very plainly the rattle of the Watch; and a man in the darkness cried out to me that they were a-running along Broadway.

But I was madded, now; and my wild sword-play with Captain Maze seemed to have made supple and eager my body and my limbs. My brain, too, was all afire, so that I determined to make an end, also, of this matter of Maddaleen Wyck while I was about it.

I wiped very carefully my sword on a napkin, and put it up; and then I pushed my way through those who had crowded and shouldered into the tavern to see what was to be seen of the late brawl.

Two of the girls with Maddaleen had fled in the tumult —they were shop-keepers' daughters and young and giddy like Maddaleen, and no harm in their empty heads, I swear—Elsje Dyckman was one and Betsy Brown the other—but Maddaleen still stood by the back door of the tavern, half frightened, yet excited, and on tiptoe to see what would come next. And Malloch Strawn stood beside her with his scarlet laced sleeve about her buxom body.

Which madded me more than ever—I know not why —and, coming presently to them I stood before them.

"Mr. Strawn," said I, "is the Dark Ship a proper place for Maddaleen Wyck without her mother's countenance and protection?"

"Well, I'm stabbed," says he coolly, "if it concerns you!

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And who the devil are you, Dirck Hazlett, who comes blustering and pretend to teach me what I am about?"

"Malloch," said I, "would you have the Watch catch her here and disgrace her? Or is it true what they say in the city that you have no tenderness or scruple concerning any woman where it interferes with your selfish pleasure?"

"Meddle with your own business, Dirck," says he, turning pale; "and keep your quarrelsome nose out o' my affairs or I'll soon give it a tweak you'll not forget, my toss-pot cock-o'-the-walk!"

I slapped his jaw shut, and I think he bit his tongue, for blood ran out over his chin.

At that moment I heard a watchman's rattle very near. I seized Malloch and flung him through the rear door into the tavern garden which was walled high with brick. Then I pulled the foolish girl, Maddaleen, through the doorway, took the key, and locked the door on the outside.

In the starlight I saw that Strawn had his naked sword out; and I pulled mine from the scabbard, and took Maddaleen by the hand.

"Run, you little fool!" said I, unlatching the garden gate, and gave her a hearty shove into the mews. Then, with an eye on Malloch, closed and barred the gate; and came toward him slowly, whipping the rank grasses with my blade.

"Damme, Dirck," says he—thickly for his swollen tongue—"you shall pay me your life for this outrage!"

"Malloch," said I, "the outrage is yours; and a dirty business to cheapen an honest girl whose widowed mother lies abed at this hour."

"Enough," says he, his voice shaking with rage. "Get you to guard or I run you through—"

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I beat aside his sword and gave ground.

"I have no mind to harm you," said I, "if you give me your promise as an officer and a gentleman to keep clear of Maddaleen's skirts!"

But that seemed to infuriate him, for he bounded forward and engaged me so wildly that I had all I could do to beat him off.

"Will you put up and go home to barracks, you crazed jackass!" I demanded.

"I'll lay you on the grass first," he panted, and flew at me again; and again I beat his sword this way and that and up and down and wide aside to show him what a fool he was.

"Go back to the Fort," I said. "I never loved you, Malloch, and that is why I hold my hand and bid you go."

"Dirck," said he, "we are well born, both of us, and love not each other, and never have. So let us settle this hatred here and now; for I mean to use Maddaleen as I choose; and I mean to marry with Sancia Caradac, and be damned to you!"

A chill came over me, and then a heat that set every separate vein a-boiling.

"Oh," said I calmly, "I had not understood. So," said I, walking toward him and striking his steel right and left, "here's for Maddaleen Wyck!"—and lashed my blade through his left shoulder. "And here," said I, "is for her you have dared to name, and shall name no more—" And I whipped my point through his body, touching the lung and rib; and jerked it free as he fell backward into the rank grass.

As I went up to him and looked down I heard the Watch's rattle loud on the river-front, and a great stamping and noise of halberds in the tavern.

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"Malloch," said I, "are you passed?"

He moved in the grass and strove to answer, but a rush o' blood covered his lips and face.

I pulled the key from my pocket, unlocked the back door, and flung it wide.

Inside was all a glare of lanthorns and halberds; and I cried out: "Here lies a wounded man! See to him!"

Then, ere they arrived, I was out o' the garden door and into the mews, and already had turned the corner into Whitehall when, in the darkness, a man stabbed me.

Down I went, feeling the black rush o' death; and in the chill and horrid void I saw a face; and knew it for the corpse face of Captain Wake.

"Now, damn you," says he in a whisper—or so it sounded in my dulling ears—"take your spying and your secrets to hell with you! And be double damned to you," says he. And that is all I heard of his sermon; and his face dwindled and went out like a pale flame in darkness.

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Chapter XI

I AWOKE from the black swoon to a torment of burning pain; and discovered I was lying on my own bed, and my body naked to the belt.

There was a lighted lanthorn on a chair by the bed, and some candles, too; and I saw blood on the bed-linen and on my body, and smelled spirits and vinegar.

Then I saw Maddaleen Wyck, bearing a pewter basin and napkin, who came from the kitchen, and who, seeing me regarding her, went red hot, then white again.

"Lie you quiet, Dirck," says she in a trembling tone, "for they have not done for you yet, and you shall live to reckon with them. I have cleansed your hurt with spirits and it is full o' clean lint."

"Thomas Wake stabbed me," said I weakly.

"Oh, God, was it Captain Wake?" says she. "I did not see; I was hid in the mews, and saw you come out from the tavern garden; and I ran after you. But when I came to the alley's end you lay there in the runnel. And the Town Watch had come into the tavern garden where I heard their cries and shouts of murder. . . . Oh, Dirck, I scarce knew what I did, so frightened was I—"

"How came I here?" I groaned.

"I lifted you and bore you."

"All the way here?"

"Aye. It was fright gave me strength, I think. . . . Did you kill Malloch?"

"No. . . . Not if a surgeon attend him."

I looked down at my smeared body. Wake had stabbed

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me above the right nipple. But there was no blood in my nose or mouth or throat. I breathed hard and hotly, though without choking.

"What o'clock is it?" I asked.

"Day breaks above the East River. . . . I should get me home and indoors and abed before my mother rises."

"Get you to bed, Maddaleen, for fear o' scandal," said I wearily; "but, before you go, set me a bowl of water near so I may drink."

"Oh, Dirck, dare I leave you!" she whimpered.

"Come in the morning early," said I faintly, "and if you find me very ill, then only shall you fetch the Huguenot surgeon, Riel de Lanois, who is both my polite friend and a certain man; and who never would betray either you or me."

The girl began to cry, and leaned down and kissed me. And, "Oh," and "Oh," she whispered, "there is like to be much trouble for you and me along o' this night's frolic. . . . Lie thou still, Dirck Hazlett, whilst I cover thee, dear hot-head! Stir not. . . . Oh, God, I must get me to bed lest Mother stir early. . . . There has been a fox among the poultry. . . . Oh, Lord! . . . And I be all blood and must contrive to cleanse me. . . . Lie quiet; I shall come very soon again! . . . It is already daylight, and I shall return before you sleep. . . . And so God be with you—"

I heard what she said; but her voice grew small as though she were far distant. Yet I saw her extinguish the lights and lift the lanthorn to the floor. After that I saw flames, and seemed to feel them in my very bones.

When again I saw this girl, Maddaleen, to know her, I still lay as I last remembered; but was in my shift. It was day; the sun shone through the windows and made

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a pattern on my bed. My body was as though dead, but my mind was alive. An immense fatigue weighted me, so that thought stirred feebly and slow, and speech was an effort from which I shrank.

Maddaleen Wyck sat by the window, sewing, her handsome head darkly bent against the sunshine and potted flowers on the window-sill.

She was singing to herself in a low, contented undertone. I gazed at her for a long time, unstirring.

After a few minutes I saw her thread break off. She lifted her needle to thread it and turned her head to glance at me.

Seeing my eyes open did not seem to surprise her at first, but, when I smiled, she dropped her sewing and was instantly beside me.

"Dirck," she said, "you see and know me!"

"Surely," I whispered.

She sat down by the bed and gazed at me hard until she no longer doubted that my senses had returned to me.

"How long?" I asked.

"Oh, Dirck," she sobbed, "we are in September; and it was in August you were hurt. My God," she wept, " . . . look upon this boy who is weaker than a baby newly born! You are all bones and skin, Dirck, where you lie, and no features save those great, hollow eyes! . . . That was the cursed fever, Dirck! It burned your mouth white within and without. And the flux, we thought, had ended you—the dreadful, angry issue from the inflamed lung. . . ."

She put her head down on the bed and cried for a few moments, then sat up with laughter flashing through her tears:

"God and Riel Lanois saved you," said she, a-wiping her eyes on her laced apron.

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"*You* saved me, Maddaleen."

"To be drowned, then," said she, "for I swear no steel can slay you."

She laughed and cried a little and seemed happily distraught, and clapped my hand and caressed it, showing me it was bony and white as wax.

"Look," says she, excited, "here is the sword-hand which laid that pirate, William Maze, by the heels! Here is the hand that ran Malloch Strawn through! See how weak and white it lies between mine!—" She stooped and kissed the bloodless palm.

"How does Mr. Strawn?" I asked.

"Out o' bed and a-sunning on the Fort's parapet where the sea-air mends him."

"That is well," said I. . . . "And Captain Maze?"

"Very ill with that sickness your sword carries, Dirck. Yet he sailed last Monday. All four o' them sailed—Tew, Wake, Ireland and Maze. There was a fresh breeze on the North River and wind enough in the Lower Bay they say. All four ships in company passed out Sandy Hook at noon and stood to the southward. . . . That was the gossip in the city. . . . All sails set and a northwest wind. . . . They say that Maze lay abed when his crew made sail, and that Captain Tew sent a schipper[1] aboard Maze—Durwent, it was—who took command, and would carry the ship till Maze could stand on his big feet again! Oh, Dirck, how you upset those same vast feet in their morocco boots! It was like a tree falling when his great body went down with a noise o' steel and pistols and silver coin spilled; and the class of his brass-set bandoleer and cartridges!—"

I felt my stiff face drawing to a smile; and Maddaleen laughed and pressed my hand.

[1] Skipper.

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Then, thinking for a space, I pulled weakly at her fingers; and, said I: "No scandal sticks to your skirts, Maddaleen?"

"Oh, none, I thank God! Mother was abed when I crept in by the kitchen window. I cleansed me—for I was foul with your blood and the mud o' the mews runnel—and then I got tea and soupaan and honey against my mother's rising; and when she had risen, and we had breakfasted, and after all my tasks were done, Mother went into the shop and I fled back to you. . . . Oh, Dirck, you were monstrous sick and did not know me, and I ran to the Huguenot, Riel Lanois, and fetched him. That is the story. He saved your life—"

"*You* did that."

"It is kind to say it, and sounds sweetly in my ears, Dirck—"

"I am beholden to you for life."

"Alas, no," said she gaily, "for any other must have done as I did, and with more sense and skill, I fear."

"Nevertheless—thank you, Maddaleen—"

But she waved my words aside, still laughing, and said she must see to my wine broth which had been brewed of tender butcher's meat, and which now was set a-simmering on the kitchen hearth. But I held her finger, still:

"Tell me; has this business made much scandal with my name?" I asked.

"Well," said she, sobered, "all know you love a frolic, Dirck. . . . There are always plenty to wag heads and roll up pious eyes."

"My reputation stinks o' the pot-house, you mean?"

"Dirck, I shall not lie to you. The city hummed with it; and some cried out on you, and some said it was good riddance to Captain Maze who was no better than a pirate. Livingston and Pell and the great folk were

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against you, and swore you were a brawler, and none safe from your sword who angered you.

"But honest, stout DePeyster said that a drunken and notorious pirate got a trimming, which honest folk ought to applaud, and enquire not too loudly concerning the trimmer."

Again I felt the smile drawing and twitching at my thin features.

"Aye," she went on, "and there were plenty to cry out, 'A Jacobite plot!' And others to reply, 'A Romish plot!' Others, still, swore that it all smelled rank o' Canada and of Frontenac who had paid you to cripple such sea-captains as might sail again with Sir William Phips."

At that a feeble sound stirred my lips. It was laughter.

Maddaleen, enchanted, laughed too.

"And what of my business with Malloch Strawn?" I asked.

"Oh. Nothing. He would not tell with whom he fought."

It was the silence of an honourable man. I had expected it; and would, of course, have so conducted had he laid me on the grass.

"No scandal there, then?"

"None, Dirck. . . . Oh, Lord, what a fool was I to listen to him. . . . We three girls sat a-swinging on the old apple tree where Whitehall comes into the parade. That was it. That was how it came about. . . . And Malloch came from the barracks, very fine in his new regimentals. You know how such a business begins; he jested; we plagued him; he said I durst not eat a *cookje*[2] with him in a coffee house. . . . Well, we three girls swore he should sup on his own challenge. . . . Lord!—and it was upon your point the poor fellow supped! . . .

[2] Dutch coffee pastry.

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I must look to your broth, Dirck, for the surgeon will be coming—"

She released her finger, rose, and went into the kitchen. I could hear her moving about. I lay still, feeling the fatigue of my awakening.

Before she returned I fell asleep; and when again I awoke there was Riel de Lanois seated at my bedside. His hand was on my pulse. He was not looking at me; he was looking at Maddaleen who stood near holding a blue bowl of broth. She saw me open my eyes; and then Riel turned and looked at me.

He was a brown man, crisp-haired, handsome, sturdy, with a wiry, impatient body, but the coolest, kindest hands I ever knew.

He smiled upon me, now, stroking the wrist he was holding.

"So, my friend, Dirck," says he, "you have decided that you do not wish to make a voyage into Heaven?"

"No; New York contents me for a while."

"Ah! You flatter our pretty city! Well, then, I also prefer it for the present . . . meaning no disrespect to the Eternal City of the good God. . . . *Eh, bien!* How do you find yourself, my friend, Dirck?"

I smiled and looked at the pot o' broth.

They aided me to eat. I was soon satisfied. Then Riel examined my wound, which was now well healed but red and tender still.

"A deep prick," said he, "and became empoisoned. Then fever, of course, and the inflammation and the flux. . . . Well, then?"

"How long?" I asked.

"Abed? Oh, when you feel you can stand upon your long legs, why, then, you may stand upon them, my friend."

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He took from his case some phials and called for cups and sweet water; and I looked on while he and Maddaleen mixed powders and stirred these with water.

He gave the cups to Maddaleen and came and patted my arm.

"You do well, my friend—ver' well indeed. I shall come tomorrow. Then, after two days pass. Then—damn seldom."

He laughed in his gay and charming way, made me a bow, and went into the kitchen where Maddaleen had gone.

Lying there I heard their voices; his quick laughter, and hers in gay response.

Then, for the first time, I remembered Sancia.

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Chapter XII

I SLEPT. When I awoke again Maddaleen came with a China orange and seated herself on the bed's edge. She made a hole in the orange, and, pressing it to my lips, squeezed it so that the juice dripped into my mouth.

"And how does that smack?" says she gaily.

I nodded. Presently I said: "Has Sancia Caradac been here to enquire?"

Maddaleen got up and laid away the half-sucked fruit. "Yes," she said.

"When did she come?"

"Every day."

"What! Was Sancia here this very morning?"

"I tell you she comes every day with her mother, Madam Oort. . . . Yes, they came this morning while you slept—"

I lay silent, looking out at the late afternoon sunshine. Already it was the fall of the year because I could see the brown edges of grape leaves crisply curling, and how plump and ripe were the bluish clusters hanging amid dappled shadows.

Beneath the trellis I gazed at the North River where it makes the upper harbour with the East River and the sea. Golden calm the waters; only a blinding glint where the tide still ebbed; and a pleasant wash of wavelets on the beach. Winter was still far away. No gulls had come back. I saw sandpipers flitting and alighting with white-barred wings aslant, and blackbirds with red wings flying over the water, and heard the great blue and silver

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halcyon spring his watchman's rattle as he fished for minnows along the water's edge.

"Maddaleen," said I, "is there aught for me to fear from the Mayor and council, or any Justice of the Peace, regarding my late—indiscretions?"

She had taken up her sewing again.

"They say," said she, "there is nothing for you to apprehend. Among honest folk there is much talk about the sea-captains who frequent this port, and how in England they call us a shameless people and declare New York is no better than a pirate's nest. So it is not likely that any Manor-lord or Patroon dare take up this matter of Captain Maze, but are likely to let matters lie as they lie."

"Have any constables come here with enquiries?"

"None, Dirck."

I lay and watched the sun-spots wax and wane among the grapes.

"What is the news?" I asked, "since I have lain here like a sapless log?"

"News?" says she, folding her hands and looking up to think, "—let me consider—well, Count Frontenac hath sent another horrid threat to Peter Schuyler in Albany. So Ingoldsby buckled on his pistols and is gone thither in a pink[1] with a company of soldiers from the Fort to stop the French from sending presents to our Mohawks. . . . As for New York City, it remains as it has been. Ships come and go. Our Governor hath not arrived from England. The ship *Nassau* is here with Captain Coats,[2] and a rough crew; and a dozen already in the stocks. Another captain arrived in a brig with Coats—one, Captain Hore; who declares that he passed Tew off Barbados,

[1] A small, swift despatch-boat for river work.

[2] Edward Coats, a known buccaneer.

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but had no commerce with him. Also, Captain Rayner is arrived off Sandy Hook in a great ship; and there he continues to sail up and down but will not come in, and none know why, unless his guilty fears have turned him coward. They say he needs provisions and that a sloop of Colonel Philipse is gone out to him!"

"These men are known pirates," said I. "I am acquainted with that wild Irishman, John Hore, and know that he sails On The Account. He careens at Sainte Marie's; and I know, further, that Livingston and Philipse sell to him. And as for Coats, he sails in company with Captain Mason and Captain Rayner, and I know them all to be in the Red Sea Trade, and no better than pirates whatever their commissions, or from whence secured, or of whom. . . . What ship is it that Rayner commands?"

"The Humming-Bird."

"What is she, then?"

"I know not, Dirck; yonder she lies beyond the Wet Docks at the foot of Broad Street."

But I could not see her from where I lay and made Maddaleen describe her; and so learned she was a snow.[8]

Said I, "Captain Kidd knows that vessel well and was chased by her and fired on. She is a dirty pirate; and every man who sails with Rayner and with Hore, who is brother-in-law to Bob Glover, is a pirate, too. And God alone knows why our King does not send a frigate to these waters and destroy all this gentry afloat and ashore!"

"That would not suit our great folk," said Maddaleen, laughing.

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[8] Brig rigged; *i.e.*, a two-master ship with square sails. A stay runs from main-mast to poop on which a trysail can be set in bad weather or when hove to. This stay was known as a "horse."

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"True," said I; "where would the Madagascar trade go to if the Patroon of Philipse Manor did not sell his stores to the birds-o'-prey in Sainte Marie?"

That made us merry. Then Maddaleen fetched lemonade for us both, and aided me whilst I drank a little.

She had her arm around me, and I rested my head upon her shoulder.

"Now," said she, "you can not escape." And, half laughing, she kissed me.

Her breath and her lips troubled me, so sweetly warm they seemed. I lay still, looking up at her, and saw the smile soften and fade on her face. Then she laid her cheek against mine.

"Am I bold?" she murmured.

But I was thinking why I had fought with Malloch Strawn, because he had cared nothing for this girl's reputation which she had been rash enough to risk.

Maddaleen was a fool—affectionate, warm, gay-hearted—but a fool. And I seemed to divine what as yet remained in her breast unawakened—impulse to passion and a recklessness, the bounds of which I knew not.

Lying there I began to swear softly, and she sat up and gazed at me.

"Damnation and a dozen devils," said I; "did I do for Malloch so I might do to you what he would have done?"

"Are you mad?" she faltered.

"No. . . . You are my friend—dear and kind and brave; therefore, have done a-kissing me."

At that she went rosy, and I went red, too. When the jade saw me blush she laughed; and, "Oh, Lord," says she, "oh, Lord, defend us!" Which vexed me.

"A devilish good prayer, too," said I, " . . . and see that you stand as fairly by your ally whom you invoke as I shall strive to stand in His alliance."

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"Dirck," says she, "do you not love me?"

"I love you well, Maddaleen, because of your courage and kindness, and—"

"Is there budding in your breast no tenderer sentiment?"

"I am tender of your welfare."

"Oh, Lord! Do you think you are my mother?"

She got up and set aside the lemonade, her full lips pouting, but with a few veiled and slanting glances down at me.

"One would suppose," said she, "that you are the maiden and I some hardy gallant sworn to your undoing. . . . As though heaven would fall a-trembling if we but touch finger-tips. . . . Or a new bonfire blaze in hell. . . . And God knows what you are about o' nights in your taverns and wine-shops—where are trollops and minxes a-plenty, and brazen, too! . . . And false! . . . And you cry out on all the angels if virgin lips but brush your cheek as lightly as a very breeze! . . . Do you prefer your trulls and their painted mouths, Dirck Hazlett?"

But I lay sullen and was madded; but had not yet lived long enough to understand any woman. Nor have I yet, for that matter. So let her think what she liked, but was determined she should not trouble me or stir me or make of me a hypocrite and far worse than the man I had so nearly slain.

She took up her sewing, but again laid it by and came and sat on a stool beside me, taking my hand.

"Forgive me," said she, "I am sorry I plagued you."

As I pressed her soft hand there came a stirring on the stoop and a knocking. Maddaleen went to the door and opened; and I saw the Widow Oort and Sancia.

They came in a-tip-toe, and stood gazing upon me. But when I smiled: "Dirck!" cried Sancia, clasping her hands. And, "Oh, Mother! He knows us!"

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Sarah Oort came to my bed, seated herself, took both my hands, and gazed at me out of her sweet, kind eyes. Beside her Sancia knelt down beside the bed and fixed her deep grey eyes on me.

"I am sorry," said I, "to be laid by the heels when I should be doing a scrivener's duty as I promised—"

"Oh, Mother," cried Sancia, "listen to this poor boy who lies here at death's door and still thinks on us!"

I laughed: "Sancia, I lie at a very different door—the door of health. A day—two or three—and I shall be up and abroad and ready again to serve your dear mother to the limit of my poor ability."

Sancia got my hands away from her mother and knelt there pressing them and exclaiming how they were so bony and so pale.

Maddaleen had taken the lemonade to the kitchen, and thither Madam Oort now went, taking from her silver-laced pocket a jar of jelly which she had fetched for me.

Sancia sprang to her feet and sat upon the stool, still holding fast to my hands.

"Dirck," she said, "you have near been the death o' me. Oh, heaven, what grief, what suspense! I wished to come and remain, but Mother would not listen. . . . Why should Maddaleen Wyck remain, who is naught to you—and I be forbid?"

"That is why," said I.

"It is senseless. However, it shows I *am* a woman grown, does it not?"

I began to laugh, but saw it hurt her pride, and ceased.

"I am glad," she said, giving me a stormy look, " . . . I am *glad* that they feared mischief if I remained here. No child gets into mischief with a gallant. . . . But I am vexed with you, Dirck. You have angered me and frightened me most horribly. Why did you quarrel with

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pirates in a low pot-house? *Why?* And what was that *other* brawl of which rumour whispers?"

"Which brawl?"

"It is said that you fought another man about a woman. Oh, Dirck, you did not quarrel over a woman, did you? If you did you can go to the devil!—" She crushed my hands in hers and her grey eyes blazed, then instantly in tears she begged forgiveness and kissed the hands she had punished.

"All the same," she said through her tears which dried without falling, "I reign alone in your heart or I abdicate. I tell you I will endure no hussy whether it be custom or not! You shall not think on any other woman. Or, if you do, you may go to the—"

"I know," said I, laughing.

"Very well, then. Are you my gallant? Mine alone?"

"You know that, Sancia—"

"I *will* not brook another."

"You need not—"

"Lord!" says she in a sudden and tearful tempest, "what a very damnable plague is a man to a woman if she be in love with him! I do not desire to be enamoured! . . . When it was rumoured that you had quarrelled with a man and fought him over some loose woman, Dirck, it was near being the death o' me!—what with rage and a broken heart, and distracted, too, to know who this jade might be. Also, I was frantic to learn if you would survive your wound. Oh," says she, "a fiddlestick and be hanged to all men!—for all are wicked and false!—though every hour I am praying God for one o' these same wicked men—"

She sprang to her feet and walked about the room. There was a nosegay of China asters in a blue bowl and

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she plucked from it a handful of blossoms and fell to pulling the petals from them.

"Why should Maddaleen nurse and care for you while I bide at home?" she demanded.

"Maddaleen comes to set my house in order."

"Yes, and she is a pretty thing," retorted Sancia, staring at me.

"She is both comely and industrious," said I, "also kind and faithful."

"A very paragon of virtues. . . . Do you love her?"

"One loves one's friends—"

"Do you caress your paragon, Dirck?"

"No," said I, which was true.

"And she? After she has toiled and moiled does she sooth and smooth and—"

"Will you have done a-plaguing me?" said I. "I have no inclination for dalliance—or, if I have, I do not indulge it. Otherwise, my love for man or woman is the love of a friend for friends; and nothing either lighter or deeper."

Her eyes, which had been hardy and bright, suddenly softened and filled, and her lip trembled.

"Oh, Dirck," said she, "do you mean that for me also?"

And with that she came and leaned over and put her arms around my head, laying her soft cheek to mine.

"If you play me false," she whimpered, "I'd not die of it for very pride, but God knows I'd wish for death."

I did not wish to put my arms around her. She was too near to womanhood to comfort and caress; nor did I care to encourage and stimulate the nascent and shadowy emotions agitating her.

The truth was she both touched and plagued me with her romantic notions and assumption of maturity. I loved

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her dearly, but, by very nature, must remain unresponsive to her absurd and immature passion. And this, and her fierce impulses and fiery pride, made me ill at ease.

"Sancia," said I, "when I tell you I have no mind for women you should take my word for it."

"Do you include *me*—"

"Damnation, no! I *don't* include you—"

"Then you have an inclination for me, Dirck?"

"I have an inclination to love you if you will let me—"

"Oh, I will, Dirck, I will— Oh, Lord, they are coming from the kitchen! Quick, kiss me, Dirck—"

Exasperated, I clipt her lips; she tumbled off my chest and sat up coolly enough whilst I lay there, red as a poppy, and felt mean o' the eye and all guilt.

"Mother," says she in a voice sweetly unconcerned, "Dirck tells me how kind and attentive to his needs is Maddaleen Wyck, which should make us all very grateful to her—"

She stood up, took her short skirts twixt thumbs and finger tips, and looked at Maddaleen: "I thank you kindly," said she, dropping her a curtsey.

Maddaleen spread her scarlet Dutch skirt and curtsied, looking straight at Sancia.

"A labour of love, Sancia," said she with a bright, flushed smile.

Sancia's grey eyes darkened and grew stormy. But she said softly: "Love never *labours;* it serves; and its duty is but inclination. You shall discover this one day," says she, "if ever you experience the gentle passion, Maddaleen—"

Sarah Oort, who had stood surprised, then curiously amazed, began to laugh; and she caught both girls by the hands and led them to my bedside.

"A fiddling cat and kittens!" cried she. "What's all this

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nonsense concerning love and duty? All my poor Dirck asks is meat and drink and medicine and a basin and napkin to bathe him. And if that be labour or love, I make bold to guess it's all one to him. . . . Dirck—my poor, dear, brawling Dirck, who are grown so near to my heart—shall I send these two children a-packing and come and care for you myself?"

"Oh, Madam," said I, smiling, "if my poor gratitude were the apple of Hesperides, how could I choose among you lovely three?"

Whereupon she laughed and took me by both ears and kissed me.

"Poor lad, you shall not choose, then, but love us every one as we love you." And, to Maddaleen: "All own your skill and your humanity, my dear, and all must envy you while they applaud." And, to Sancia: "Be happy that thy comrade is so wisely and gently nursed, and strive to emulate efficiency when it becomes thy turn to serve."

She looked very beautiful to me as she stood holding and pressing my bony hands.

"Hasten," she murmured, "for I feel great need of you, Dirck. And you may guess more reasons than the one I own to—which is that I miss you."

She laughed, but in her violet eyes I saw tenderness, and knew she was thinking on her Captain.

Sancia took my hand from her mother and gave me a dramatic look.

"Remember!" said she.

Madam Oort said to Maddaleen: "I pray you remember me in friendship to your mother, and say that I understand her tender pride in so sweet a daughter."

They curtsied and Maddaleen expressed her thanks and compliments.

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Sancia's grey eyes met Maddaleen's. Both smiled, murmured customary politeness, curtsied, and parted.

And I turned over in bed and lay looking at the wall. And somehow, thinking of grey eyes and blue, thought somehow of the dagger stroke of Captain Wake. And, in my honest heart, I wished a riddance of all women; for I did not understand their minds and was becoming somewhat weary of their ways.

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Chapter XIII

BY the end of September I became able to go about on my proper legs as I chose, and in October was so far recovered and restored that I never had felt better in all my life.

I was now nineteen years old, straight, vigorous in body and limb; and, so far, had acquired no very bad habits, never but once having been drunk—and thought I would die of it then—so outraged my manhood no more in that fashion.

And now this sickness from Wake's dagger, which had inflamed all my body with a poison and had nigh done my business for me, had laid me by the heels so long that, for the first time, I became somewhat respectful of wounds, and resolved to avoid 'em and to enter less lightly into quarrels and disputes hereafter. Only excepting my reckoning with Captain Wake; and hoped he would soon put into port again.

But, most of all, my illness had taught me to be shy of all women; for I had my fill o' them and was resolved to entangle myself no more.

God knows, I was grateful to Maddaleen; but did not desire to be mauled by her or by any woman. No! And I loved Sancia as a sister, but her airs and vapours and affectations caused me discomfort, and her childish ardour perplexed and vexed me. For a man at nineteen hath no mind for marrying him a wife. No! He entertains freer inclinations. He is restless, unstable, full o' curious won-

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der concerning the world and men, and impatient to explore beyond horizons.

And I cared not if it were the Queen o' Sheba, or that yellow-haired trollop who set Troy afire, or Madam Aphrodite herself—I would not mate with any o' them for a ship-full of Mogul gold!

What! *I,* marry me a *wife?* My God, what folly! What days and nights of ennui! I had rather been hanged.

As for the lighter aspect of what men called love, no! Never a greasy wench in New York could say I tickled her. Never a trull could gossip to accuse me of dalliance. Nor might any pretty woman in town say truthfully that I had offered more than a gay civility, a passing jest, a salutation, hat in hand.

Well, in October I was recovered, and had again all my strength, and more; and had grown taller, so that now I stood some three inches less than six feet in my stockings.

It was fine weather in the city. Apple trees were fruited deep; grain yellowed the cleared fields beyond the city walls; cider mills were busy; some forest trees had turned scarlet and gold.

Sea gulls were returning; flocks of wild geese and swans and ducks already had settled upon the North River and the Bay. At sunset, on my stoop, I sat and watched their customary evening flight when vast clouds o' water fowl in countless thousands rose and flew in circles through the glowing sky, or swept like high clouds far out to sea.

There was little need for butcher's meat in New York. Game could be had for a few stivers.[1] A haunch of venison at your door cost eighteen; wild pigeons, a dozen for one guilder of siwan;[2] fat partridges, four stivers the

[1] A few cents.

[2] Wampum—about 4½ cents' worth.

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pair; wild turkeys four pence for one that weighed twenty-five pounds.

I remember, one afternoon, that a black bear swam from the East Jersey shore across the North River and was slain in an orchard on the Maiden's Path, and hung up for sale. Some like bear's meat, but I find it too dark and rank.

Many ships came in, and many sailed—honest traders, privateers, suspected pirates—all kinds and manners of captains, crews, and ships—from the schipper of a humble hag-boat to the strutting, booted captain of a great ship, his scarlet sash stuck thick with pistols, gold lace on jerkin, jacket, and feathered hat, and great hoops of gold in his lop and sunburnt ears.

Of these gentry I saw a-plenty where I supped at the Dark Ship, and knew, or became acquainted with, them all—the respectable and suspectable alike. And there were some who had heard of me and who laughed or scowled regarding my little difference with Captain Maze. Some, even, who had late news that Maze had recovered and now sailed his own ship, which was standing for the Red Sea in company of Tew and John Ireland.

Of Captain Kidd, too, there was good news—three sealed letters, which I discovered in the Tavern parlour. So I paid postage and carried them to my dear Madam Oort, who kissed me in tears for the happiness I brought her, and sat all day long with these same letters, which, God pity her, she did not know how to read, and which Sancia and I read and re-read to her, till she had every word by heart. Yet still held tightly to them and devoured the inky scrawl with gaze insatiable.

Such a great and devoted love as was Madam Oort's for Captain Kidd did something humble and sober our

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fiery Sancia, I think. I believe the wilful jade began to suspect and comprehend something concerning the nobility and power of mature passion.

For that afternoon, when we three had dined at Madam Oort's, we asked, very reverently, God's favour for our Captain on the high-seas. Then we drank him safe into port with a glass of his own old Madeira. Sancia followed me when I had taken my leave of Madam Oort, and drew me to the back door and into the garden, and made me sit upon the settle under the fruit trees.

"Well?" said I, politely, but in no humour to be mauled. Which she seemed to divine; for she only rested her cheek against my sleeve.

"Dirck," says she in a small and wistful voice, "we be truly very young, you and I."

"Speak for yourself," said I, nettled.

"I do," said she, humbly. "I know I am really nearer to childhood than to womanhood—for all my loving heart and jealous. . . . Be patient if I sometimes vex and weary you. Will you be so, Dirck?"

Her confession touched me and I put my arm around her and petted her shoulder.

"Lord," says she in a dreaming way, "how beautiful is the love of a woman for a man. How heavenly my mother's face when you prayed at grace for Captain Kidd. . . . Did you see my mother's eyes?"

"No; my head was bowed—and yours, also, should have been—you saucy pate!"

"I could not help but steal a glance at Mother. . . . Her face rested between her praying hands, and her wide eyes gazed on distant things. . . . As though she saw God—or him she loves. . . . I tell you, Dirck, there are more strange and hidden mysteries in a woman's love for a man than you and I dream on. . . . So divine was

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Mother's face! . . . It made me lonely, somehow. . . . Be gentle with me, Dirck."

"I mean to be—"

"I know I sometimes vex and weary you. . . . But something tells me the fault lies not in us but in our years —I am too forward and you a little lagging. . . . I know I am vain and full o' silly airs; and am truly not yet grown. . . . I know I am still hard and bright and bitter to your taste—"

"Lord," said I, "a nectarine must first turn green and hard e'er it blushes and softens."

"Aye. . . . Sour fruit stirs none to inclination. . . . To myself, sometimes, I seem a thing apart, unplaced, lonely beyond all words. . . . Had I parents—my own mother that bore me—God knows. . . . But I am wicked and ungrateful to think on it. . . . Yet, it may be that which leaves me unsatisfied and stirs in me a very passion for possession and to be possessed. . . . Mine is a solitary heart and lonely mind in spite of all. . . . Unless you take these two orphan organs for comrades to your own—" She laughed: ". . . And lead me into the snug security of your guarded and secret self. . . . As though we were kindred of one blood. . . . Or are like to be—"

"In this mood," said I, "you draw me very near to you, Sancia. I understand such thoughts and words. And now that you speak with sense and reason, and with such simplicity, I also dare to speak my mind, which is, in short, that romantic love is an unfamiliar state of mind to me; and, what is unfamiliar, sometimes becomes irksome.

"Otherwise I love you honestly and dearly; and I admire you, and take pleasure in your manner, comeliness, grace, speech, and company—only excepting when you

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play the grand lady, or wax too soft, or grow stormy-eyed and jealous—"

"Oh, Lord," says she, "what a wretched maid am I to be all these hateful and premature things—"

"You are my dear friend," said I, "and I owe you a brother's devotion. Thus we should link minds and hearts in tenderest accord—which," I cried in my enthusiasm, "is the finest, bravest companionship in all the world—and I would fight any man to the death for the little finger of your oldest glove!"

She lifted her head and looked at me out of those deep grey eyes. If they were a child's eyes, nevertheless there seemed to grow a sudden and ancient wisdom in their starry depths which vaguely disturbed me until she laughed. Three times she laughed at me. I laughed, too, not knowing why.

"Ah," said she, "you have taught me all there is to learn about a man, and now I think I understand. . . . And shall, henceforth, use you to your liking, Dirck—always—and hereafter. . . . How wonderful and how complex is a grown man's mind when finally he discloses it to a simpler heart and younger!"

"I am happy that we understand each other," said I, wondering what she meant.

"I also am content. And am seriously beholden to you for this lesson. For now I shall no longer vex your head and heart with those ardent longings, sentiments, and fond alarms for which I am not yet fitted. And you shall feel no irksome bonds to fetter you. You are to be and to do as you choose without importunity or reproach. Only a happy approval and a warm welcome ever shall await you when it pleases you to bestow a leisure moment upon me."

"Sancia," said I, delighted, "your understanding and kindness overwhelm me. And I solemnly protest to you

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that the freer I am the closer grow the bonds that knit me to you!"

"I know that, now," said she, with an odd smile.

"Loyalty," said I kindly, "is made o' true cloth that outlasts romantic stuff."

"Aye," said she, "and could be used to patch it, too."

"Kisses and sighs and passion," I cried, ". . . of what flimsy fabrics are these to knit into a vest against foul weather?"

"Shreds and thrums," says she, "and of less substance than a shirt o' spider-web."

"There," said I, now all of a glow, "there speaks a true woman of sense and understanding! . . . It is the sturdy affection of kinship that warms body and heart and mind, and not the witch fires of passion, Sancia."

"How true," said she, and her grey eyes grew remote. Yet she was smiling.

"Why," said I, "as I feel for you now, you are my own blood, and I would suffer my body to be hacked into rags by Frontenac lest a harm happen to the slightest hair of your curly head! That," I exclaimed, "is the sentiment I cherish for you, Sancia!"

"How far more wonderful than the petty passion that hungers for caresses," said she, still smiling at me; ". . . so," says she, "the devil take all kissing and sighing and jealousies, and lovers, for I am done with 'em, and prefer the respectable sentiments of a loyal brother."

I drew a deep, long breath. I had managed well. I was no longer to be mauled and perplexed by sentiment or romantic jealousies. I had my freedom and could use it without fear of hurting this charming child. As for the terror of marriage, it never had been very real to me. Youth sees not far ahead, for there is ever a magic mist which veils the future, and which the eyes

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of inexperience can never pierce. For, to the young, a week hence is a year hence; and a year is a decade. What threatens tomorrow is an idle threat and no more alarming than a lark's whistle on the west wind.

"So," said I, in great content, "you will become friends once more with Maddaleen!"

Sancia said softly: "Indeed I shall desire to be always near her, now. . . . As often as may be. . . . And shall be at pains to seek her company."

Her regeneration filled me with admiration. I gave her a hearty hug and lifted my hat from the grass and got up. And no less fervently did I take her little hand and kiss it. So out by the garden gate into Wall Street, stepping gay and free to let my sword swing on my hip.

It was a fine October sunset, mild and warm, with a spicy hint of apples and cider-presses in the air and of wood-smoke from the chimneys.

On Wall Street I saw some Indians in their feathers—but that was no strange sight to the city, for they came and went very frequently.

But with these Indians I saw a pair o' birds in gaudy bandoleers and buckskins, and knew them to be Forest-Runners out o' the Northland; and so scented news from Albany, which I feared might not be pleasant.

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Chapter XIV

AS I drew near to these Indians I saw they were Mohawks, and supposed that the two Forest-Runners with them were some of Livingston's pelt traders out of the Indian country along the Mohawk River. For that traffic alone had made him rich.

Yet, when Robert Livingston arrived in America for the first time out of England, he was but a poor and unknown young lawyer, though well enough connected abroad. If he possessed as much as a clipped half-joe to bless himself and curse the clipper, I know not, but his fortune was already in the making on that lucky day when the dying Van Rensselaer Patroon sent for a lawyer to draw his will. And Mr. Livingston was that lawyer. And, at that bedside, he met Alida Schuyler, the lovely wife of the sick man. It was the beginning of the luck of all the Livingstons. Even the poor, dying Van Rensselaer seemed jealously aware what fate intended, for he bawled out to his young wife: "Alida! Send away that young man instantly, or, by God, he is like to be your next husband!"

And he was. Thus the Livingston fortune was founded upon that of an Albany Van Rensselaer.

And now, in fair trade and foul; lawful and unlawful, and often stinking of usury—everywhere on sea, river, lake, and land, Mr. Livingston became monstrous busy. His acquisitive fingers clutched even at Canadian furs; and when Frontenac and his Abenakis and Praying Loups

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burnt those same and eager fingers of his, he merely licked them and set Mohawk and Oneida and *Coureur-de-Bois*[1] a-combing lake and valley from Schenectady to the St. Lawrence for pelts; and employed all his talents, influence and energy to divert the fur trade from Quebec and make Albany the centre of all such traffic.

I say this much for Colonel Livingston, who never was my friend, and has since become my mortal enemy—that he aided his own colony when he aided himself in this matter of the Mohawk trade, and in the erection of his great estate which became a manor, and he its lord.

I say also that he was a brave and fearless man, physically; dauntless if unscrupulous; grand in manner and bearing if not in soul; but never great. For never did this man rise above his secret self, which was both mean, arrogant and ruthless; and if greatness be not both magnanimous and utterly honest, then it is not greatness, but something less.

In the matter of the Red Sea Trade, let this man, if he choose, accommodate his chilly conscience to the plea of custom, and plead that other respectable and unimpeachable gentlemen did the like. But, as God lives, Colonel Livingston never can plead innocence concerning those fatal French passes, but must answer for his behaviour, along with the miserable Lords of Trade and their avaricious and cowardly King—whose souls I trust may all fry in hell—

I ask pardon for an anger that leaps like a sword from its sheath when I think on these men, and which strikes at terrible phantoms which have not yet even taken shape in this my narrative. But I never can look upon Robert Livingston nor hear his name without remembering the

[1] Coureur-de-Bois is what these Forest-Runners were called. Coureur-*du*-Bois would seem to be the proper phrase.

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wickedness he hatched. And when the evil flame that he started, seared and scorched so many noble names, and even licked the very throne of England's King—and when their lordships ran like foxes each to his proper earth, and the King himself slunk away behind Lord Belomont and my Lord of Orford, striving like Pilate to wash responsibility from his itching and royal palms, then should Robert Livingston have spoken. But remained silent. And it was the most wicked silence that ever muted human lips and tongue, to do an honest man to death!

Well, to my story once more—being calm enough now to mend my quill and strive to recollect my promise to use you with every courtesy and politeness.

So, back to my Indians on Wall Street, whom presently I saw go out by the stone-points, making nothing of the city wall. No doubt they had a hut in the woods somewhere beyond the Out-Ward, for such was customary when these savages came to the city.

As for the two Forest-Runners, they roamed leisurely along the waterside ahead of me, and gossiped and laughed together, and seemed a merry pair in their brilliant quill-set moccasins and bead-work, and the scarlet thrums on leg and sleeve as bright as a fringe of alder-berries in November.

As I passed them they saluted me, and I took off my feathered hat to them, for I would not be outdone in courtesy by two poor Forest-Runners:

"God be with you, friends," said I; "and I hope you carry pleasant news to Colonel Livingston from the Northland."

"As for Livingston," said the taller of the two, "we are none of his people, but belong to Major Schuyler." He spoke sullenly, and now that I looked at them I thought both seemed dangerous men.

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"Oh," said I, "and how fares it with Major Schuyler in the North?"

Said the short, powerful fellow in an impudent, surly voice: "He trod upon a hell's nest of French and beat 'em twice and cut his way out. And no thanks to Livingston, either."

"Were you with him?" I asked, slackening step to listen.

"Yes, we were there," said the taller man carelessly.

"Was it a brave fight?" I enquired eagerly.

He gave me a bantering look, yet not disrespectful: "Well, Captain Long-sword," said he, "if you must know, it was something of a wildcat fight. And they say that Frontenac[2] wrote to his French King that Schuyler's battle was the fiercest and bloodiest that ever yet had been fought in North America."

"Come," said I, excited, "you shall drink a draught with me at the Dark Ship and tell me more. For," said I, "though I never yet have seen a battle, I mean to; and the telling of such tales delights me."

The shorter fellow looked hard at me, then at my feathered hat, the brim of which was bound with tarnished gold—I having that privilege through the Derringdale blood in me.

"Sir," said he bluntly, "will you be pleased to name yourself so that we may reckon with your politics?"

"With pleasure," said I, laughing; ". . . and my name is Dirck Hazlett . . ."

"Ho!" exclaimed the tallest Forest-Runner. "Was it *you* who pinked the pirate! No! Not a youth like you!"

I said it was I who had done Wake's business; and at that they shouted with delight: "Look at the lad who

[2] Frontenac may not have written it to Louis XIV but he said it in Quebec.

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waked up Wake! And nigh Irish-waked him, too! Thy hand, friend—if it be not too great a condescension—"

They grasped my hand and almost crushed it, looking at me like two great, dangerous, grinning dogs.

I thought they would never have done clasping and shaking my hand, but could not choose but suffer them and try to laugh; at which they both roared again.

"Pinked the pirate!" they cried. "Waked the Rake and raked the Wake! And sent him to his ship upon a shutter! And he tells us he never yet has seen a battle!" They roared and slapped their knees.

"Lord!" said I, "that was no difficult affair, my friends; and I marvel that two so gallant men who have fought with Peter Schuyler should notice so small a matter as a tavern brawl."

But it seemed that this Captain Wake was considered a terrible adversary in Albany, where once he had attacked a mutinous crew and slew eight with his own hand. I had never heard of that affair till now; but I said that those sailors must have been no more than wretched sheep to suffer so contemptible a sword as Captain Wake's.

The Forest-Runners were now in happiest spirits and without suspicions. They named themselves; the tall fellow with the yellow, dangerous eyes, called himself Schoharie Harry, and the other, Nick of Beverwyck.

So, arm in arm, we went into the Dark Ship Tavern, and I made them drink and sup with me, and showed them the sea-faring folk from ships in port, who sat around about us, drinking and supping and noisy in their laughter and disputes.

"Be there pirates among 'em?" whispered Nick of Beverwyck in my ear, and his eyes of an owl very wide and round.

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"Plenty," said I, smiling, ". . . yonder bald fellow who hath hung up his wig with his sword upon yonder nail is a known buccaneer. He is in the Malabar trade; carries letters of reprisal; and is come into port under English colours with a Portuguese snow as prize, which, he swears, showed French passes, although he has mislaid them. His name is Dick Chivers, and it is said that Stephen De Lancy has him in pay, and will answer for the lost passes."

"Are there others?" asked Schoharie Harry, ". . . that long man yonder by the window—the one in earrings and a scarlet coat and a black patch to hide an empty eye—"

"Lord," said I, laughing, "he is a most honest trader, one Mr. Bradley, brother to pretty Madam Oort, who is to wed my dear friend, Captain William Kidd—"

At that moment Mr. Bradley caught my gaze and gaily waved a hand at me, then lifted his wine glass.

I bowed and rendered him reason; then I said to Harry: "No; but yonder little fellow in snuff-coloured doublet, broad-belt, and a yellow China sash full o' Moorish pistols —he who sits a gnawing a ham bone, and wolfs his bread like a famished thing—*he* is in the Red Sea Trade; and he comes into port with Armenian goods and hold full o' blacks to sell."

"Slaves?"

"Aye. We need no more blacks in New York. There are eight hundred now, and rumours that they plot to rise if the French come down."

We ate and drank for a while in silence, but their eyes always were on duty and roving curiously to see what they might spy. And ever they were nudging each other to take notice of new arrivals, and their covetous gaze devoured the gaudy sashes and bright gold-laced hats and jerkins and the long knee-coats fastened with silken knots and loops instead o' buttons.

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"The French soldiers," said Nick, presently, "wear their own hair curled and gathered and tied with a ribbon. And their hats are three-cornered and cocked."

"That new style is known also in New York," said I, "and some among the English folk affect it, but none of the Dutch as yet. . . . Tell me the history of Schuyler's fight. I am eager to hear of this bloody encounter in the woods."

Nick related it, how they had marched with less than two hundred English and Dutch out of Albany; and with some Algonquins, but the remainder all Iroquois, and mostly Mohawk. And he told me how they ambushed and surprised the French works—slaying the Praying Indians on the strand where they lay asleep under their canoes—and then rushed upon the fort and drove the Frenchmen headlong upon their main body.

He related how, in turn, a French ambush was laid on the road back to their boats. "There," said he, "it was hand to hand, breast to breast, sword to sword, and hatchet to hatchet! The French Loups ran from the field, and so did our Algonquins; but the Iroquois fought like true men; and the Frenchman and Englishman and Dutchman fell dead in bloody embrace. Sir, it was a battle of crazed wildcats, there in the thick forest by the waters; and had the French garrison behind us marched out upon us, none among us ever had survived."

"Were you hurt?"

"Not I, not Harry, either. Yet—" he lifted his beaded pouch and pointed at Harry's wallet; and I saw that both were ornamented with scalps.

"A bounty?" I asked, shuddering.

"Not even a stiver of siwan! No; 'twas for the glory only, and—" he fondly considered his wallet and smoothed and caressed the long fringes of dead hair—"it seems a

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tasteful and pretty design." And, "Here," says he, toying with a braided scalp-lock, "is the hair of a war-chief from St. Francis. I broke his leg and then his arms, and had him between two great logs of their breastworks; but he got under them so that I thought I never would finish killing him. And this," said he, "was the lock of a young Abenaki who chased me to the water, where I turned on him and drowned the poor fool. . . . But Harry has more and finer scalps which he took from three Loups and an Otaway—"

"I shot only the Otaway," said Harry, modestly, "and slid my knife into only one other. Two more lay near, a-dying, so I took their hair as nobody else noticed them. God," he added thoughtfully, "that was a red day in the forest; and Nicky, here, was running scarlet like a butcher when I met him by the water's edge—"

"You were no cleaner," retorted Nick of Beverwyck, crunching the roasted leg of a capon and washing it down with a great draught of new cider.

But I had eaten enough, for, what they told me, had somewhat sickened my appetite, yet it all bewitched me; and as soon as ever the French King began his war once more in earnest, I meant to see what war was like.

I said this, with some modesty and hesitation, to Nick, and spoke of enlisting in the New England Army.

But he told me that there were no trained troops in New England; that if ever they won a battle it was by accident or at a fearful cost of men. "Because," said he, "they think bravery is enough, and training not necessary. . . . I went with the army when Sir William Phips sailed for the St. Lawrence. Nothing was done, as you know, Mr. Hazlett; and all ended in ridicule and disgrace and cost New England a mint o' money, too."

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"Must a man go to Europe if he desires to serve in the wars?" I demanded.

"I know not," said Schoharie Harry, "only that New York City will not take the field and drive the French from Canada; and Boston can not; but both push on the Iroquois, who already are sickening of the cuffs and kicks which Frontenac bestows."

"Yes," added Nick, "and lately comes, to the Albany Fort, sachems from the Mohawks, Oneidas, Onandagas, and Senecas with a pack o' wampum belts to talk with Schuyler and the Patroon.

"They say it was a bitter talk, and that all the sachems cried out upon the injustice and cowardice of New York. 'For,' said they, 'we Iroquois are the only barrier that protects you from the French. You tell us to make war upon them, and we do so, but we see no New York or Boston soldiers behind us. None! Why do you push us on to fight while you remain hiding in New York City? Why do you not *lead* us yourselves?' "[8]

"That is true," said I. "And I hope that when Colonel Fletcher, our new Governor, arrives, he will set us marching on that New World's plague spot, Quebec."

I ordered a fresh jug of cider and long clays and tobacco for my new friends.

Said Nick, blinking with the content of a full-fed cat: "Mr. Hazlett, are you so impatient for adventure that you talk of seeking the European wars?"

"I will be frank," said I. "Two motives urge me: I am poor and my fortune needs mending. I naturally incline to arms and adventure, for it runs in the blood of my race."

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[8] This was the burden of Iroquois complaint, voiced by every nation in the Confederacy. Had Louis XIV willed it, Frontenac could have taken both Boston and New York.

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Nick glanced through the smoke of his clay pipe at his comrade, and Schoharie Harry winked at him.

"Sir," said Nick, "it is plain you are a gentleman and an honest one, and ought to be trusted. Shall I tell you why we came to New York in company with five Mohawks?"

"I ask no secrets in payment for your entertainment," said I, sharply.

"You misunderstand us," said Harry. "We need you more than you need us."

Said Nick, nodding agreement: "We came here for two reasons, one public, one private. Major Schuyler sent us to ask for troops against Three Rivers. We are told that no troops can be sent until your new Governor arrives. So that is our answer; and our Indians take it back to Fort Orange.

"But our private reason for coming here is this," . . . he placed his mouth close to my ear: ". . . there is a fortune to be made on the St. Lawrence; and if you will share our enterprise we welcome you and swear to divide fairly what we gain!"

"What," said I, wondering, "is this enterprise you mention?"

Then they leaned closer, and, over their cider, they disclosed to me how, on their way from the Mohawk country to Albany, they had caught a French bearer of despatches, and so learned that a rich convoy was coming out of France bound for Quebec.

Already, said they, a swarm of our privateers were cruising off the mouth of the St. Lawrence, and it would be no difficult thing for some among them to avoid the French frigates and take the richly laden transports, and carry them into port.

Now what they desired, it appeared, was to gather a

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ship's company, engage a sloop, arm her, apply for passes and reprisals, and sail with an easy commission under patronage of some great man.

The very madness of the enterprise attracted me. Here were forest folk who might, perhaps, safely roam the uncharted sea of forests, and navigate a bark canoe; but who knew no more of ocean and the winds and tides and ships that plied it than did I who knew nothing concerning these things.

I asked: "Where is this sloop to be had?"

They replied that they did not know, but that I should find her.

I asked them when they desired to set sail, and they replied, as soon as might be.

"Sir," said Nick of Beverwyck, "they tell me that any one o' these French prizes is worth a hundred thousand guineas and more. . . . God knows we be afeard o' the salt sea, my comrade here and I. But life, for such as we, is long and hard. There's blood on every farthing that ever we have earned by trap or firelock in the forest. . . . Life is unkind, sir; . . . what with the black and bitter winters and the parching heat of summers, and the endless trails to travel where both wild beasts and wild men are ever watching. . . . Sooner or later the slayer will seize and slay us; or the black winter drive his icy daggers to our bones; or thirst or hunger, or a sickness turn our strength to palsy and lay our bones on the rotting forest floor. . . . We be very poor, Mr. Hazlett, and no means of mending—nothing but to go on wearily, sick or well—for that is all that men can do who are born doomed to the forests. . . . And so, seeing a faint rift o' day in the endless dark of the woods, hope led us to the river; and by it we came in a sloop to this city. . . . And I think God meant that we should meet with you."

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"I know nothing of the sea," said I.

"You know those who are acquainted with it, sir."

"Do you think I can procure you a ship, a captain, a crew, and papers?" I asked, smiling.

"If God wills it," said Nick of Beverwyck.

I thought for a while, then: "Where do you bait?" I enquired.

They named a pot-house on the Beaver Path.

"Very well," said I gaily; "let me try what I can do this very evening. For," said I, "I also am disgusted with idleness, and am weary of poverty, and long for new faces new skies, and a brave chance to better fortune!"

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Chapter XV

I WAS full of my adventure as I left the Dark Ship and walked swiftly in the direction of the Sea Horse Tavern.

It was a more sober and respectable inn than many another, and here, as I expected, I discovered my friend, Riel de Lanois, supping in his own company upon a pigeon and a glass of claret.

He extended his muscular brown hand and drew me to a seat beside him; but I thanked him, saying that already I had supped.

Always I had liked him well, this supple young man with his clear, dark skin which showed French blood, and his dark, kind and somewhat mischievous eyes, which could become gaily determined and even reckless. His father, who was a Frenchman, and mine had been friends. Now the son and I continued the friendship.

He asked me how I did, and if my hurt ever troubled me; and pretended a pious hope that this same dagger thrust had sobered me and cured me of desire for all adventure and sword play.

"Riel," said I, "you understand something of the sea, and of ships, and war, for you sailed as doctor aboard that ass, Sir William Phips."

"And had a bellyful o' cheap glory," says he, laughing.

I looked about me. Nobody was near enough to hear or notice us. I leaned nearer, and I told him all I had

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heard concerning the French convoy and my desire to attempt to gain a fortune.

He did not seem surprised, but was merry and jested, asking me if I desired to turn pirate when I had so lately reproved piracy with my sword-point.

But he knew, of course, that we still were in a state of war with France, and that such privateering was lawful and commendable and was favoured here and in England. So when he perceived I was serious, he lent an interested ear to what I had to say.

"How," said I, "is such an enterprise to be begun; for you should know something of such things, Riel?"

"Well," says he, "it is done in this manner: the commissions which our King hath issued to the Lords of the Admiralty permit them to empower Colonial officials to grant letters of marque.

"Until our new Governor, Colonel Fletcher, arrives, Mr. Ingoldsby,[1] acting as Governor pro tem and Vice-Admiral, may issue privateering commissions to captains whose bondsmen are able to furnish proper security. These are the documents necessary; though a privateer's papers should include accounts for supplies, and for medicines also; accounts between owners and crew; and general accounts."

"I understand. But what if we take a prize?"

Lanois laughed: "Our new Governor is empowered to hold Admiralty court in person; and, under warrant and the Great Seal, there will be appointed an Admiralty Judge and deputies to say whether or no you have taken a fair prize; what part of her value you may keep for yourselves; what part belongs to the King; and how much shall your expenses figure. Also," he added mischievously,

[1] Absent in Curaçao. Chief Justice Dudley assumed direction of affairs pro tem.

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"you shall be told whether you are a privateer and are to be given three cheers; or whether you are no more than a greedy pirate and shall hang for your trouble."

"I think," said I, smiling upon him, "that there is some difference between privateering and piracy."

"Not so much," said he, "for a captain on the high-seas with his commission and a ship and crew at his will, and a common purpose to acquire riches for all, is a danger to himself as well as to the enemy. For the temptations are many and great, Dirck, to take *something* that swims under sail; and if the enemy elude, then there is a fierce and prize-hungry crew to reckon with who have no mind to return empty-handed."

"I know," said I, "that nearly all pirates were first privateers."

"That is true," says he, "and also it is true that a commission can be read many ways when deferred hope sickens the heart and the gold fever maddens the brain."

After a silence I asked him how I should go about securing a sloop.

"The safest way," said he, "is to wait upon that skin-flint Dutchman, Frederick Philipse, and lay before him the affair. You need not fear for his discretion; he is a secret man. But if you prevail, then, Dirck, for God's sake have a care o' the bargain you make, for, if he can, he will secure every stiver for himself and leave you a barrel o' stinking pork for your share."

"Riel," said I, "will you sail with us as ship's doctor?"

"I might."

In his dark, handsome face I saw a glow, and felt the excitement heat my cheeks.

"Lord," said I, "to take a tall ship of France and carry her into port! . . . Only I am vexed to be so ignorant of the sea and of ships."

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"You know guns. Tell the Patroon you desire to sail as gunner-lieutenant. . . . There is no such officer aboard a sloop; but a gunner's share, plus a lieutenant's, plus the share of one among three men who conceives the enterprise, should give you something to marry on."

"Marriage! Do you suppose I am sailing with that in view?"

Riel Lanois smiled: "How should I know? There are two fair maidens, at least, who—"

"It is in the mind of neither," said I, "nor, God knows, in mine. No! For the one loves gaiety and laughter, and is full of an innocent mischief with no thought other, and no harm. And the other is scarce sixteen, Riel, and is to me like a cherished sister, and no more, I swear."

He was still smiling. "I thought," he said, "that you might be inclined to Maddaleen Wyck."

"For her courage and kindness," said I, "may I never forget to be grateful. . . . She is a sweet child, and innocent—like some who seem bold and are not so, really, . . . For often, I notice, the chaste seem the more audacious, but their temerity arises only from their inexperience."

"Dirck," said he, laughing, "yours is a gentle heart for so notorious a brawler."

"Damme, Riel," said I, "whatever it is, it's a clean one."

"I know that," said he. . . . *"I cared for Malloch Strawn, also."*

"Oh," said I carelessly, "was he sick?"

But Lanois merely smiled.

Well, I cared not if he suspected how Mr. Strawn came by his mischance. Whatever Riel knew concerning others was safe; for that is a principle with doctors as well as with other honest men.

We sat a while longer to discuss our business. Riel

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spoke of a new sloop lying in the Spuyten Duyvil, lately fitted for sea, and owned by Colonel Philipse.

Riel thought she carried ten guns, six swivels and a bow and stern chaser and was designed for a company of one hundred people, but could be sailed and fought by half that number.

And the further we conversed upon this matter, the deeper the thrills that invaded me; and ever I was thinking to myself, "Oh, God, to lay an enemy alongside and take golden fortune by the handful from his hold!"

Also I could see that Riel was no less for it than I. In his fine eyes excitement danced in tiny flames, and his animated laughter rang pleasantly through the almost deserted room.

Our candles, meanwhile, grew less and less, and we had cracked three more of French claret before we got up, put on our shoulder-belts and took our hats.

As Colonel Philipse lay this night at Mr. Graham's house, it was agreed that I wait upon him in the morning.

So I walked along the footway which borders the canal and so carried Riel to his house on Broad Street, and there took leave of him with much gaiety and sanguine excitement.

Clump-clump! comes the Watch a-marching with lanthorn and halberd, and gave me a polite yet suspicious good evening, for it was late and my long sword wagged and swaggered as I walked.

But I was for no tavern that night, but full o' my adventure and impatient to hear the cock crow. So, lightly back to Great Queen Street and away along the waterside and through the gate to my little house.

Thus, happy, hopeful, and with eager beating heart to bed and dreams of gold and glory.

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Chapter XVI

THE story of how was secured from Mr. Philipse his new sloop, the *China Rose,* and how she was commissioned, fitted, armed and her captain, officers, and crew selected and assembled would be too tedious to relate.

Because it was a story of hopes deferred, of senseless delays, of bargaining, bickering and of jealousies. The meanness, craft, and rapacity of Colonel Philipse and his agents sickened me so that had it not been for the wisdom and patience of Riel de Lanois, of Mr. Emott, a lawyer, and the kindness of Mr. Chief Justice Dudley, I would have thrown over this privateering and foresworn all thought of any glory and treasure to be gained upon the sea.

Well, in the end Mr. Emott made a bargain for me with the Patroon; and this is the final listing of our ship's company and the shares allotted to each in our articles of agreement:

Name	*Quality*	*Shares*
Peter Breeze	Capt. Commander	3½
Duncan Avery	Lieutenant	2½
Edward May	Master	2½
John Dole	Capt. Quartermaster	1¾
Riel de Lanois	Doctor	2¾
Harry Burns	Mate	2
Austin Read	Boatswain	1¼
Dirck Hazlett	Lieut. Gunner	3
Wm. Bennett	Gunner	1⅛
Evan Morgan	Gunner's Mate	1
Richard Smith	Drummer	1
Ned Grigg	Cook	1
58 people	Sailors	¾

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To Schoharie Harry and to Nick of Beverwyck five shares each for their discovery of the enterprise. They listed as musketeers. Which arrangement allotted between twenty-five and thirty shares to the owner and the remainder to be divided among officers and crew.

No sooner was our bargain made with the Patroon than our business was known and noised throughout the city, and every home, tavern, and bouwerie hummed with it.

On that same day the *China Rose,* sloop, left the mouth of the Spuyten Duyvil, dropped down the North River with the tide, and came to anchor off the new market at Coenties Slip, where all the city could view her from the waterside, and I from the sunny settle on my little stoop.

And Lord, how I admired to see how all captains, sailors, and seafaring folk, afloat and ashore, gathered along Great Queen Street to gaze upon the *China Rose* where they were carrying her guns, small arms, and stores aboard her. There were barrels of bread; barrels of beef and pork; barrels of flour; beans, sugar, hog's fat in kegs; rum; the Doctor's chest and medicines; spare spars; spare sails; powder for the great guns and muskets; cases of cutlasses; pistols, flints, bandoleers, cartouche boxes; and Osnabrigs[1] to make frocks and trousers for the crew.

That first day I spent on the sloop, on my stoop, and on the waters between, so happy and distracted was I in this first true adventure and enterprise of my career.

Mr. Emott was there, and also the old Patroon, who cried out continually at all expenses and haggled over every item so fiercely that I wondered whether we should

[1] Osnabrigs, or Osnaburgs was a rough linen made in Osnabrück, Germany, and widely used throughout the American colonies.

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presently discover that some barrels of pork and beef stank, or if the ship's bread were gone mouldy or no.

Frederick Philipse was, when he chose, a civil, polite, gentle, and even elegant person. He had a coat of arms, and was said to be of good blood; but he had been a common carpenter, and looked like one, I thought.

Riel de Lanois only laughed when I expressed fears for our beef, and told me that this was the Patroon's way of thrifty dealing, who clutched a half-joe as desperately as a starving wretch clings to his crust.

And, further, Mr. Emott related how Margaret[2] once stopped her own great ship which had weighed and sailed —and made the captain lower a boat to go back and pick up a deck-mop worth five pence which had fallen overboard.

Well, God help us all, for all have their faults; and I know what mine are; and you already have discovered them.

Now, as I say, the news concerning the *China Rose* was soon noised abroad, and long before we had our commission, which we got when Mr. Ingoldsby returned from Curaçao.

Our Captain, Peter Breeze, a citizen of Hartford in Connecticut, lodged at The Indian Queen Tavern, together with Mr. Avery, his lieutenant, and Mr. May, Master.

John Dole, Captain Quartermaster, and Austin Read, Boatswain, respectable Long Island men from New Utrecht, baited at Krieger's Inn on Broadway,[3] which was lately the Heere Straat, and down which, in July, 1673, Captain Anthony Colve marched his Dutch army from the fleet of Admiral Evertsen, and on into the Fort which

[2] His capable but avaricious wife, Margaret Philipse, widow of Peter De Vries. Often she sailed as super-cargo on her own ships.

[3] Afterward The King's Arms.

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so abjectly had been surrendered by Carr and Manning—poor betrayed and bewildered wretches!

But now English and Dutch lived in amity in New York City, and were as one people. Out through the city gate along the Heere Wegh my two sergeant-musketeers, Schoharie Harry and Nick of Beverwyck, marched our new English and Dutch crew, with Dick Smith, our drummer, a-drumming at their head, and a swarm of school-children, negro slaves and pot-house idlers trailing along to see the training.

Lord! that was a brave sight, never, I think, seen before in our city. But our Captain Breeze argued that if these sailors were to fight aboard their own ship or the enemy's, and might even be forced to do battle ashore, then they should know the butt of a musket from the muzzle, and be taught to keep together as well as to load, aim, and fire.

However, the officers at the Fort looked but sourly upon these privateersmen, and would not allow us to use the Plaine,[4] which was, nevertheless, a public parade. And I was for marching thither and defying the garrison to attack us—thinking that such a brawl might something season our raw fellows—but Mr. Emott[5] begged us to refrain.

I own I was a greatly excited young man, and lacked sense and balance; and such a brawl as I had encouraged might have deprived us of our ship and our commission.

My days were busy with preparation for departure and much running about the streets. Also, acting as sword-master to our officers and sailors, I was busy exercising the latter with cutlass and hanger, and giving instructions

[4] Before it became the Bowling Green it was known as the Plaine.

[5] James Emott, a lawyer and sometime Vestryman of Trinity Church; also a neighbour and friend of Captain Kidd and of Samuel Bradley, his brother-in-law.

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to our officers in cuts and thrusts and parries with Moorish sabre, long sword, and rapier.

And now it is better that I tell how I carried the news of my new enterprise to Madam Oort and Sancia Caradac.

Mr. Bradley already had acquainted these ladies of my purpose. So when I entered the pretty house on Wall Street, hat in hand, I saw Sancia's eyes were stormy, though Madam Oort seemed tender and sweetly concerned that I should embark on such adventure.

"Let him go," said Sancia, in a voice both hardy and careless. "I can write your letters and keep your accounts, Mother. So let this restless and brawling lad go where he shall have his dish of glory and his fill of sword-blows . . . for it seems that a bellyful o' daggers leaves him still hungry—"

"Sancia!" remonstrated Madam Oort, "will you consider your good manners before you speak!—"

"Why should I consider anything when Dirck Hazlett considers nothing—nobody—save himself and his selfish lust for brawling—"

"Sancia!"

"I listen, Mother—"

"Does Dirck belong to you?"

"No, and be damned to him—"

"Be pleased to withdraw and instantly to seek your chamber!" said Madam Oort sternly.

Sancia, scarlet with fury, cast a flaming glance at me that flew out of her grey eyes like an arrow. She could scarce curtsey to her mother; made no pretence to notice me again, but turned her back upon me and went up the stairs, her little hand gripping the rail as though to crush it into splinters.

Madam Oort drew me to a chair beside her; and we talked long and seriously concerning my intentions.

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Sweetest, gentlest, most loyal of women was Sarah Oort, using me now as a mother, now as an older sister to examine into my purpose and counsel me.

"Well," says she at last, "the restless youth in you is not to be denied, Dirck. In your blood is lust of fighting; you come of such a race. It were vain to argue; vain to point out to you any surer and gentler careers where fortune waits on wisdom, industry and thrift. . . . You would not brook such delay, I think. . . . The slow but steady effort to acquire position and wealth by trade, by a profession—" She looked most earnestly upon me, slowly shook her head: and I bent and kissed her hands.

"Well, then," said she, "if you will go, then you shall go. . . . And Sancia and I must be about our knitting for you vests and good warm stockings—"

"Oh, Madam!—"

"Oh, Dirck!—" She put her lovely arms about me and laid her lips to my brow.

I had been madded to see how insolently Sancia had conducted, and to hear her opinion of myself and purpose; but now my dear Madam Oort softened all anger in me and made me understand how this child, Sancia, really believed that I was her prize divided into shares, and that her commission from God and Nature entitled her to every share and undivided profit of my capture.

"The silly minx," said Sarah Oort, fondly; "she so adores and idolizes you that it is useless to argue; and this adventure of yours is come like a blow to her pride that brings her to her very knees. . . . Had you but told her, made pretence to consult her, even hinted at such a matter, she had consented—in tears, no doubt—but her pride would not so mortally have suffered.

"It was that this business had become public knowledge

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before ever she dreamed of such a thing, that hath wounded her. . . . So go you to her chamber, Dirck, and make your peace together. And you both will learn, I think, a new tenderness and a new respect, and kinder knowledge of each other when you are reconciled."

So I went up the stairs to the long chamber which was Sancia's, where potted flowers were ranged before the windows, and rare shells and corals and stuffed birds like very jewels gleamed from a pearl-incrusted table out of India.

Lord, but she seemed a little thing where she sat upon a stool and a book upon her knees in which was pictured scenes from all the wars that ever had been fought on earth.

She would not notice me at all, but turned the leaves of her book whilst I endeavoured to pacify her and make amends.

"Also," I continued, "it was agreed between us that we should harbour no sentimental thoughts and no silly jealousies, only a generous confidence in each other's friendship and kindness—"

"Was it friendship to leave me in ignorance of this adventure?" she demanded, not looking at me.

"I meant nothing—"

"Was it kindness?" she cried; and flung the book upon the Turkey carpet, and fetched it a kick. Which hurt her foot, for she gasped, and caught at the bed-post to lean against it, one knee lifted like a lame hound, and her face pinched and white with pain.

I said nothing, but took her up in my arms, and she turned on me like a wildcat and struck me with both hands so that I stumbled under the sudden fury of the blows.

And the next instant her arms around my neck nigh strangled me and her tearful mouth and face sought mine,

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sobbing out that she loved me and that I used her cruelly who could know no peace nor happiness if I must go away.

We came down the stairs from her chamber together, her slender hands clasped tight in mine.

Madam Oort was in the pantry sugaring jumbles; and we ate a few as we told her that we had become reconciled, and were tender friends again, and that never more as long as I lived would I consider or embark upon any enterprise unless first of all I acquainted Sancia and took counsel with her concerning it.

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Chapter XVII

I THOUGHT we never would sail, so exasperated was I at the endless delays; though it seems all ships are subject to such, and privateers most of all.

Men listed and then deserted us; seven barrels of pork stank when opened and were carried back to Mr. Philipse's stores where his agent made a great to-do and swore the pork was as sweet as April butter.

"In that case," said I, "you shall save and serve it to Colonel Philipse," which cooled his heat in some degree.

All were aboard the *China Rose,* now, and our captain was uneasy for fear a war-ship might arrive and start a-crimping and press our people.

Other captains feared this too, because fishermen off Coney Island reported a frigate hull down; and some ships weighed and fell below Staten Island, from whence their boats plied all day between anchorage and city, and the waters of the harbour were lively with craft of all descriptions.

There were two brigantines which lay off the shipyards at the foot of Maiden Lane, and the captains of which caroused ashore—doubtful men whom I knew not but could have betted a guinea to a stiver that both sailed On The Account.

These two, whose names were Steerwell and Falls, were ever watching the *China Rose* through a glass, and their boats ever hovered in our vicinity.

Falls' ship, the *Rainbow,* brigantine, 18 guns, and Steerwell's, the *Fancy Bird,* 20 guns, were nearly ready

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to sail; and I told Peter Breeze, our Captain, that I was convinced that they would stand for Malabar and carried supplies from Colonel Livingston to the pirates in those waters.

"Well," says Captain Breeze, "what would you have me do, Mr. Hazlett?"

"Hasten, in God's name, and weigh and get us to sea as soon as may be; and if, by stratagem. we can pretend distress, why, if they sail together I think they may attempt to take us."

"You mean that they sail to take any flag?"

"I do."

"Sir, that is a grave charge."

"Sir, I've heard Captain Kidd mention Steerwell and call him a pirate, too. Livingston's and Pell's stores go into his hold every day. Sainte Marie is his destination, I do not doubt. . . . Who would be the wiser if he and his consort stopped us on the high-seas and robbed us and set us afire?"

Breeze shook his head uneasily and said that he did not desire to anger Livingston and did not wish to put himself in any position where such a conflict might arise. "Although," he added grimly, "if I raise them at sea and they swerve by a point to follow me, I shall not show them my heels."

"God send we sight them and they follow us," said I.

"Why, you pious young sea-brawler," says he, laughing, "is not a bellyful o' French iron enough for you? Would you, on mere suspicion, have me take the English flag and carry Mr. Ingoldsby's commissions into port for Livingston to bawl murder and run to the Admiralty—aye, to the Lords of Trade, and to the King himself?"

I laughed, too; and he swore I was counselling piracy; and so he carried me to his cabin and there made me drink

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a glass of Madeira; and so parted excellent friends; he to mount the poop and look to our slow lading; I to go ashore where, so far, I had slept in my own house.

When I came into my house I discovered Maddaleen there, busy with her needle and shears, and a bolt of Osnabrigs upon the table.

Now I had become very wary of the girl because we had had a few hot encounters, and she had wept and swore she was sick o' love for me and, if I would not marry her, then I should love her nevertheless. So what with tears and reproaches and fevers, and her pulling me about, and I afeard to hurt her pride and ashamed to deny my obligations, we both had become unhappy; and I scarce knew how to mend matters.

But lately she had calmed, and vexed me no more, but was gay and bright and kindly reasonable. I hoped and believed the fancy had passed, yet kept an eye on her.

Now, noticing the Osnabrigs, I asked her what she was about; and she showed me frocks and trousers cut out, and some basted.

"For me?" I demanded.

"Who other?"

"But I am not a regiment, Maddaleen! Why do you make so many?"

"What I make will be needed," says she, smiling.

And now I noticed two sea-chests which Jan Gilles, the carpenter on Perel Straat,[1] had fashioned out of oak.

"Two?" I exclaimed.

"Did you not command two, Dirck?"

"I did not, and be hanged to that Dutch jackass! Does he think me a dandy? Does he suppose I am made of gold to command furniture by the dozen pieces?"

"I have money, Dirck," says she demurely.

[1] Pearl Street.

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"To what purpose?" said I.

"To lend, gladly—"

"I need neither your money nor two sea-chests," said I, turning red and hot.

"May I not aid you to equipment—"

But I was too vexed to answer her, and presently went out of the house to sit upon my settle and look upon the *China Rose*.

Yonder she swung with the tide, a pretty thing at her moorings, while boats plied between her and the dock.

It was a calm day on land and water. Pleasant sounds came from the harbour—noise of oars, of winches; cries of teamsters on the dock and the far hail of those across the waters.

I thought of Captain Steerwell and Captain Falls, and of their ships, the *Rainbow* and *Fancy Bird*. If only they would cruise outside Hook to meditate a piracy upon the *China Rose!* How agreeable it would be to take two ships off New York, and full o' Pell's stores and Livingston's! I know not why the thought of such an enterprise so tickled my fancy, for Robert Livingston was not yet my enemy, and I troubled me not at all concerning Pell. Yet ever, now, in mind persisted the hope and desire that these brigantines might conspire to fall upon us. It was a pleasant thing to dream on. And often, during those slow, sunny days of preparation, I dreamed this dream where I sat upon my door-sill settle and gazed across the stream upon the *China Rose*.

But the hour at last approached when we should weigh and stand for the Narrows.

All were aboard, now—officers and crew, and nearly everything we were to carry.

Madam Oort I waited upon to arrange and regulate all

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accounts, and to write for her such letters as she desired.

Jan Gilles I called upon and refused the second chest; but he only laughed and took it away, still laughing—but why so mirthful I could not understand.

Such visits of obligation and ceremony as I considered fitting I now made! and was everywhere kindly received.

Mr. De Peyster, our honourable Mayor, was amused at our expedition, but doubted we should catch the French napping.

Colonel Bayard was ill, but he was my father's friend, so I paid to him my respects; and to others throughout the city, so that none ever could reproach me for the manners which my parents taught me.

In Whitehall I encountered Malloch. We took off our hats to each other, but in my heart remained no kindness for him, and would have passed on without inquiry if he had not spoken my name.

"Dirck," said he, "our quarrel needs mending—but with sharp instruments, I think."

"Swords?" I inquired, staring.

"Certainly."

"Have you learned nothing then?" said I. "And do you suppose I shall bore myself by boring you through every time it suits you to demand it?"

"Do you fancy yourself so mightily and make so little of my skill?" he retorted.

"Your sword-play," said I, "is contemptible. Mend that first before you come a-swaggering or I take a stick to you."

He paled. "When you return from your present and spectacular adventure," says he, "I shall satisfy you regarding my swordsmanship."

"What is it you want," said I coldly, ". . . do you wish

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me to kill you? What animates you is less than courage; it is a stubborn stupidity."

"Will you end it now with me?—In your own garden, if you choose—"

"No, you Harlequin! What the devil have I to do with your wooden lathe? You annoy me! You are, also, an evil man, Malloch. And I tell you this much: I'll not fight you for pleasure or honour. No! But if ever again you trouble me or mine, then shall I do your business for you and make no more ado about it than if I were obliged to rid me of a rat!"

"I shall be at pains," says he, "to give you reason for your rat hunt."

But I paid no further heed and went my way, ashamed that I should even have bandied words with so contemptible a man.

My God! there was more merit, and far more pleasure, in fighting Captain Maze, or any of a dozen other crazy blades with whom—I confess, and with true regret, I hope—I have had some little sword trouble during my brief career.

I went aboard Breeze and found all nearly complete; and already the Captain's weather eye alert for a favourable wind and tide.

So I returned to my house in the long boat and carried my sea-chest and effects to the *China Rose;* then back to land to do the last offices about my house and lock up.

Madam Wyck I waited on to say adieu, but Maddaleen was not there; and her mother told me that Doctor Lanois also had waited on her and seemed troubled by Maddaleen's absence.

"She's a wild thing, Mr. Hazlett, but innocent and means well. So I ask God's protection for my daughter and must

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trust to it because I have my shop and must gain a living and no leisure to follow and guard her myself."

"Maddaleen is a brave, kind friend," said I, "and for my recovery am I beholden to her. Pray bid her adieu for me, Madam, and say to her that I am ever her grateful, loyal friend."

So I went to the pot-house on Beaver Street and there found my two Forest-Runners, Schoharie Harry and Nick of Beverwyck, and bade them pack up and go aboard.

Sancia, then, I waited upon, and discovered her in the garden a-shaking down of fruit.

"I go aboard," said I, gaily, "and we are like to sail on the next tide. So have come to say farewell—"

She had gone so white that I went to her; and first took her hands which lay like fallen blossoms in mine and lifeless. And then, I know not why, I took her body in my arms.

Presently I felt it trembling; and began to shiver, too.

I said nothing, nor did she; but presently she sighed, And, after a little, laid her cheek to mine.

Thus, for a long time, we stood; and in my blind mind a new thought stirred restlessly till I seemed to discover how dear had Sancia become to me, who had so twisted and entwined herself around my heart, my nature, my very being.

For I had never dreamed our severance would be hard, only as friends part in happy regret and promises.

But this was becoming different. I noticed how hard her heart beat; and felt it; and suddenly felt my own begin to pulse, loud, heavy as a muffled drum.

"Lord," said I, scarce knowing what I said, ". . . I feel no pleasure in this parting, for it hurts."

"I am like to die of it," she whispered.

"Does it so hurt you also, Sancia?"

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"Oh, God—"

And that was the way of it—a blind, hot clinging of the lips; tears—I know not whose—and every halting breath a pledge.

How I got me, stumbling, to the street I know not. I was all of a daze, and the scent of her I still breathed in every breath I drew as I made my way down Wall Street toward the waterside.

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Chapter XVIII

MY narrative, by your leave, I now transfer to my journal during the days it was writ by me; and this is a true copy called "A Journal of some transactions on board the sloop *China Rose,* Peter Breeze, Com'r, by God's grace and under His protection, bound on a cruising voyage against the French, begun October 15th, 1691."

October 15th.

The pilot came on board and we weighed from our anchorage off Maiden Lane. Saluted the Fort with seven guns and fell down to the Narrows between Staten Island and Long Island.

Came in a brigantine from Barbadoes but brings no strange news only that she passed the *Rainbow,* brigantine, Capt. Falls, and the *Fancy Bird,* Capt. Steerwell, outside Sandy Hook and cruising N.N.E. Which news excited me.

Three ships came down the Narrows, one bound for London, and two for Newfoundland.

Came in the *Indian Maid,* snow, from Curaçao, and no news only that she had passed Steerwell to leeward cruising in company with a consort brigantine, hull down.

Came in a snow from Marblehead, John Winters, Master. No news.

Sailed down the Hook and anchored. We saw a topsail schooner lying at Coney Island, which was the *Gravesend Beauty,* privateer, Captain Holt, but did not speak her,

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for there came in a great ship and so lofty that we took her for an 80-gun ship, and feared she might board and press us, and so hoisted a V reef in the jack and lowered our pennant for a signal to our pinnace which had gone ashore.

But she was an Indiaman eight weeks out of Lisbon and now for the Brazil trade, which eased our fright, thank God.

Whereupon Captain Breeze wetted his commission by giving the people a tub of punch; and officers also very merry with rum and Madeira.

Captain Breeze showed me his commission, the first privateering warrant that ever I beheld: and it was from Ingoldsby—

To all Persons to whom these presents shall come, Greeting.

Whereas his most Sacred Majesty, William the Third, by Grace of God, of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith, etc., etc.:

And whereas Peter Breeze, Mariner, of Hartford, in Connecticut, and Frederick Philipse, Merchant, of New York City, have equipped, furnished, and victualled a sloop called the *China Rose,* of the burthen of about one hundred and thirty tons, whereof the said Peter Breeze is Commander, who hath given Bond with sufficient sureties:

Know ye therefore that I do by these Presents grant Commission to, and do license and authorize the said Peter Breeze to set forth in Hostile manner the said sloop under his command, and therewith by Force of Arms to apprehend, seize, and take Fleets, Ships, Vessels and goods belonging to France, etc., etc.:

Ingoldsby signed it; and it was sealed with the seal of the Colony by his secretary, and a notary public did set his seal to the paper and signed his name.

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We all were happy to see Mr. Breeze's commission, and all wetted it again in bumpers.

The Captain winked at me and, says he aside: "Falls and Steerwell cruise outside like a pair o' prowling sharks, and what d'ye make o' that, Mr. Hazlett?"

"Sir," said I, "how soon do we weigh?"

At which he laughed and spoke to our Quartermaster, Mr. Dole, who presently mustered our people and quartered them to the guns, that is, quarter-deck and its opposite, three men; and to every one its opposite of the deck guns, four hands.

The Captain then ordered me to deliver arms to those who had none. Some thirty hands fitted themselves.

My two birds in buckskin from the Northland would not touch pistol or cutlass, so I smiled and was content to leave them their muskets, war hatchets, and long knives.

About 5 P.M. we weighed from the Hook; the wind at W.S.W. with a fresh gale, bound on our cruise against the French.

We opened a barrel of beef and a tierce of bread, and the Captain ordered the people another pail of punch to drink to a good voyage, by God's leave and under his protection. One pound of beef per man a day and seven of bread per week.

As we passed out Sandy Hook we met a great swelling sea; and we set our shrouds up—which means we tightened 'em; and scarce had done so when we saw a sail under our lee bow. All hands were called on deck and took stations ready to receive her; but I saw she was not Steerwell nor Falls; and when we fired one of our bow chasers and brought her to she proved to be a Boston sloop, Hiram Dingle, Master, out sixteen days and knew nothing.

So our people were dismissed; and I was glad to see how our Quartermaster had them in control, and how he

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mustered them and examined all who lacked aught in equipment, yet was neither noisy, angry, nor profane.

My two birds o' the Northland were sick. Doctor Lanois told me; and was kind to them; but they seemed now woeful, now wild; and like caged things, hurt and terrified, casting about them for some avenue of escape from the heaving deck of this fearful cage called the *China Rose*. Poor forest folk, I pitied them—having no such weakness myself but always well when afloat.

Our carpenter, who seemed something of a fool, hit himself with his own mallet, and Riel went below to patch him up.

It was growing dusky at sea. Against a long, pale, greenish strip of clear sky, great waves washed up in mountains. Once, darkly in silhouette, we saw a sail about a league distant; but the night came and we lost her, and I feared she had been the *Fancy Bird*. There was nothing to be done, however.

There were six in the Captain's mess; eleven each in the first three; ten in the last two; and, in the cook's mess, three—makes sixty-two hands; and so when the cook's mess reported four, none could account for the odd man; and the mate carried it to the poop.

I remember I was standing by the starboard deck battery when Dr. Lanois came to me in the dark o' the stars.

"My God, Dirck," says he, "do you know Maddaleen is aboard?"

I stared at him, gone dumb.

"Stowed away," says he, "and is prisoner to the cook in his galley, where she defies all and plays the boy in her frock and trousers of Osnabrigs!" And, "Lord," says he, "what our Captain is like to do God only knows, for if you know not why this madcap hath shipped with us, then no person on earth can know!"

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My amazement and anger changed to concern.

"Riel," I said, "do you wish to tell me that this wild girl came aboard us out o' love for *me?*"

"What else?" said he coolly.

"Have you seen and spoken with her?"

"Yes. If she is frightened she has a great heart and hardy, for she laughs and ruffles it well, and says she can teach the cook a new dish every day. And poor Ned Grigg stands there looking wild and fearing her, yet will not let her budge until authority hath dealt with her."

"Riel," said I, "go you to the Captain. You know this girl. She is honest, whatever else she may be. Tell him who she is. Ask his leniency on this mad prank of hers. . . . This is a dreadful business—"

"Go you and speak with her," said he, calmly, "and I will gain the Captain's patience, and his favour in her behalf. . . . And, Dirck; be not harsh; for if this silly girl has done this thing out of love—"

"Out of devilry, rather," said I; "for that she hath any fear of anything or anybody on this earth, I doubt. . . . I shall not upbraid her. That is useless at this hour; and also unkindness hurts her and she is swift to tears when harshly used. Lord! What shall her mother think! No, this is beyond all bounds—"

"Look to her," said Riel, briefly, and went away in the dark; and I started for the galley scarce able to keep my legs on the heaving, rolling deck. Heaven, how the wind blew, too.

Well, I discovered her in the lamplit galley; and when the saucy jade saw me she blushed, for which God knows she had every reason—but suddenly I became so madded that I could not trust my voice.

Ned Grigg, the cook, told me that Mr. Burns was steering and the Captain had gone to his cabin.

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Maddaleen said: "Are you angry, Dirck?"

"No," said I, "but sorry for your mother."

At that she shed tears—for my tone and manner were cold, and condemned her, which I could not help.

"I wrote a letter to Mother and left it on my bed," she sobbed, "in which I made it very plain that I could not survive if you deserted me! Oh, Dirck! Oh, why do you look upon me so angrily—"

"Because," said I, exasperated, "I am cursed with a very plague of women, and no living man deserves it less!"

"What!" says she, looking up very quickly, and the tears still falling.

"You would have it. You have it. I said a *plague!* You heard me, did you not?"

"You are so hard—" she whimpered.

"Am I? A cannon ball is harder. And what the devil are you to do when some Frenchman lets go his broadside at us?"

She wept and said she had no fear of broadsides—which doubtless was true enough. But the very thought distracted and enraged me, yet what was there to say?—for it was too late to say or do anything.

And presently comes Doctor Lanois, unhurried, amiable, gravely courteous, who sees instantly how I have lost my temper, but does seem not to remark it.

To me he said aside: "The Captain was amazed; not angry, but rather heartily sorry that this little rogue should play so perilous a trick upon her mother and upon him, too.

"He is a kind man, and upright; and he made known to me that he leaves a wife and six children at home in Hartford; and, if you please, will give Maddaleen a bed

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in his cabin and charge himself with her safety as far as he is able."

"He is a kind man," said I, "and honest—which, God knows, all Connecticut masters are not. . . . Take her away, Riel, for I have lost my patience—which I promised not to."

He went into the gallery where Maddaleen sat upon a sack o' cornmeal, and, says he cheerfully: "I am come to carry you to Captain Breeze, who desired the pleasure of your acquaintaince."

"Will he scold me?" she asked, and gave Riel a piteous look.

"If he chides you," said Riel, "you shall take it like a wayward child from a parent. Will you do so, Maddaleen?" he asked, so gravely gentle that the tenderness instantly seemed to hearten her, and she gave him a swift look in which was a trace of a smile, very faint, like the glimmer of a rainbow after storms.

She got up from the sack o' meal, gave me an odd look, less loving than defiant; then Riel took her by the hand and led her across the pitching deck—she running and reeling and stumbling along beside him in her sailor's frock and trousers, like a culprit boy hastened and hustled toward punishment.

Lieutenant Avery I now sought; and I found him and our gunner, Mr. Bennett, already in their bunks; so tumbled in to sleep if I could until our watch should be called.

It was blowing more than a gale and the swelled sea had become monstrous, and it is strange how it excited me, a landsman, and how I loved it and never even thought of a sickness or of fear. And so fell asleep, balanced like a young hawk in a gale; and the last I thought about was Steerwell and his consort, and hoped to see them on the morrow.

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Chapter XIX

OCTOBER 16th.

On deck at 6 A.M. and learned that we had sprung our mast and that the Captain was very stiff with our Mate, Mr. Burns, and told him very plainly that he had carried too much sail in so wild a wind and sea.

There was naught to do but to fish our mast, and all was made ready to fish it. Wind and sea had fallen, and the sun shone in a blue sky.

About 10 A.M. espied a sail under our lee bow, and bore down on her, firing when in shot.

She instantly lowered all sails and fell astern of us, and we ordered her Master to come aboard of us.

When the Master came aboard he brought his papers which showed his schooner to be a Frenchman sailing under a Spanish privateersman's commission, but had transferred her guns to a consort and was now bound to St. Augustine loaded with tar, tallow, gun-powder, beans, poultry, cattle and horses.

As she was a lawful prize, and her Master a Frenchman, our Captain sent aboard her John Donovan and John Sanders—the first to be Master, the other, Mate—and with them Ned Wild, Samuel Glover, Dick Ward, and Alfred Winch.

To Donovan, the new Master, Captain Breeze gave written orders that he should take over the Spanish schooner and sail her in company with the *China Rose* until signalled to make for New York. He cautioned him

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concerning the prize cargo that it be cared for, and nothing embezzled, diminished, wasted, sold, or any part unloaded until he, Captain Breeze, was present, but to make proper report to Ingoldsby.

Further, to signal us, he was to hoist his Dutch jack at masthead; and if we hoisted first he was to answer in this same manner but not keep his jack up long.

Now scarcely had our prize crew gone aboard the Spaniard and hoisted sail, than I heard our drum beating to quarters and ran to my station; and saw a topsail schooner standing to no'ward.

A fine breeze had sprung up and we gave her chase, the crew greatly excited and the men a-cheering and laughing at their guns.

I saw my two buckskinned rogues, very ghastly from their sickness, but wearing determined features and carrying their muskets.

The Captain, knowing them to be sure and steady marksmen, called them to the poop where they could overlook the spar deck abaft the mast. Our mast was yet but partly fished, and it caused our Captain some concern —the topmast seeming too heavy for a sprung spar. But this was no moment to fiddle, and we bent what sail we dared and followed our chase.

About midday we gave her a gun in chance of bringing her to and learn what she was. She paid us no heed, nor to another shot, nor hoisted any colours, but bore down on us under all sail, then tacked and bore away.

We fired a dozen shots at her, but she hugged the wind and showed no rag o' colour nor any thing to know her by.

Our lieutenant said to me that he thought she was Boston built; yet, by her course might prove a Frenchman.

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All that afternoon we chased her. She had a good pair o' heels, and we were sailing fast, and very soon we lost sight of our Spanish prize.

Darkness came; we could no longer make out our chase; but we sailed on trusting in fortune which already had proven so complacent to us.

We finished a-fishing of our mast, and struck our topmast.

The Captain called Riel and me to his cabin where was Maddaleen; and we supped there with him and talked of the chase. I was polite but stiff with Maddaleen; but Riel waited on her with every gentleness and courtesy; and the Captain made her laugh, and called her a rogue in breeches and swore that if her eyes were as useful as they were pretty she should serve as our lookout at the mast-head.

As it was now, I learned, she was busied in cutting out and sewing Osnabrigs for the crew. Also she aided Ned Grigg in the galley, and, furthermore, was busy with a multitude of odd and useful offices which might be admirable and seemly ashore and under her own roof, but seemed to me both strange and disconcerting aboard ship.

Well, I was sullen and suspicious of her still, and resented this hardy imposition of herself upon my company.

For now the ship's company knew the story of her rash escapade; and I had the name of being her lover, and felt ridiculous. But, strangely, none o' these seafaring folk thought ill of her or of me, for they adore the romantic and are full of sympathy for lover and mistress alike who defy the world with the courage, enterprise and rashness of their passion.

But the more I reflected the more it madded me; and I was resolved that I was nothing responsible for this

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girl's behaviour, and it was her own devilry, and I never would marry her to give countenance to a foolishness which was none o' my doing.

I said as much to Riel that night as I went on watch; and he seemed to believe as I did, that gratitude for her care of me while ill did not demand that I subscribe to her mad whimsy or feel obliged to marry her.

"I shall ask the Captain to send her into port aboard our Spanish prize," said I, "where I hope she gets a beating from her mother and a few days in the garret on bread and water."

Riel shrugged his shoulders.

October 17th.

A fine wind and sea. Still in chase of the schooner. We set our spritsail, and square sail; and about 9 A.M. our topsail again.

About 2 P.M. our lookout sighted two sails which first chased the schooner then one o' them brought to and fired a gun for her consort to wait for us.

"Steerwell!" said the Lieutenant as he hurried past me.

Our drum beat quarters, and the crew gave three cheers. We took in all our small sails, hoisted our pennant and bore down on the *Rainbow,* brigantine.

When we were alongside she fired ten shots at us but did us little damage—we still hedging on her, and gave her a full broadside, and then stood off and tacked.

Now her consort, the *Fancy Bird,* tacked instantly to get us between the two ships to pepper us.

Now we let Falls come alongside and received his shot, then gave him a broadside and a volley of musketry and bore down on the *Fancy Bird* which was firing on us, and gave her another broadside which damaged her.

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Whereupon her fire ceased and she bore down on the *Rainbow*. Over her sides went her men to stop the holes where we had hulled her. Her sails were full o' shot holes, too; and I saw men running aloft to mend her rigging; but she got clear and had the wind of us, and, setting every rag, stood to the NW and we after her, taking six shots from the *Rainbow* and giving her a broadside *en passant*.

And now we settled down to the chase of the *Fancy Bird;* and the *Rainbow* chased us; so that our stern gun fired on Falls and our bow-chasers let go at Steerwell.

Surely we had overhauled and taken the *Fancy Bird* had the weather held; but it had turned gusty and grew dark; rain pelted us; and the wind grew so violent that we feared for our mast again and lowered our topmast. And scarcely in time; for a white squall struck us, and we careened until I thought we must roll completely over and be lost.

Lord, what a weather was made in the twinkling of an eye; and in the grey darkness the *China Rose* was hurled and driven and battered so that she seemed utterly at the mercy of the seas and naught to do or venture but to hold on and await God's purpose.

And that was the most bewildering and fearsome night that ever I passed on land or sea, and hope never to pass such another which, I think, must resemble an evening spent in hell.

Nobody wounded aboard the *China Rose*.

October 18th.

Still afloat, and the mast still holding, but so badly sprung we can have no longer any confidence in it.

A wild sea but the sun shining. Not a sail to be seen; the topsail schooner and the two brigantines utterly van-

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ished and God knows whither. We should have taken the *Fancy Bird.*

All day a-fishing of our mast, and made it faster, I hope. From dawn to eventide not a sail to be seen.

Comes Maddaleen to me a-whimpering because I speak only briefly to her, and reproaches me, saying that Riel is kinder. To which I reply that she hath done him no injury, and he may well treat her with complaisance.

But after Captain's mess and when all but she and I had left the cabin, she confessed her fault and begged forgiveness. So I held no longer any malice but became kind again though firm, and we are friends once more.

We talked of this and that and she told me how she was become enamoured of the sea, and was not afraid but joyful to mark the red flashes from the guns, and hear their loud thunder, and see and smell the thick, white powder cloud that wraps everything.

So we talked happily until watch was called; and parted with much kindness, and I hope firm friends.

October 19th.

A dead calm and the sea like a pond. Mr. Bennett, Evan Morgan, gunner's mate, and I took stock of gunner's stores to the amt: twelve barrels of powder (coarse, fine, and priming; and all bright and dry); 100 double-headed shot; 1 forge for hot shot; 1,000 musket balls for great guns, swivels, and muskets; 10 lbs. saltpetre; 16 lbs. fine brimstone; 10 bunches of gun matches; 20 quires of brown cartridge paper; 6 quires of white; 6 ladles for great guns; 4 ditto for swivel; 500 iron shot for ditto; 400 flints; 18 tomkins;[1] 6 ditto for swivels; 6 handspikes; 6 doz. cartridge needles and 10 lbs. thread; and plenty of

[1] Tampions or plugs for gun muzzles.

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blocks for gun tackles; also many fathoms of chains, sufficient files, bitts, ramrods, and sweet-oil.

Still a-fishing and putting up of stays. Our Captain discontented and anxious, but friends again with the Mate who could have done no better than he did, and ran with less sail than would make a pair o' Dutchman's breeches in Schenectady.

Our people given a pail of punch to drink wives and sweethearts, and all merry and gave three cheers. Truly it was God's mercy that we received so many shots and none wounded. One hole through our mainsail; stays to be spliced and triced; and the larboard battery peppered by their swivels to no great damage.

October 20th.

Fair and light breeze. Passed three bankers and a pink out of Nantucket who had heard of the French convoy but had seen nothing.

About 4 P.M. met a sloop from the North, with lumber, Josiah Miller, Master, who gave an account that the mouth of the St. Lawrence swarmed with our privateers in wait for the French convoy. Further, he said that an English man-o'-war had taken a French privateer and a Spaniard off Louisbourg, both cruising out of St. Augustine, where, later, the Florida Indians made a very fool of Oglethorpe with many cruelties and savage reprisals; and that several English prizes taken off Cuba now lay under the cannon of the great Spanish Fortress at St. Augustine.

October 21st.

Warm as June and a light soft wind, which seems strange in these latitudes where winter cometh early.

Our Captain much troubled regarding our spars which no fishing can reassure; and he is resolved to make for

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Providence in Rhode Island, where we may replace our mast with a good stick o' timber, and careen if we choose.

For it seems that Colonel Philipse had not been honest with us—we taking his agent's word that the *China Rose* was clean when she left the Spuyten Duyvil. Which was not true.

No sails seen today. About 5 P.M. many birds; and, after dark, an owl came aboard us and sat upon the mast-head but made no noise, only sat there with great dignity. Our people awed and wondering if the sign be evil or of good augury.

Our Captain ordered them a pail of punch which eased them, I think, for I heard them singing hymns; and all admired to hear Maddaleen's clear, sweet voice a-singing so lustily and loud in praise of God at sea.

She is become kind and considerate of me and shows much sense and seriousness toward all. She reads aloud to the Captain out of a dog-eared book called *Concerning Peace and War,* by one Grotius, I believe. Which seems but dull pleasure, yet the Captain is very fond of it, for he goes to sleep, and Maddaleen picks up his spectacles and fallen pipe.

After the Captain's mess Maddaleen showed me how she was writing a list of medicines and supplies to aid Riel in taking inventory.

I looked at the long list writ prettily on white paper, and neat as any public scrivener could accomplish—

Hyssop	1 lb.
Crem. Tart. Part Pulv.	.....
Tereb. Venet.	3 pints
Pulv. Jalap	10 oz.
Gum Tragacanth	6 oz.
Elixr. Vitæ	8¼ oz.
Rad. Gentian	2 lbs.

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Flor. Chamomel	3 lbs.
Aqua Menth.	6 pts.
Aqua Cinnamoni	3 pts.
Bals. Peru	6 oz.
Bals. Sulph. Tereb.	2 oz.
Sp. Sal. Volat. Oleos.	1 lb.
Sp. Sal. Salis Dulc.	6 oz.
Tinct. Castor	8 oz.
Etc., etc. etc.	.....

"Lord," said I, "do you comprehend what you write so deftly?"

"Doctor Lanois explains all to me, and how these medicines are compounded out of roots and barks and flowers; and for what purposes."

I asked her if such knowledge interested her. She said it did; and that it vexed her to learn that no woman could hope to know more of medicine than a midwife or some ancient crone who grows herbs for love philters and abortions and God knows what dark purposes.

"For," says she, "with patience and industry, and if a doctor such as Riel Lanois would take pains to teach me, I think I might attain some small skill in knowledge of medicines and in the healing of the sick."

"Would you have women turn doctors, then?" I asked, surprised.

"Lord," says she, "if men were wise they would give us somewhat to feed our minds as well as our vanity, our bellies, and our passions."

"Is it not enough," said I, "to bear children, and to be busied with a household?"

"Not for me," says she, "for I begin to learn that I am more enamoured of man's knowledge than of his body; and am astonished at the beauty of the human mind."

Which so amazed me to hear that I found nothing to

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say; and so, presently, being called with my watch, went on duty and still astonished.

October 22nd.

Grey weather and light warm winds. About 10 A.M. saw a sail and gave chase, the Captain going to masthead to see what course she sailed. He feared she was a Dutchman.

At 1 P.M. beat to quarters and ran out our guns. A shot from a bow-chaser brought her to; she let go everything and fell astern of us.

When we came up with her she proved to be a French ship that had been blown about the seas since the hurricane that had robbed us of the *Rainbow* and the *Fancy Bird.*

She was *La Friponne* out of Calais, Dutch built; her Captain, Didier. Her mizzen mast was vanished with all hamper, they having cut it free; her head gone; quarters stove; no anchors or cables left; and their boatswain, mate, six sailors, and two negro boys swept overboard and lost.

Ordered her master aboard, who came—a polite but proud man who bore himself courteously but without fear. I think our Captain was sorry to take him.

In his ship were 100 hogsheads of sugar; 60 hogsheads of Bordeaux wines; 260 bales of Lyons silks; 105 bolts striped silks; 1000 pieces of eight; 200 doubloons; 16 barrels of finest gun-powder; 500 stand of small arms; 60 bolts of Irish linen; 12 bolts damask ditto, and a vast quantity of provisions, all in the finest order and preservation.

We put our lieutenant aboard to navigate her, and ordered him to carry her, in our company, to Providence which now was not a great distance to leeward as we stood.

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A tub o' punch and puddings for our people; and great cheering and rejoicing for a prize of so considerable value.

But what troubled our Captain was that she came not from any convoy, and had seen none, nor knew whether such convoy had sailed.

Our mast, now, in a bad way and we dared carry little sail but made slow way toward port.

Maddaleen busy with the Doctor's chest and scribbling without cease.

October 23rd.

Off Providence in a dead calm. Our pinnace towed us up.

At 10 P.M. our prize fired a gun and hoisted a light for our pinnace to come aboard and tow them up. We sent them 15 hands and towed her above where we lay and moored her head and stern out of all mischance.

Our mast in a bad way—belaying bitts tore up or broke; hounds damaged.

October 24th.

Unloaded aboard our prize so that we might order carpenters out of port to repair our damage.

October 25th.

Nothing remarkable. Went ashore in our pinnace. Maddaleen went ashore with the Doctor. Providence an inconsiderable town but a number of vessels there. No news of the French convoy.

October 26th.

Nothing remarkable. Maddaleen went ashore with the Doctor.

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October 27th.

Hired hands from the town to aid us. Careened, scrubbed, and gave our sloop boot-tops. Maddaleen went ashore with Riel.

October 28th.

Finished careen. Paid off spare hands. No accident. The carpenters finished our mast. A fine stick of timber. Got it aboard and hove down one side and paid it with tallow. Hove down the other side and paid her. Got all ballast in; all provisions, and the overhead rigging. Got in our water, and all our sails and powder from on shore. Our people painting and cleaning up.

October 29th.

Making ready to sail. Sent our prize to New York under usual instructions and warning, with Mr. Guthrie, Master; Hagen, Mate, and three men to keep the French crew to their duty. Our Captain settled with everybody ashore.

Maddaleen went ashore to shop with Riel.

October 30th.

Fine, moderate weather. This morning weighed at 9 A.M., the pilot being aboard, and gave the town seven guns and three cheers. Off Castle Hill saw a whale. Saw a brig coming in under Castle Hill, but did not speak her.

Punch ordered for our people to drink their wives and mistresses.

Wind coming up. Reefed; then hauled our mainsail and continued under foresail only. The wind very bad. The wind near a hurricane. Got clear o' land but the

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gale and sea became frightful and we scudded under bare poles.

A terrible night, but no damage, and all held tight though our Captain feared the lashings of the larboard guns—I knew not why, for I lashed 'em.

October 31st.

Still under ballast-sail.[2] But the gale abated and the sun came out; and lo! suddenly it was like a summer morning and the wind sweet and warm. Loosed our fore-sail and took the reef out of our mainsail.

November 1st.

A fine wind. Saw no sail all day.

November 2nd.

The wind holds warm and steady, which is remarkable in this latitude at such time of year. Saw and spoke a banker, but had no news of the French convoy.

Maddaleen very gay at mess, and sang songs for us and played the Captain's fiddle very prettily.

November 3rd.

Land sighted from the masthead at 8 A.M. Saw a vessel at anchor under the land. Lay off and on; then saw another sail—a sloop—and gave chase.

At 11 A.M. thirty-eight sail sighted from the masthead. Our Captain went up and our drummer beat to quarters.

Down comes our Captain and mounts the poop to tell us all that the French fleet is in view, and that with God's favour we should cut out a great ship and take her. Our people cheered and cheered again.

[2] Close reefed.

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Hoisted mainsail, jib, topsail, square sail, and gave chase. My God, to see the French ships come on! For they were like to a stately fleet of clouds a-crowding the sky-blue sea. In three long columns they sailed, vast, fat ships and lofty. Mr. May, our Master, gave me his glass, and when I laid it on them I could see their signals break out and flutter, and the puff of guns to summon the escort, which now veered wide from the leeward column—great burly seventy-fours which rolled out like slow-shambling bulls from a herd o' cattle to menace any who threatened.

I know not what they thought of us for our impudence, and whether we were a corsair or no; but presently we showed our colours.

Now, running parallel to them, and before the wind, we hung to them like a hawk, to see what measures they should take and what chance we had to cut out a lofty ship. But now their frigates crowded us; and by 3 P.M. the convoy was hull down, and their men-o'-war still hedging in.

From our masthead came news that the frigates in the lead had seen some of our St. Lawrence blockaders which were scattering and running for their lives.

Nevertheless, we held on, watching for our opportunity; which seemed to vex the Frenchmen, for, presently, two of their men-o'-wars chased us.

Now we tacked and fell astern; then tacked again and came up into the wind, and again fell away, only to show them our heels and sail into the wind where we very easily outpointed them and outsailed them, drawing away yet ever with a hawk's fierce eye on the horizon.

Now we heard firing astern, and saw that a French frigate had loosed her bow guns at some of our St. Law-

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rence privateers, which crowded on all sail and fled before the wind.

Three frigates gave chase; and when they were hull down, we threw our helm over and made for the horizon behind which our hidden quarry was lumbering along.

A man-o'-war saw what we were about, and manœuvred heavily to head us; but she might as easily have stopped a swallow over a June meadow, so easily did we dodge her, and gave her a gun in derision.

About 4 P.M. we sighted their transports labouring onward in line; and we flew at the last two which lagged.

One, a tall armed ship, very gallantly lay to for us while her mate made the best of her way to leeward, a-wallowing and waddling like a fat goose in distress.

When we came up with the gallant ship, she showed us the French ensign and gave us a dauntless gun to confirm it; and when we went alongside of her we received a broadside which killed two sailors and made a havoc of our starboard gunwales, dismounting two guns.

At that we let go our broadside; tacked, and, running by her again, gave her the guts of our larboard battery, both bow-chasers, and a most hellish hail from our small arms.

We then tacked, she dropping astern, and bore away before the wind, crowding on all sail, and we doing the like.

Very soon we came again into gunshot, having shifted our bow guns to our fore-ports, which they also did with their after guns, and peppered us from their cabin windows and poop with stern chasers and swivels.

Our deck was red and slippery with blood, and seven of our people wounded or lying dead. Of the crew of one of our bow-chasers in the forward fore-port, one man only remained; and to this gun I ran and aided him to

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sponge, load and lay it; and we let them have it along their after ports.

Now, running alongside again, we poured another broadside into her; but she would not strike to us, and kept pelting us with her swivels and musketry, and behaved most gallantly.

Also, to encourage her, our masthead lifted the topmasts of the frigate which doubtless had heard the firing and was coming on.

Whereupon our Captain called away boarders; and we tumbled into our boats and rowed for the Frenchman.

My God, never had I been up and over the sides of any ship, only when we had careened and cleaned and gave our sloop boot-tops.

I know not how I got me to her deck, but heard our people cheering, and climbed over a gun which, thank God, fired too late, but near blew me senseless and back overboard into the sea.

As I got up from my knees, and found my sword still in my hand, a French sailor rushed upon me with a spear; but I beat it aside and took hold and jerked it from his grasp, and then got the poor fellow by the collar.

"Pardon!" he stammered, ". . . *grâce, monsieur, s'il vous plaît.*"

Being nothing bloody-minded, I shoved him against the rail and looked about me—but only to see a drummer lad come out upon the poop who stood there white and frightened yet very manfully beat a parley.

Hearing the drum, our people raised a loud cheer; and at the same instant the gallant Frenchman's colours came down, and she struck to us only when all hope was gone.

Now, aboard the *China Rose* they signalled us to lose no time but hoist all sail and carry our prize to the eastward out o' harm's way.

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Then our Mate, Mr. Burns, showed me the great French frigate bearing down, but still distant; and I saw her fire a gun to summon her fellows, but none seemed to be in sight.

It was now growing dusky. Aboard the *China Rose* our Captain spoke us and arranged signals and set us our course; and then we both turned tail to the frigate and ran for the coming night.

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Chapter XX

NOVEMBER 4th.

How long the Frenchman chased us last night we never knew, for presently we ran into a sudden and God-sent storm o' rain, and went ploughing on amid a gathering and chilly gloom which became sleet and then a driving snow.

So thick the weather—for wind and rain and scud and snow became but one flying smother—that we scarce noticed when night fell.

Meanwhile there was naught to do but clap our prisoners under hatches and navigate as best we might.

For such an occasion I was raw and well-nigh useless, but we had our Master from the *China Rose* on board, and twenty-two armed men. Under his orders I drew on our prisoners for ten men; and with these, and our own people we made out to sail her.

This morning when it became light we saw our own ship, the *China Rose,* about a league to the south'ard and under our larboard bow; but there was never a sign of the Frenchman that had chased us, nor of any other sail upon the sea.

The sun came up into a cloudless sky, but the wind was high, and blew from the northeast sharp and cold and smelling of snow.

Now our Master, Edward May, and our Quartermaster, Mr. Dole, and I and others of our ship's company aboard this prize, were able to look about and see what kind of vessel we had taken.

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She was the ship, *Belle Isle,* merchant, Captain Quesnoy, sixteen weeks from *L'Orient* and ten out of Havre under escort with the convoy bound for Quebec.

We had done her some damage with our broadsides, but nothing too serious to repair; and she would have continued to resist and defy us had we not taken her by the board.

She was a great ship, new, and Dutch built, carrying eight guns and five swivels. Eight of her crew sprawled stiff and dead on deck and ten lay wounded in the sick-bay.

Her captain, a fiery man from Marseilles, and now prisoner to Mr. May in his own cabin, would not accept of a parole until one of our sailors fetched handcuffs and leg irons carrying two sixteen-pound shot. That made him pale, and he shuddered at the dishonour; so presently took his parole; and pledged his men to it.

I will say that he was loyal and played the man, helping us to navigate and make and take sail.

His men made shrouds and buried their own dead with every ceremony; his doctor cared for their wounded, and ours who had but few and trifling injuries. Also, he cut out from my flank an iron splinter which had torn me and made the flesh angry. But so skilfully did this French doctor cleanse and sew me up, and bandage me as with a caushet that no fever came of it and I was only sore and stiff, and my doublet ruined by the blood.

Now, about 10 A.M., the wind and sea falling, the *China Rose* made us a signal to come alongside of her while she awaited us; and we did so; and I carried the French Captain in his pinnace aboard Breeze, who received him politely and took his papers.

Lord, what a fat prize had we taken in the *Belle Isle,* merchant! She carried French gold and silver for Fron-

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tenac, to satisfy his officers and their regiments; and to pay off the fleet and all the religious and civil administration in Quebec, Three Rivers, and Montreal.

Otherwise, also, she was so richly laden that I was astounded at the luxury of Count Frontenac, and the Intendant, and the seigneurs, nobles, officers and ecclesiastics of New France.

For the inventory amazed all; and in this ship were bales and bales of damask silks, striped silks and raw; hundreds of bolts of fine cloth for uniforms; thousands of pieces of velvets; bolts of sheer linen; bales of laces; eight hundred stand of small arms with many fowling pieces of finest workmanship and inlaid and damascened with silver and gold.

There were rare wines in hogsheads, from Bordeaux, Burgundy, Champagne, Lorraine, and Oporto. There were bales of spices out of India, and bar silver also, and a box full o' pearls and precious stones which had, no doubt, been commanded by husbands and lovers in Quebec for their wives and sweethearts.

Lord, what a sighing there would be among the fair in New France when it became known that these trinkets were taken by a New York privateer!

A tub of punch was ordered for our people and the French prisoners; our Captain ordered a prize crew aboard the *Belle Isle* and drew some back to the *China Rose* and divided the French prisoners between the two vessels.

Mr. May was made Master of the prize; his orders and cautions given; signals arranged and course set for New York.

The French Captain at our Captain's mess; and he received praise from all for his gallantry. At which he smiled politely but found no heart for the gaiety aboard us; and all truly sorry for him. Because he is a gallant

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man and he did his best. His only comfort seemed to be in telling us that when he hove to and faced us to allow his consort to escape, it was a choice of two evils. For his consort—which he declined to name—carried a far richer cargo than did he, but was poorly armed and undermanned. He admitted, ruefully, that despite our armament, he had good hopes of prevailing and beating us off until a frigate could come up and destroy us or chase us away.

Sat with Riel and Maddaleen in the Captain's cabin where she was very busy a-shining of the Doctor's implements so that they were clean and bright as silver; and all the while she sang in a low, contented voice to herself while Riel and I talked of the fight and of the richness of our prize.

We sailed in company with the *Belle Isle* at 6 P.M.

Riel examined my hurt and found it clean and free of any evil.

At 7 P.M. we manned the rail and consigned our dead to the sea—seven men. . . . Their widows or parents should live at ease henceforth when the Admiralty courts adjudge our prizes.

November 5th.

A cold fair day and a brisk wind out o' the north.

Saw our prize half a league to the south'ard and sailing finely.

At 11 A.M. saw a sail and gave chase. At midday fired a bow gun and our drum beat to quarters—

Here ends my Journal which I kept aboard the *China Rose;* and, being abruptly ended, my personal narrative recommences; and the reason for this you shall very soon see.

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Chapter XXI

NOW I have to make known to you why I wrote no more in my Journal; and this is the reason: When our drummer beat to quarters, I was in the Captain's cabin to examine the locks of a pair of Moorish pistols which were wrought in silver and set with jewels; and which the French Captain had laid upon the table together with his sword.

So when I heard our drum on deck, I took my Journal and ran to my sea-chest, and there deposited it and locked it in. Then I hastened on deck and took my proper station.

Our people all seemed very gay and excited and were laughing to see the chase, which was a small snow of sixty tons, with all pinions spread like a frightened white hen and making eastward.

But a gun brought her to; we came up with her and called her Master on board. He presently arrived aboard us with his papers—a clear prize!—for his pass was French and so was he and everybody on board her; and he admitted it.

She was a fleet-tender, loaded with naval stores—the *Hirondelle,* snow, six guns, Captain Lachaise; fourteen weeks from La Rochelle, and had been blown out of her course in the late hurricane.

Well, Captain Breeze came to me and asked me if I would go aboard with a prize crew and take inventory while she stood for New York in company with the *China Rose* and the great ship prize.

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I said I would; so he named me Master, and sent me, the gunner's mate, Evan Morgan, John Galt, the boatswain's mate to navigate her, and six sailors. He kept Mr. Lachaise, her Master, and all but three of her crew, aboard the *China Rose*.

Well, being named Master, and duly cautioned, and our course given us, and signals agreed upon, we tumbled into the pinnace of the *Hirondelle* and were very soon aboard her, standing west by south, and running before a rough wind which came in heavy squalls and made us shorten and set our trysail.

It was a red and smoky sunset with a witch's smother o' mist and spume driving like rain; and it soon became rain and then sleet and snow. And ever the glass fell.

Lord, how the *Hirondelle* pitched and rolled and tumbled through the waves that swelled always higher in the deepening gloom! Mr. Galt dared carry no more than a Dutchman's breeches forward, and that reefed close; and I thought our trysail must go, but, being unskilled, meddled not.

I will say that the Breton mariners behaved well, and were both capable and docile and not afraid, but our sailors, on a strange deck, seemed anxious. Mr. Morgan did not like the snow. He called her a cross-eyed bitch. He said she was an ill-built vessel and swam indifferently and by God's grace alone, and that she doused by the head so that she welcomed every wave aboard and lifted to none.

Drenched and nigh swamped, rolling, tossing, we staggered on; and I had two men below to shift cargo and ballast, and laboured with them but to little purpose.

Then, in the hold, comes to me a sailor with an account that one of her damned carronades had broke loose and gone overboard carrying away part of her after rail.

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I went on deck to help lash and make fast the other guns, and found that the horse, stanchions, and trysail were ripped free and blown overboard.

Mr. Galt called all hands, but e'er we could haul the wreckage aboard there came a crackling and a great crash, and over went our main mast, clearing away the horse, staples, shattered bulwarks, trysail, larboard poop rail, and the after swivels.

Mr. Galt encouraged us to rig a jury-spar and trysail, and then set a small sprit-sail; and this we contrived to do though every instant I expected to see the trysail torn to rags, so terrible the wind and the weight of sleet that constantly augmented and clung to everything. Only the rush of the monstrous seas that we shipped swept the deck clear of sleet.

That we were in a bad way I knew for all my ignorance of the sea; yet, somehow, went about my business in a numb, dull way, too stupid with cold and too occupied by the instant need of things to feel the keen poniard-stab of fear.

We swam. But how long the *Hirondelle* would swim I dared not guess.

Once I asked Mr. Galt where we were by dead reckoning, and he replied that God alone could answer me.

About four o'clock in the morning Mr. Galt sent Evan Morgan and a Breton sailor below for flares and rockets. We fired six rockets and then six more, and burned many flares, but with no hope save only that Captain Breeze might know of our distress.

Every moment I thought that our fore-mast must go; and Evan Morgan was fearful of the guns lest they break loose and batter us all to destruction.

At daybreak we still swam, but there was no abatement

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of the wind, though the sleet had ceased and a bellowing gale hurled us onward across tumbling depth of green and acres of foam.

About 10 A.M., having eaten nothing, we made out to get us a piece and a gill o' rum to thaw us.

The sky, now, was clearing rapidly to a wintry and brilliant blue, but over the wild ocean, rolling azure and white from horizon to horizon, not a sign of a sail to be seen.

I can not describe the fury of the wind. Mr. Galt told me that it was increasing; that our trysail had gone and our sprit-sail must go. He called all aft, who could be spared, to rig another spar aft and bend a horse and another trysail to steady and give us steerage.

This, somehow, we accomplished with a spare spar and cable; and then reefed our sprit-sail close—which helped keep her damned nose out o' the waves, and saved us a buckled helm.

Well, when the sudden glare of the westering sun was quenched in the sea, the wind went down, also. We had not seen a sail.

All night we tossed and rolled and pitched; but we still swam. Toward dawn the sea grew less violent and the air became colder. In the hold we found a great store of thick felt coats with hoods, which Canadians[1] wear in winter. These we dressed in—but first I asked Mr. Galt, who said he did not consider it a violation of articles of cargo, because we could not salvage this ship if we died, and we surely would freeze to death if we did not break out sufficient clothing to save our lives.

About 4 P.M. our masthead saw a sail. In our condition

[1] The peasantry and *Coureurs-de-Bois* wore these hoods; not the soldiers.

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this made us uneasy, though we hoped it might be the *China Rose* or our French prize.

We had no design of chasing, God knows, but we set what sail we dared and I called our people and the Bretons to the guns and cleared away the tomkins.

We could see the distant vessel, now. She was a fine schooner, and she did not seem to notice us.

There was a light wind blowing from the north'ard, and a swelling sea which bore us on our course.

It was nearly an hour before the schooner paid us any attention; and then, suddenly, she tacked and bore down on us.

She showed no colours. Mr. Galt took her to be a New England privateer down from the St. Lawrence. The gunner's mate thought she had a Spanish look; which cheerless surmise chilled us all.

"Will you fight, sir?" asked Mr. Galt.

I said I would; and looked at our men who gave me solemn looks in return and no cheers.

I know not what hope buoyed me up that I should see this schooner show us the English colours; and it made me sick when she fired a gun and hoisted the Spanish ensign.

Lord, how swiftly she was coming down on us! I nodded to Mr. Galt; up went our flag and bang! went our larboard fore-port gun to confirm it.

As the stranger ran alongside of us she let go a broadside with a flash and a roar which deafened me so that I scarce heard the crash of our timbers where she hulled us.

Nevertheless, we fired our two guns and bow swivel at her as she rushed on, letting go at us again with her stern chasers as she tacked; and Mr. Galt and I fired our pistols at her.

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I saw that we had hulled her aft, and saw her careen, and men go over the sides, which heartened us somewhat.

We tacked as well as we could to bring our two remaining starboard guns to bear on her; and let go with a cheer.

The next instant she fired her starboard broadside in our very faces. God, what a shock! And a red rushing darkness shrouded us, through which came the smashing and splintering of spar and gunwale and a swift flicker and glare of flame.

In the powder gloom I saw our foremast falling. I ran forward to the larboard battery, and saw all our people lying dead there around the guns.

I made my way aft; and there lay Mr. Galt with both legs blown off and a sea of blood spreading wide around him where he lay.

Two of the Bretons squatted wounded near the jury-mast, and only Evan Morgan still stood by the starboard guns—or, rather, gun—for one carronade had broke loose in the storm and gone overboard, and another now lay dismounted among the splinters of its shattered mount.

The gunner's mate was cool enough: "Sir," said he, "there's two Frenchys wounded and one has run below—otherwise," says he, "all our people lie dead on deck save only you and I. . . . Will you strike, sir?"

My God, I did not wish to strike, yet knew not what else to do.

"Sir," says the gunner's mate, "will you strike and be damned to them?"

Before I could answer I heard the Spaniard hail us; and then, O God! came his broadside. And sky and sea and deck went out o' my sight in thunderous darkness.

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Chapter XXII

I HAVE, now, to acquaint you further with the miserable business which laid me by the heels and presently carried me into a place which God knows I had no desire to see, and which was that damned fortress called San Marco.

How I arrived there you should guess; and you are right if you have guessed that it was aboard the Spanish schooner, *El Tigre,* privateer; and her Captain, one, Pedro Herrera.

I went aboard Herrera not knowing that I was doing so—being carried thither, having had my noddle broken by a splinter. Me they took, noticing that I still was breathing; and they took Evan Morgan, the gunner's mate, who had not a scratch upon him. None other was left alive on that bloody deck—not even the Frenchmen; for the mounseer who ran below was killed when the last broadside hulled the snow; and the foremast fell down upon the two wounded Bretons.

This was told me later by Evan Morgan; and it was through him I learned the fate of the *Hirondelle,* and how wretched her plight though still swimming; and how the Spaniards stripped her of her remaining guns, small arms, chests, and cargo, and then set her afire.

But these things I did not see, for I lay senseless in the sick-bay of the Spaniard.

I will say this, that Captain Herrera was both humane and polite; and when I recovered my senses he took our paroles and entertained us at his own table.

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He was a handsome, jovial young man, swift and gay in motion and emotion, and spoke both English and French.

He jested with me concerning my refusal to strike to him; and, further, he had observed me when I fired my pistol at his vessel, which he regarded as very funny, and dubbed me Don Quixote.

If he really were a privateer I do not know. I do not know that there was war between England and Spain at that time. I think not. Yet English vessels took Spaniards, and they took us. Always there seemed to be fighting along the coasts between the Spaniards in Florida and the English in Georgia and the Carolinas.

When I was a lad of ten the pirate, Davis, took St. Augustine—except the Fort—and the Spaniards took and burned our Port Royal in South Carolina. Ever since then Spanish ships out of St. Augustine were ever prowling along our coast to pick up what they might. The schooner, *El Tigre,* was one o' these; and I do not know today whether she truly was a privateer with letters of reprisal, or a corsair and pirate. Only if this Herrera was indeed a pirate out to take all flags, I do not understand how he could be *persona grata* at St. Augustine unless, like Tew and his cronies, he was arm in arm with the Spanish Governor.

Well, this concerns not my narrative only in that it acquaints you how ignominiously was I deprived of my first command at sea; my vessel robbed and burned; and I and my gunner, Evan Morgan, hustled southward to Florida, and there incarcerated as prisoners of the Crown of Spain.

Lord! I had not looked for such an ending. I had not even thought of Spain when we sailed so blithely out o' New York harbour aboard the *China Rose.*

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Of our voyage southward there is nothing remarkable to relate. My broken noddle mended; Morgan and I had the freedom o' the ship and were kindly treated; the weather grew warm and fine off the Carolinas. There were few sail to be seen. Herrera chased a sloop and took her. She was the *Jamestown,* Captain Stewart, loaded with lumber; and Herrera put a few sailors aboard her and she sailed into St. Augustine in our company.

There were days of calm with blue sky and azure sea; and we got out our oars and made the prize do the like.

On deck, when the quarter-moon glittered like a Moorish dagger, the Spaniards got out their guitars and sang. I know not whether I like their songs, yet often, still, they haunt me, even after all these years. And I seem, once more, to see the stars, and the lazy sails a-swing in lofty shapes of shadowed silver; and the long, slow waves crested with fire; and I seem to smell the faint and aromatic breath of Florida stealing to us across leagues of sea.

Only once did we beat to quarters, and then run for it. It was toward noon, and a good breeze, when, up over the horizon, comes a-rolling a monstrous cloud o' sail.

No Spaniard there but knew an English ship o' the line when he saw her. Lord, how majestically she lifted over the world's rim—one vast and lofty mass o' sail!—and bore down on us like a snowy mountain, sunlit, edged with gold.

We ran. Herrera's white teeth flashed as he laughed where he stood on the poop and laid his glass on her.

"She ees too beeg an' fat for us, my good frien', Don Quixote!" he called down to me. "*El Tigre* an' me, we have no appetite for such beeg a meal!"

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Then he cheerily bade his people clap on every rag o' sail in the freshening wind, and we fled over those azure and silver seas like a frightened seamew.

The sun went down in a sky burning with scarlet and gold. Heaven and sea seemed burnished with the colours of Old Spain. And far on the horizon the rose-stained cloudy sails of England faded to a tiny patch o' pearl, dwindled, vanished in the swiftly falling dark.

Evan Morgan and I were asleep in our berths when we heard a gun go off on deck.

Then, first from her larboard battery, then from the starboard, gun after gun banged out a salute.

When I got on deck I saw land abaft our starboard bow —blue water, white sand, palms, a great silver-grey fort, and a small walled town.

The Fort gave us several guns; the ensign of Spain floated heavily above its great bastions. I knew we lay under the great cannon of San Marco; and that we were arrived at St. Augustine at last.

And now, for many months, my story was to have a very different colour—darker, gloomier—for it was to be a long, long time before I saw another as pleasant a face as Captain Herrera's, or heard so gay a voice.

Evan Morgan and I were taken ashore, unguarded, in the Captain's pinnace; but no sooner landed than Spanish soldiers laid hold of us somewhat roughly; and off we marched through a throng of jeering people—soldiers, planters, priests, blacks, Indians. Women laughed at us; little children spat at us; fierce cries from blacks assailed our ears. Here and there the sullen glare of some gaudily turbaned Talassee Indian met our gaze; or scowls from dark and bearded features; or the swift loosened grimace of some black slave.

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We crossed a draw-bridge. Looking up, I beheld the arms of Spain above the portcullis.

We were taken into the casemates of the fortress—first to a guard room where bearded soldiers glowered at us; thence into a stone chamber where an officer wearing a morian and body armour talked coldly to us in Spanish, then violently. Other officers entered the room and they all talked at us in Spanish, until a Franciscan came in who spoke with us in English and wrote down with quill and ink what account we gave of ourselves.

Lord, it stank of the Inquisition to me, and I liked not this interrogatory nor the shaven-pate who conducted it, nor the dark gentlemen who listened and rolled brilliant, hostile eyes at us and fingered their mustachios and murderous swords.

Well, when the Franciscan was done with us a guard of musketeers marched us off into the bowels of the fortress, and presently down an inclined way and plump into some ill-lighted quarters which both looked and smelled like a donjon.

And, damn their swords and whiskers! it *was* one!

And now, with reluctance and mortification, I am to acquaint you what they did to us in the donjon of San Marco fortress.

It was late in November when they carried us into the place. And I am ashamed to tell you that we lay there until the following March, chained arms and legs. Never had I supposed that I should live to wear such a trinket as a sixteen-pound round-shot. But I was obliged to drag it at the end of a chain which was fastened by a staple to two fetters bolted to my legs.

For the rest, we had straw to bed us and rats for company. Our food was neither sufficient in quantity

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nor decent in quality. Our water smelled and tasted of sulphur, yet I believe it kept us in health through chill and hunger and heart-ache and homesickness in that shadowy place where no sunshine ever fell, and where the dusk of night seemed endless.

However, we could talk, Evan Morgan and I, and see each other through a grating between our cells.

Sometimes we were merry, and jested and told stories; sometimes, in sombre spirits, we sang hymns; sometimes, sick in heart and spirit, we invented insults and curses on all Spaniards and swore at our guards when they came to water and feed us.

Prison is a loathly state and alters the complexion of both mind and body, so that the bitterness and gall of it harden a man and make callous what was tender in him.

Sometimes the Franciscan and others of his order came to see what they could discover in our secret minds concerning ourselves and the English colonies in general. We gave them an earful, I warrant you, what with bragging about our vast army in New York and the great armament which England was sending to sweep all others from the continent and secure it for the English race alone.

Which their clerk wrote down very gravely, word for word as I spoke, though I know not whether he believed it, or guessed that I talked with my tongue in my cheek to amuse myself by entertaining him with fireside tales.

Lord, how tedious and how odious is a single day in prison! And I was destined to pass many a day there. Yet I am bound to say that we were not brutally treated—I mean that we neither were beaten nor threatened nor starved; nor were like to perish of the cold. No. We were given each a stroud, and a heap of straw of coarse wild grasses into which to burrow on chilly nights. Our food was meagre and stank of garlic, but it was the

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quantity and quality served to the garrison; and although, at intervals, officers and priests came and subjected us to examinations, never was any hint o' the wheel, or boot, or fire, or talk of delivering us to the Indians.

In those latitudes, while it is perpetual summer, nights sometimes are very cold; and our fetters made us feel the chill even when kennelled deep in bedded straw and grass and rolled in our strouds.

For the rest, there were the rats, and sometimes great roaches which at first we took to be mice, and which the lizards chased and ate; and sometimes scorpions crawled on the wall. But what chafed us principally was the cursed dusk of the cells; the stillness, idleness, ennui, homesickness, and lack of news. Yet, I think that my chiefest suffering was from their damned garlic with which they cooked everything. Starvation forced me to swallow it; but I swear—so saturated was my body with this vile vegetable—that my skin stank like a he-goat's.

All day and all night there was naught to do save to watch the rats and other vermin or listen to the Spanish bugles and count the endless hours by them. When a ship came in the donjon shook with the thunder of cannon. This rare noise, and the heavy tramp of soldiery at drill on the parade, and the sentinels calling from post to post were almost the only sounds that ever penetrated to the shadowy cells where we were confined.

They say that even the Devil finally wearies of frying souls; and hurls saucepan and contents into the runnel; and gets off to church to hunt him a fresh fat hypocrite for boiling.

Well, in March, one morning, comes an officer and a smith; and, without any explanation, our irons are filed

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and knocked off, and we were marched out into the blinding sunlight.

For hours I could see nothing, and thought I had gone blind; and even for days afterward I could scarce see, so fierce and white the sunshine seemed.

In the guard-room we were bathed, trimmed, given each sandals of woven grass and a suit of blue striped cotton, and great hats of plaited palms to shield us from the sun.

I feared they meant to make slaves of us and drive us to the pitch forests or to some stinking indigo vat. But no. A soft-spoken and humane officer came to us and told us that we were to plant and hoe his garden, and otherwise were free.

He added that it was useless for us to attempt to flee, for, if we took to the forests, beasts and reptiles would soon do our business for us if the Indians did not.

However, he demanded our paroles; and I promised to give mine and abide by it if he, in turn, would permit me to write a letter to friends in New York.

He smiled and said I might do that; and that my letter would go to Port Royal with the next flag.

So when I had sufficiently recovered my eyesight I reminded him of his promise; and he carried me to his own quarters and there set before me ink, paper and quill and bade me write what I chose, only to have a care that my letter contained no military information which might be of use to the enemy, and that, before sealing, my letter must be read and approved.

Thus it happened that nearly five months after I was taken a prisoner on board the *Hirondelle,* snow, I wrote my first letter to New York and directed it to my Captain Peter Breeze of the sloop *China Rose,* privateer.

And, within it, I wrote a little note to Sancia Caradac.

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Chapter XXIII

VACO DE ALVAREZ was the Captain's name whose garden Evan Morgan and I cultivated. He lived in a pretty little house of shell-stone outside the city walls where all around his house grew lemons and oranges; and in the garden everything grew so that he had green peas and beans and cabbages and lentils in March; also strawberries.

Lord, to look at this white soil which seemed no more than sand, one would suppose it worthless; yet in it, as I say, everything grew; and, for a hedge, were planted oleander and hibiscus; and over the Captain's house ran a great vine with purple blossoms that hid the roof. Also roses grew and both white and yellow jasmine and purple passion vine. Also there were trees hung deep with clusters of sweet bluish blossoms,[1] and another great tree with glossy leaves which bore huge ivory-white flowers as large as water lilies and scented most heavenly.

Everywhere the jungle was near at hand. I know not if there be monkeys and apes within its depths, and could not learn, for one told us one thing, and another something else. But there were wild beasts, and we saw them during those endless months of our captivity and servitude; there was a long, lean, tawny kind of lion, but wore no mane; yet for all his bigness he ran in fear from man and preyed only upon birds and beasts. There was a kind of savage cat with little or no tail and spotted like a pard. There

[1] He means the China-berry tree.

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were small bears of a brownish black tinge, black wolves, deer, and coneys and numerous smaller creatures.

As for birds, Lord! they were a multitude. I saw wild turkeys a-plenty, but not as fine as those to be had close to New York City. There were little, darkish coloured partridges [2] which ran an hundred together in one company and made cheery calling; there were doves, very small; and greater doves. All the song birds that ever were in North America seemed to be gathered here—some all scarlet,[3] some crimson,[4] and some a violent sapphire blue.[5] And everywhere were flocks of small green parrots flying or creeping among the palmettos and great live oaks where mosses hung.

All these pretty or fearsome creatures so unfamiliar to Northern eyes aided to divert us and render less tedious our captivity. I loved to gaze upon them.

But the chiefest gathering place for birds was in front of the Fortress of San Marco, which is built upon a sandy peninsula. The River Matanzas is on one side; the River San Sebastian on the other; and opposite, across a lagoon, lies an island where the Spaniards have built a light, and which divides St. Augustine from the ocean.

Here, in the trees and along the shore, are millions of water and marsh fowl—snowy herons with vast white wings like angels; scarlet ibises that burn like living forms of fire; long-legged birds tinted with rose and pearl; tall scarlet flamingos—Lord, to see the evening sky clouded by their flight and covered with endless flying clouds of these winged things!

Well, always there is the serpent to lurk in any paradise; and he was here, also; and in various disguises. There was a thick and poisonous snake that lay near the

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[2] Quail.
[3] Summer Tanager.
[4] Cardinal.
[5] Florida Crestless Jay.

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water and slew when he struck; and there were great olive-green rattlesnakes that lay perdu amid forests. In their stroke lay death.

Then there were crocodiles and alligators along every stream, lagoon, and the seashore, too; and often have I sat upon the ramparts of San Marco Fort to watch them where they lay asleep along the strand like ancient cypress logs left by the ebb.

Came, presently, days of great heat; yet I will say this, that I have suffered no more inconvenience from the sun in St. Augustine than I have in my own native city of New York. Also there be more mosquitos in our woodlands, and fiercer, than ever I noticed in St. Augustine.

We were the only English prisoners in the town. At first, supposing us to be pirates, the inhabitants very willingly would have hanged us. But as time went on and we worked in the garden of Captain Alvarez, everybody in the region became accustomed to the "English Prisoners." Folk either no longer noticed us or spoke to us jestingly or kindly—for we went into the town when we chose to roam, and nobody said us nay.

I shall say, also, that our sea-chests were given us. I mean those we took aboard the *Hirondelle.* They had been broke open but robbed only of money and papers. But of these latter I had few, having left all in my proper chest aboard the *China Rose;* and I was glad my Journal was safe and my bag of silver.

In the heat of high noon, when all Spaniards sleep, Evan Morgan and I would lay aside our farm tools and sit us down in the shadow of a white wall where always the sea breeze blew lightly to cool our sweat. And here we discussed a thousand plans for escape. Yet, first we

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were engaged to surrender us as men of honour and suffer our paroles to be voided.

Doubtless they would lay us by the heels in chains again; and, against that, we must endeavour to make and secrete files, chisels, and a hammer.

But the prospect of attempting these pestilential forests seemed very dismal to us, and we freely admitted that there seemed no smallest chance of our survival, what with beasts and snakes and the bands of Indians which certainly would be summoned to track us down; and the blacks and their bloodhounds.

Without a compass, too, we could not hope to make our way; and, try as I might, I could not come by one, or find any opportunity to secure a musket, either, though we stole two knives and a spear and buried them against need.

No; my true hope and reliance was that friends in New York would have my letter and bestir them in our behalf, by exchange of prisoners or by ransom perhaps. Our share in the prizes—if the Admiralty Court adjudged them favourably—should make me a man of substance, and Evan Morgan very well to do.

Hope, therefore, fed us, which is a meagre diet, yet, while it endures, sustains life. I have found it so.

A flag had gone to Port Royal by a pink on May 11, 1692; and I hoped that my letter might, thence, have been carried northward by sail or perhaps into Virginia by Indian Post.

But the letter must have lain in some Carolina tavern during many months, neglected among other letters; for flags came and went between St. Augustine and Port Royal, but no letter came to me that year of 1692.

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However, profiting by the flags and by permission from the authorities, I wrote another letter to Captain Kidd, knowing that long since he must have returned to New York. In this letter I begged he would petition Mr. Ingoldsby or our new Governor to undertake measures in our behalf.

For Evan Morgan, who could not write very well, I indited a similar letter; and to it he set his cross and inky thumb.

This was done in September; and both letters went by the *El Dorado,* pink, with a flag early in November.

Christmas came; and it was a Romish festival in St. Augustine. The great Franciscan convent was brilliant with scented candles of wax-berry, and all houses and shops were made gay with candles, lanthorns, rush-lights, and with holly, mistletoe, and flowers.

There was great chanting of monks and nuns singing, and masses, and processions with banners, where the high clergy walked in robes of scarlet and gold, and the Cross was carried high, and acolytes swung scented censers.

Lord! I perceived no harm in this worship; nothing to frighten any of my creed; but all seemed honest and devout and done with tenderness and beauty where the Holy Mother of Him we worship was enthroned amid flowers, and the Son of Man lay in her gentle arms.

I have lived, now, some few years in this God's world; and I have seen something of it, and of those who inhabit it. And whatever is taught by reverend men, by learned clergy and theologians to the contrary, I can not believe that true faith of any creed is unacceptable to God—nay, even the blind worship of a painted savage.

But few entertain my opinion.

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Well, the year 1693 dawned over Florida, but brought no letter and no news to me. We had little garden work to do at that season but fished sometimes; and sometimes, in company with Talassee Indians, we took trident spears and waded the coral-paved shallows where, by torchlight, we speared great crayfish which came up a-clapping their tails and creaking out, wack—wack—wack!

These were sweeter than our lobsters, and, with a tender palmetto top, and oil and vinegar, made a noble dish.

It was in the month of March that I, delving in Captain Alvarez' garden, heard a gun at sea; and then six more; and, raising my eyes, saw a white cloud spread and writhe from San Marco's battlements as the Fortress started to reply.

I looked at Evan Morgan, and he at me; but hope so long deferred had sickened us too deeply, and we dared not believe that the pink carried any letter for me.

I remember, as we were digging to loosen some new, stiff ground, that Evan turned up one of those little deadly snakes whose body is like a painted stick and ringed with scarlet, black and yellow.

"A bad omen," said he; "the pink carries no letter for you, sir."

However, after the siesta, and when the sun dipped toward the west, I went down to the Fort and asked of Captain Alvarez if any letter had arrived for me.

"Why, yes," said he, in his amiable, lazy way; "and it has been opened and read; and you may have it when you will, because in it there is nothing objectionable. . . . Wait," said he, "and I will fetch you your letter."

I waited in the shadow of the sally-port, and knew I

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was trembling and could not control it or the tears that wet my lashes and rolled down my cheeks.

Presently comes my Captain, and in no hurry—which God knows is the Spaniard's nature!— And, "Here," says he, "is your letter. May God give you pleasure of it; and I think He will."

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Chapter XXIV

WITHIN my letter were two. One was from Captain Kidd. The other from Sancia.

My eyes were somewhat glazed from unbidden tears, and I trembled still and felt giddy and weak, but made my way out o' doors and back to my garden and the plaster wall where I sat me down to read my letters.

But first I made out to find my voice, and to say to Evan, who stood looking at me: "Be of good heart, friend, for our new Governor Fletcher in New York hath written to the Spaniard here in our behalf; and I have now before me letters from Captain Kidd and a lady of his family."

I cleared my eyes with my ragged sleeve, then unfolded the letter from Captain Kidd:

To Mr. Dirck Hazlett in Florida,
A prisoner to Spain at St. Augustine.

MY DEAR LAD:

We have your letters and I carried them immediately to the Governor who arrived in New York in August of last year.

The Governor hath kindly signified his desire that you and the gunner, Morgan, be exchanged against a Spanish lieutenant and a gunner, now in the Stadt-Huis jail, and lately taken off the Carolina coast by the sloop *Pretty Polly,* privateer, Captain Josiah White.

I am taking all necessary steps to procure and hasten this proposed cartel of exchange, and I must say that Governor Fletcher seems polite and complacent and has been good enough to express a hope that terms may be arranged without too tedious a delay.

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I think that he is most amiably inclined to exert himself because of the excellent account of you given by Captain Peter Breeze, of the sloop *China Rose,* privateer, in which you served with credit against the enemy.

When I returned from England in the fall of 1691 I was greatly saddened to learn that you and your prize, the *Hirondelle,* snow, had not been heard of since the hurricane in November of that year.

And it was not until the arrival of your letters that anybody in New York—only excepting Sancia—believed that you were alive.

Now that we know you still live, we render thanks to God for His surpassing mercy, and shall do our utmost to relieve you of your captivity and hasten your return to those who love you and long to welcome you.

As, in all probability, you have had no news these two years and more, I give you a little before Sancia writes and gives you all.

On my return in 1691, I married my dear wife, Sarah Oort, and took her and Sancia to live in our house on Perel Straat, or, as all now call it, Great Queen Street.

In November of last year my dear wife bore me a little daughter; and now our Sancia hath a sister most tenderly beloved.

Save for our sadness concerning what all believed to have been your fate, we have been quietly happy in our home.

I have sold my ships and shall make no more voyages because I am near to forty years of age[1] and have laboured since early youth to gain a competence; and, having, by God's mercy, acquired substantial fortune, design to live at ease with my wife and children untroubled by thought of gain or desire for riches other than I now possess.

One more voyage am I obliged to make, and that only

[1] He was thirty-nine years old.

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as a passenger to London, where I have certain businesses that I should settle in person.

But I shall go aboard another man's ship, and return as soon as may be to my family, never again, I hope, to command any ship but pass the full afternoon of life soberly and in pleasant quiet with those I love.

As for politics, well, our new Governor, Colonel Benjamin Fletcher, seems to be a pleasant and jovial gentleman who drives about in a coach and six.

There is no certain news that the French prepare to do us a sudden mischief. I doubt it. Yet, Frontenac is an able, wily, and brave man.

The city grows apace. You shall see new houses, new streets and new farms beyond the Out-Wards. Also, in Garden Street a new church is to be built for the Dutch; and another English church upon that plot which is at the end of Wall Street and which is the grave-yard where lie your honoured parents. And may God rest their souls and comfort them who I do not doubt are ever watching over the fortunes and safety of you, their only son.

Dirck, my family loves you dearly; and so do I.

Therefore, you shall not doubt that all are tireless and diligent in your behalf, and mean to have you back again as soon as this may be accomplished.

We know you dauntless, so we do not bid you have courage.

We only assure you of our love and purpose; and so leave you in God's hands, and believing that, under God's guidance and our poor efforts, you shall presently return to us.

And so sign myself with all compliments and affection,

Your most obedient servant to command,

WILLIAM KIDD.

I called to Evan, and to him I read this heartening letter, and we clasped hands over it in silence, too full of joys and fears to utter a single word.

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He lay down under the wall and, propping his chin on both arms, stared out to sea.

I unfolded Sancia's letter:

DIRCK, MY BELOVED,

I knew you lived! God told me. And, since you sailed away, always, while on my knees for you, God has whispered to my soul that you had not died at sea but were alive.

For, since you sailed with the *China Rose,* I have taken to my knees who formerly kneeled but seldom, which was a grave fault though I hope long since atoned. For if by reason of tears and prayer and such a love and loneliness as never I dreamed could be, or ever possess my mind and heart,—if, by reason of these I am forgiven for past indifference to God, and folly of ingratitude, then maybe my prayers for you were acceptable to Him, and He was kind enough to answer me as I wept upon my knees.

He *did* tell me. I *knew* it, Dirck. And if I had not, I had died, I think.

Oh, let me confess me, dearest of men!—and shrive myself and be purged. For first, when the *China Rose* returned, and I learned that Maddaleen had so rashly hid aboard, I knew it was for love of you; and I flamed with jealousy and rage. Oh, God, I sickened of it and could neither sleep nor eat until Mother feared for my life—so basely I conducted and so madly.

Well, I know not what might have happened to me who was only awaiting your arrival on your snow prize to flame again and strive to tear you from my heart. But there came from sea a rumour that your ship had gone down.

Then, oh, Dirck, in my terror I ran to Maddaleen to question her concerning the *Hirondelle,* and then learned that she was betrothed to Dr. Lanois, and that there never had been any cause for jealousy concerning you.

I don't know if it were that and the rumours of disaster

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that brought me to my knees. Oh, where had I now to go excepting to God alone? . . . And the dreadful winter days came, and the black nights—but not the *Hirondelle.* . . . You can never know, Dirck. . . . And that last kiss of all still warm and sweet on my mouth. . . . And I, yours! . . . No other man's, ever, whether you had died or lived. . . . All the years before me to remember and wait. . . . Wait till I died.

Well, was I truly a woman after all? Dirck, with our last kiss you *knew* I was even then. . . . And today am nearly eighteen years of age.

Father has written to you of our new circumstances, and how I have now a baby sister. She is like Mother—the same violet-like eyes and lovely features, only her hair is a coppery red.

Dirck, Mother sends to you her love and bids me say that we all shall run our legs off in your behalf and to hasten the joyous day of your return.

I love you madly. I may say it now, at eighteen, and you can not choose but believe me. Can you, Dirck?

Resolutely I put away jealousies—although I admit I have asked God to keep far away from you all beautiful Spanish ladies; and if you bring one back with you I shall die.

But you will not, will you, Dirck?

(Now comes Father to say that the pinnace leaves and my letter must go now or it can not go with the flag.) Oh, Dirck, how can even my pen bear to take leave of you?

Oh, darling of my heart, I must seal my letter so a servant may carry it to that damned pinnace.

Farewell! Farewell, my heart and soul and all of me that is me!

Your loving, humble, dutiful and promised wife who takes leave of you with every sentiment of tenderness and obedience, and is yours to command while the breath of life animates her body,

THY SANCIA.

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Chapter XXV

IN spite of all that was attempted in my behalf, my case appeared to advance but little. For one matter, flags went to and from Port Royal only infrequently; for another, the Spaniard is slow to move save when he draws dagger.

We never were unkindly treated, but there was no great kindness shown us either; and life, for us, went on as it had for the last two years until came the Florida winter once more, and Christmastide with its candles and chanting and processions; and after what seemed to me unnumbered centuries, came spring again. And, with April, a flag.

She was the *Black Swan,* sloop, Captain Weston, out of Port Royal; and she carried not only a flag but two Spanish prisoners from New York, Lieutenant Ruiz Serrano and Antonio Lopez, gunner's mate.

Why there ensued further delay I know not; but it was another week before the Spaniards delivered to Evan Morgan and to me the two sea-chests sent to us from New York, and in which was money for us, proper apparel, and my sword and shoulder-belt and boots.

Now my amiable Captain Alvarez carried me to the Governor where this great man sat behind a carved table in company with two priests and the Commandant of the Fortress.

I bowed to the dark-visaged and coldly dignified Dons, and to the priests; and all rendered me my salute with perfect courtesy.

Then the Governor nodded, and a priest handed to me

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a letter of identification addressed to the Governor and sealed with the seal of New York. The seal was broken.

"Señor Governor," said I, "am I to read this letter?"

He slowly inclined his handsome head. So I unfolded the letter and saw that it was a paper which identified both me and Evan Morgan. And thus it began under the date:

Benjamin Fletcher, Captain General and Governor-in-Chief of the Province of New York and the territories and tracts of land dependent thereon in America, and Vice Admiral of the same, and Lieutenant Commander-in-Chief of the Militia, and of all the forces by sea and land within the Colony of Connecticut, and of all the forts and places of strength within the same, and now in council within the Fort of New York—

To whom it may concern,

GREETING—

I raised my head and looked at the stately Spanish Governor to see how this pompous flourish had affected him; and he gazed back at me with grave irony.

I thought to myself that we had another ass for a Governor of New York, and felt the mortification burn my cheeks.

But I read on, and how this same provincial potentate, Colonel Fletcher, condescends to admit my identity, along with that of "one Evan Morgan, gunner's mate"; and all in the stiff language of some great dignitary who issues a patent for a manor rather than a simple acknowledgment that Evan and I were citizens of New York.

"A very ass," thought I, but kept my countenance and bowed to the silent and ironic Don.

I then took polite leave of them and of Captain Alvarez.

Then, guarded by Spanish soldiers and with two blacks

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carrying our sea-chests upon their heads, we went out of the sally-port and down to the water where a long boat lay manned by the first English faces I had gazed upon in three whole years. The lieutenant in command shook hands with me.

Beyond, in the stream, I saw the *Black Swan* lying at anchor. When we embarked with our chests, the sloop gave us three guns, which seemed to astonish the Dons on the ramparts, and was done, of course, in sheer frolic.

Well, no sooner were we aboard than the sloop weighed and made sail. And that was the very last that ever I have seen of the Fortress of San Marco and the town of St. Augustine.

On our voyage to Port Royal there was nothing remarkable. The early May weather was soft, and breezes light; and frequently we were becalmed and got out our oars. It was two months too early for West Indian hurricanes and there was little to be dreaded of any foul weather. We encountered none into Port Royal.

This small and mean town looked to us like a very refuge in Paradise, and it thrilled our hearts to set foot once more upon English soil.

Here at a tavern we baited to await a ship to New York. Tavern and food were poor, but the people kind though very slack, and it did not seem a healthy place to me where were more gravestones to be seen than living inhabitants.

Sometimes out of this port had come the Yellow Death to New York, but how it arises and how it is carried nobody seems to know. Yet all know that the first frost ends the plague; and it seems to me that, building upon this known fact, our learned folk ought presently to discover the true nature of the Yellow Death.

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Meanwhile, the heat increased so that we suffered far more discomfort than ever we felt in Florida.

Well, it was not until July that a ship cleared for New York and took us aboard as passengers.

She was the *St. Charles,* schooner, loaded with lumber, turpentine, pitch and oil. She carried square top-sails on her fore-mast, six swivels and a stern chaser. Her Captain, Sidney Cass.

She was loaded to her gunwales and swam very low. She was a bad sailor—a fat, squat, waddling vessel that seemed to ask every sea to come aboard her; and every sea accepted.

Lord, how slow was this squattering hulk; and Lord, the smells aboard her! And the food and water stank so that I thought even the rats must starve. Yet I was comforted to notice that they had not left us, which I was greatly inclined to do, and longed only to be set ashore but was ashamed to ask.

So it was waddle-waddle and slush-slush up the coast, making scarce more than steerage way, and the sea ever swelling up near enough to dip one's nose into.

She was like a hog wallowing in the wash made by his own fatness.

God saw that vessel and pitied it in His disgust; for during those weeks, and into New York harbour, no more than a cupful of wind ever spilled over our sails.

It was 7 A.M. on the first of August, 1694, that our masthead lifted Sandy Hook.

It was three in the afternoon when we hove to in the lower bay and signalled for a pilot.

Of a golden August evening, before a light sea-wind, we passed in through the Narrows under full sail and slowly proceeded up the harbour.

Never can I make it plain to anybody what poignant

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emotions possessed me as I came in view of the City of New York, and saw it in the westering sunshine with its windmills, its weather-vanes, its tall Dutch houses along the waterside and every window aflame in the sunset.

Lofty masts clustered here and there along the Wet Docks; the flag rippled from the Fort; the arm of the telegraph [1] glittered.

Off the Half Moon battery we let go our anchor.

Ten minutes afterward Evan Morgan and I were tumbling into the pinnace and on our way to the dock.

[1] Semaphore.

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Chapter XXVI

NOW, by your leave, I shall presently relate to you something concerning the happiest period of my life, which came like a lovely calm between two storms—alas!

I would very gladly loiter over these pages to linger amid the charm and fragrance of those too few days. But I may not; and should be brief; because already that far, faint cloud that was to breed tempests, and, as yet, unseen and unsuspected, was waxing darker behind the world's outer edge; and only too soon would push up a distant, sombre shape above the still horizon.

So quickly, then, to my brief gleam of sunshine.

When we landed from the *St. Charles,* schooner, we parted at the head of the water-stairs, Evan to seek a lodging in a Broad Street tavern, and I to give my sea-chest to a waterman to carry to mine host of the Dark Ship whilst I ran to Captain Kidd's house on Great Queen Street.

Arriving there I beat upon the door with the great brass knocker. It was opened by a black; and, within the house, I heard somebody a-whistling of Bonny Dundee, and knew it was Captain Kidd because that was the tune he loved and often whistled, having been born in that town, and always considered Graham of Claverhouse a very great and good man.

I said to the astounded negro: "How are you, Sam?" and took his black hand and shook it heartily the while he rolled wild eyes at me, and I think scarce knew me, so thin and brown and changed was I.

All the while I heard Captain Kidd whistling away at

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the song made for the Viscount Dundee so long ago; and I gave hat and sword and shoulder-belt to the negro and walked lightly forward into the house.

Presently I stood by the door of a candle-lit room and saw him holding a skein of yarn with two hands while his lady wound it into a ball.

"Sam," said he, "who knocked?"

"'Twas I, sir," said I.

At that he was on his feet and turned instantly; and I sprang to his arms like a long-lost son.

We English do not kiss as do the Spanish and French, but clasp one another and lay head by head an instant.

He said nothing; nor could I. Then I turned from him to his Sarah, and clasped her hand to kiss it; but she drew me into her arms and kissed both my cheeks. A little while, thus; then I found voice to ask for Sancia.

"At the back door by the garden, a-watching for the new moon, Dirck," whispered Sarah Kidd, smiling through her tears. Then, seeing in my eyes how I was minded: ". . . Dear son of ours to be," she whispered, "this is God's own mercy on the child. See that you do not too suddenly startle her lest you do her a harm."

"Dammy, Dirck," said Captain Kidd, "must Sarah and I play two second fiddles to our Sancia's obbligato evermore?"

But his wife laid her hand on mine, and Captain Kidd put both his arms around us.

"God bless us all," said he, "and it is a kind God I ask it of. . . . So get you to your mistress, then—"

"Gently," whispered Sarah Kidd, "yet have a care to make some little stirring so she shall hear you e'er you speak to her."

I kissed her hand and turned away through the hall and so out to the back door.

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Below, I made out a shadowy form seated upon the very bottom of the stoop.

Hearing me moving, presently she asked who was there.

I did not reply.

"Is it you, Mother?" says she. And, after a moment, as I stirred again, she rose from the stoop and stood on the grass striving to see.

"Who is it?" she said in a voice which had in it the slightest quiver. . . . And then: "Is there *news?*" she asked excitedly.

"Sancia?" I said.

I went slowly down the brick steps to where she stood, and heard her whisper: "Oh, God. . . . Oh, God!" Then she took me fiercely by both arms and stared into my shadowy face.

"Dirck!" she stammered, "my Dirck. What have they done to you!" And catched me between her arms, sobbing and laughing and making strange, sweet sounds with her lips against my face.

It was a tall, lithe maid I clasped and not my little Sancia, shoulder high, but like a lovely stranger.

Only I knew the curly cloud o' hair, and strove to see the shadowy features of the other Sancia; and saw them, exquisitely ennobled, and transfigured by a riper beauty of which I never even dreamed that she concealed the germ.

Of love I cannot discourse. I love; yet I know not what love may truly be; nor how it begins, nor what are its causes and reasons.

When I left the Sancia I knew, I loved for the first time ever in my life. She was scarce sixteen; yet she knew it, and so did I.

And now I loved again this other Sancia, and yet still loved the first; and, somehow, understood that I should

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love all ages, forms, and phases of her called Sancia as long as ever I lived on earth.

She took me by the hand and drew me in the door, and along the hallway where were candles burning. Here she laid her slender hands upon my shoulders to gaze upon this new lover which the years had so roughly wrought out of the old.

"So dark and worn you seem," she whispered, ". . . so painfully, yet nobly, have you put on manhood. . . . Lean cheeks! . . . Grim youth! . . . Grim mouth. . . . but sweet. . . . A boy's eyes that have known privation and a grown man's griefs. . . . My Dirck—what have they done to him!"

"Am I so altered, Sancia?"

"Dearer a thousand times to me than ever I could understand in my most lovesick moments. . . . What is this white scar across your temple from hair to ear?"

"A flying splinter. They sewed me up. . . . Is it ugly to look upon?"

"I love and adore it. It glimmers like a vein of white lightning. . . . But, oh, God, no more of swords if you love me—"

"You know it—and with all my soul!"

"Yes, I know it. . . . And I knew I loved you—there in the falling rain—that day that Leisler died. . . . Then, and ever since, and now. . . . If you had died at sea, no other could have had me. . . . No. . . . I had been done for on this earth. . . . Will you kiss me, Dirck?"

As they laid their lips to the Virgin's robes in St. Augustine, so touched I Sancia's lips.

"Shall we go to my mother?" said she. So we joined hands and went in to the lighted room.

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Chapter XXVII

THE memory of those golden autumn days is my precious heritage in this hour.

Never had I seen New York through eyes so enchanted. A new and rare beauty seemed descended upon city, fields, forest, and the flowing waters of sea and river.

In New York it was the gable ends of all Dutch houses which faced the street—although some few fine mansions like Captain Kidd's did not so face—and it seemed to me that a new era of neatness and cleanliness was arrived where all glass and brass glittered with the daily scouring given; foot-paths were neatly paved and the streets, now, for the first time, cleaned by people paid to do it and not left for the pigs to clear of refuse.

Also, in some few streets posts were set and, in a lanthorn hung thereon, a candle burned all night long.

Many new houses had been builded since my departure on the *China Rose*. A road was cleared through Hanover Street and the waste land was to be made into a square and called also Hanover. In the Maiden's Path the foot-path that ran beside the brook was now a street, and it was called Maiden Lane. Here, however, women still washed soiled linen in the little brook.

Everybody was discussing the improvements and planning others.

There was great talk of tearing down the city wall and the stone points or bastions at Broadway and William Street, and building a line of strong fortifications across the island on the northward.

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Ground had been broken in the spring for the new English Church, and it was near built and finished; and the Dutch Church on Garden Street [1] was in use already. Also, plans had been made to fill in beyond Great Queen Street and make new streets toward the East River.

As for commerce, I was told that forty square-rigged vessels and more than sixty sloops were entered at the Custom House at one time.

Now, concerning my own small dwelling on Great Queen Street, I discovered how dusty and musty it had become during my captivity, when I fetched the key from Captain Kidd's where I had deposited it.

But a High Dutch girl came from the Out-Ward to clean and set it to rights, and very quickly I was made comfortable.

Now, when Captain Kidd and Sancia had wrote letters to me while I was a prisoner of the Spaniards in St. Augustine, there was never a word in their letters concerning my share in the prizes taken by the *China Rose;* and I supposed their silence was for this reason—that they did not wish to arouse the cupidity of the Dons so that they might hold me for a ransom.

This turned out to be the case; for the day after I arrived, Mr. Emott, the lawyer, waited on me with documents from the Admiralty Court lately holden in New York; and by these I learned that I had acquired a real fortune which was no less than twenty thousand pounds sterling in value.

Now, it seems strange that this great fortune neither elated me, nor made me thrifty nor penurious; nor yet incited me to vain expenses.

No. My needs were few; my small house sufficient; and the only notice I took of my fortune was to safely

[1] Garden Street is now Exchange Place.

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invest it through Mr. Emott and Captain Kidd against the time when I should come to marry Sancia.

Sancia, now, was nearly nineteen years old. I was impatient to marry her, and she very sweetly confessed her desire for a speedy wedding.

But there had arisen an obstacle; and it was this:

Our damned Governor, Colonel Fletcher, who had come out to govern us, was a very zealot and fanatic in the cause of the English Church, and meant to force all in New York to worship in that creed only; and was arrogant against all Papists and Lutherans, or Dutch—indeed, against any who did not conform to the creed of the Established Church of England. Which was ungrateful and tyrannical because, until he built the English chapel in the Fort, the Dutch Church afforded him hospitality, and the English services were carried out there.

The Church of England was my faith and Sancia's; but here came the obstacle.

This fat, noisy, over-fed and profligate Governor, since he had come to New York in 1692, had become a kind of petty tyrant. He was selfish and corrupt, and took bribes, and corrupted the Government officials who served under him. Everything was done by intrigue and favour; and this fellow Fletcher could make or break merchants and sea-captains by stopping their ships in the bay and causing delays and damages and extortions through customs officials and port authorities.

Furthermore, he was shameless in the countenance he gave to captains who were known pirates, and who carried rich presents to him; and so openly that Tom Tew visited him in his mansion and dined often at his table.

Well, with all this scandalous behaviour our Governor, as I say, was a very fanatic in behalf of the English Church, and swore he would build a great church at the

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head of Wall Street and call it Trinity Church—which he did—and have laws passed that all in New York should worship there or pack up and go elsewhere.

Now, his noisy and convivial friendship he forced upon Captain Kidd, and caressed and made much of him; for my Captain was a gentleman and wealthy, and a citizen of such consequence that the town had voted him a gift of money[2] for to acknowledge his services to the City of New York.

When Governor Fletcher learned that Sancia was plighted to me; and that Captain Kidd desired to retire from business and had designed me to succeed him and carry on his sea trade; instantly he declared that my marriage with Sancia should be solemnized—not in the tiny Fort Chapel—but in the new Trinity Church as soon ever as it was finished and consecrated; and that the occasion should be a grand and splendid one where the Governor and his lady and all officials of the Province and the city, and all folk of fashion and consequence should attend.

I know that this fellow cared not a clipped farthing for Sancia or for me; but he saw occasion for a great official propaganda in that the first marriage ceremony in Trinity Church should have so splendid and official a setting.

Well, damn him, I would have bid him mind his own affairs and refrain from thrusting his snout into mine; only for Captain Kidd's sake I forebore after taking counsel with Sarah and Sancia.

No; it would not do to antagonize this zealot and tyrant if Captain Kidd's ships were to trade upon the seas under my future supervision—or he might stop them in the bay and begin a confusion that would surely cause our trade a damage that might ruin us both.

[2] Two days before he married Sarah Oort the New York Assembly voted him a present of £150—a great sum in those days.

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So, in family conference, it was decided to await the charter, and the finishing and consecration of Trinity Church which, I have said, was being builded upon that plot of land known as The King's Farm, which lay at the head of Wall Street, and consisted of a garden, an orchard, a pasturage for cattle, and that pretty, triangular graveyard in which my dear parents rested.

This, then, is why I did not marry Sancia when she was nineteen—because of consideration for Captain Kidd, and the affection and tender respect I bore him; and which I bear his memory to this hour.

Well, the fat Governor had his way; and sorry I am that I kicked not his snout out of rooting among my private affairs. For it had been better for Captain Kidd and for me to have made this man a declared enemy; and so, perhaps, unveil and discover others who never, never should have been trusted by us.

Had this been done, and the Governor become an avowed enemy to Captain Kidd, and stopping his ships in the bay, the Captain must have quit the sea-trade and sold out; and so never would have made his voyage to England and fallen into the toils of Robert Livingston and the Lords of Trade, and that miserable monarch, William the Third.

Well, my pen again flies too swiftly; so let me a little yet enjoy the golden tide of that soft autumn weather, and remember those enchanted days with Sancia, and with Captain Kidd and Sarah and the baby, Elizabeth, now nearly two years old—a lovely thing and mirror of her charming mother.

I was deep and passionately in love. Love flamed in my heart like the fiery October foliage which made a scarlet and crimson conflagration of all our maple woodlands. And never have I seen such beauty as was Sancia's.

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As for Captain Kidd and his dear lady, they adored the baby Betty, and he was always whistling Bonny Dundee.

Riel de Lanois and Maddaleen often dined with us. They were affianced and hotly in love; and he was instructing her in the science of medicine. They were to wed in the coming spring in the Huguenot Church; and members of his family were to come from France to be present.

By day we walked, or made pleasure parties on the water, or lingered in the garden among ripe grapes and apples, or sat together in the dim parlour whilst Sancia played upon the spinet and sang songs made long ago in England.

With Captain Kidd I was often in company and consultation.

I remember one day when we were closeted in his chamber to consult concerning his business which I was to carry on after he returned from England.

He said: "I shall sail soon, now, and make an end of this matter which requires my personal presence in London. God knows I do not desire to leave Sarah and the baby to you and Sancia. No! But it is better to finish and be done with vexations and all the multitude of cares which beset all men who trade by sea and land—"

He smiled upon me: "All these perplexities and miseries I bequeath to you, Dirck," said he, "and shall hereafter sit at my ease with one arm around Sarah and 'tother about Betty, and have my pipe and my Madeira—and whistle Bonny Dundee!—"

We both laughed.

"No man hath a better right to his ease," said I.

"Well," says he, "I am in the prime of life and have laboured hard since early youth to gain a fortune[3] hon-

[3] He was wealthy. He had his house which stood on the corner of what is now Pearl and Hanover Streets, numbers 119-121 Pearl

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estly. And have gained it so. And lately bought me a silver table service.[4] Which," says he, "is not so bad for a poor Scot from Dundee. Yet, I will say this: I have ever loved a good ship; and the sea called to me in my cradle; and my trade has been to my liking, Dirck. I hope it will be so to yours."

"It will. I love the sea."

He nodded, whistled his Dundee air; then:

"There be a lousy lot on the high-seas, too," he said bluntly.

"Pirates a-plenty, you mean, sir."

"I do. . . . And in port as well as at sea. . . . And it is said that England is coming rapidly to the point where she will no longer tolerate these gentry who take any flag even off Sandy Hook—here, at our very doors and under our proper noses.

"Dirck, the scandal of it is become serious. In London they speak of New York City as 'The Pirate's Nest,' and declare that Madagascar is empty of 'em because all have come to New York."

"Is it true," said I, "that, our Governor hath flagrant commerce with these pirates?"

"Why, yes," says he, "and it is common knowledge that he encourages and protects them. When he issues commissions for sea-captains to raise crews and act as privateers against the French, his tongue is in his cheek and his weather eye winks.

"He hath commissioned Coates and Hore and Tew."

"I heard he is on gay terms with Thomas Tew," said I.

Street and 74 Beaver Street. He owned what is now 25, 27, 29 Pine St.; 86-90 Pearl St.; 52-56 Water St.; another lot on the north side of Pearl Street about 150 feet west of Old Slip. Also 56 Wall Street, his wife's house.

[4] Probably Captain Kidd's table silver replaced his pewter after he married Sarah Oort.

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"He is. They revel together. And he has this pirate at his own table to dine with his lady and other respectable persons. He seems infatuated with Tew—says he is agreeable and companionable and a remarkable man of marvellous information, memory, and understanding."

I was both shocked and angry and ashamed that the Governor of New York should so humiliate my City of New York.

"Sir," said I, "shall I find Mr. Tew some pleasant evening at the Dark Ship and quarrel with him?"

"To what point?"

"My sword-point, sir—"

"No, Dirck. . . . If you ran him through, no ship of mine or yours but would be stopped in the river. . . . I tell you that our Governor dotes on Tommy Tew—takes him to drive in his coach and six; says he desires to convert him to the Established Church—"

"What!" I exclaimed.

"Certainly. I myself heard him say that it was in his heart to convert Tew from the error of his ways; to make him sober; and to reclaim him from his vile habit of swearing—"[8]

The monstrous iniquity of this Governor of ours enraged me; but Captain Kidd took it more coolly: "For," says he, "I have lived longer than you, Dirck, and have learned that a knight errant accomplishes little save to tickle his own vanity; but that great abuses are stopped and abolished only when the conscience of the community is aroused."

"Has New York no conscience then?" I asked hotly.

[8] Governor Fletcher's own words. He presented Tew with a religious book and recommended him to read it. He also gave him an expensive gun—a suggestive gift! Tew in return bestowed *somebody's* watch upon the Governor. Later, Tew went to sea and started plundering and murdering again.

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"Oh, yes. Many begin to murmur." He laughed; ". . . The Governor is deaf, but others with soiled fingers hear the growling."

"You mean gentlemen who have traded with the Red Sea gentry?"

"Aye," he smiled.

"Philipse? Pell? Livingston?"

He laughed very heartily: "Bob Livingston, too. . . . You remember he came to me that day, and I would have none of his schemes? Yet now these same growlings and murmurings in New York, and the rumblings that come to us from England, have most miraculously altered the opinions of Mr. Livingston and Mr. Pell and Colonel Philipse. And now they will have no more commerce with Captain Tew and his like, so that I fear when Tommy Tew sails out o' Sandy Hook he, having no more business through Mr. Livingston and Mr. Pell, and Colonel Philipse, must starve or sail On The Account, and openly to take any flag."

"You think this, sir?"

"I do. What other is left him but to show the death's head and crossed bones? . . . And it will be the same for John Ireland, and Captain Maze, and Tom Wake; they will stand for the Red Sea and there fly the black ensign, in my opinion, as Bob Culliford hath done, and Teach, and many another whom I knew once as honest folk but are now declared pirates."

There was a silence. He smoked his pipe and sipped his toddy, his handsome blue eyes dreaming, and a faint scowl brooding between his brows. Then:

"This vast scandal of piracy can not endure forever," said he, "and England knows it; and she shall put a stop to it at no distant day. Never have American waters so swarmed with pirates; never have these coasts and har-

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bours been so unsafe. As for the Spanish Main, and the Red Sea, both are lousy with corsairs. And England can not choose but stop them. . . . Because the patience of the Great Mogul will not endure forever; and one day, when his fleet is again plundered, he will turn on the East India Company, and on all English and French factories in India, and slay the factors, and every European, and carry his vengeance so bloodily and so far that England herself may tremble. . . . Who knows? Even the cornered rat will fight."

"Why," said I, "does not England send her frigates to end this business?"

"She hath done so. They cruise, but discover no pirates—or, when they do, the pirates outsail 'em and escape. . . . No; the warships know not how to take these pirates, or where to seek them, for that matter—or even when to attempt them. Also, this war with France uses all England's ships so she can not even spare any to give us countenance against Mounseer Frontenac."

Well, thus we talked of this and that, and concerning his voyage which he so soon must make, and how it both vexed and saddened him that he must leave his wife and baby and this pleasant house by the water to take ship to England.

"God only knows how soon I shall again return," he said, "but God grant it be in time for your wedding with our Sancia."

"We shall not wed until your return," said I, "and that's flat!"

He laughed; rose and laid his kind, firm hand upon my shoulder.

"Wait not on me for your happiness," he said. "Life is brief; take joy when offered, Dirck. . . . Well, then,

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I shall return to dance at your wedding—dear lad and loyal. Count on it by God's grace."

He walked about the room, refilling his long clay pipe and whistling Bonny Dundee.

"Lord," says he, staring out o' the window across the water, "—to think I was born in Dundee in '54 and am forty at this hour! . . . I was thirty-five and full sea-captain when I took in my captured ship under Hewetson, and fought the Frenchmen, gun for gun and all day long for two whole days at Marie-Galante and St. Martin's. . . . Lord-a-mercy, but the time flies like scud in a nor'easter. . . . A whiff of spindrift, and it's ended! . . . That's life, Dirck. . . . The rainbow you see on a bubble. . . . And, when it breaks—why that's death, my lad!"

Sarah came into the room and he turned and caught her in his arms and gazed at her in the gay and bonnie way he had—a kindness full o' mischief, and his blue eyes like a boy who loves but plagues you:

"That's not so bad, is it, sweetheart," says he; "not for a poor Scottish lad out o' Dundee town and become a gentleman freeholder of New York City in forty years from the cradle!"—He gave her a kiss—"With a snug fortune invested and land and housen," says he, "and 300 dollars' worth o' silver service plate[6]—and a lovely baby girl and a wife to which no other in all New York compares for goodness and beauty!—"

"A fiddlestick!" cries Sarah, blushing and laughing. "Will you have done with your pranks, William?"

He held her fast and kissed her ears and her piquant nose.

"Dirck!" she begged, ". . . a rescue! . . ."

"He's too wise," quoth Captain Kidd, ". . . having a

[6] This was the value of his table service when he started housekeeping. Probably his bride brought him part of it.

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saucy baggage of his own to reckon with. . . . Well then, sweetheart, I release you; but you will bewail me when I sail."

She took his pipe from him and filled it for him, and ran lightly to fetch a coal from the nursery where a fire burned whilst Betty took her beauty nap of an October afternoon.

Captain Kidd looked at me, and there seemed an odd shadow in his clear eyes.

"Lord," said he under his breath, "if I am happier than I ought to be, and beyond my poor merits, I pray God's kind indulgence for me and mine."

I said: "No; you are an upright, good, and honourable gentleman. What is yours in this hour is your just due, sir."

He shook his head. "I am a great sinner," says he.

"All are born so," said I, ". . . only by Christ's devotion are we offered grace."

After a silence: "I have," said he, "wronged no man or woman, knowingly. I have striven to deal honestly in trade. . . . But this happiness is beyond such meagre merits. . . . May God avert all evil from those under this roof in this hour . . . Amen."

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Chapter XXVIII

CAPTAIN KIDD sailed for England late in October, taking passage on a great ship bound thither.

Sarah wept; and Sancia took her in her slender arms and cradled her.

As for me I went to the water-stairs and saw him aboard the long boat.

"Come, Dirck," says he, "show a stout heart, my lad! For I mean to return very soon and dance at your wedding."

I stood at the foot of the slippery, weed-grown stairs and held to his hand as though I could not endure to let him go. He, also, seemed to feel the parting, and sombrely, as though not too certain of the future.

"Sir," said I, "have a care when you are in London; for Robert Livingston is there, and he is a man I never shall trust."

"Why," says he, "what has Bob Livingston to do with me, or I with him?"

"I know not. . . . Once he came to you with Pell and Philipse to urge his dirty schemes. . . . Have a care o' that man, sir. . . . I saw poor Leisler hanged; and Milburne; and I heard Milburne curse Livingston and promise to impeach him for murder before God's own tribunal. . . . Look, sir, what hath happened today! For the blot is removed from Captain Leisler's name, and

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Milburne's; and their property is returned to their widows and children, and they both are officially cleansed of the charge of treason.

"But of what avail is this tardy justice to poor Leisler who died upon the scaffold? . . . And who sent him thither? . . . So, I tell you, sir, beware of Robert Livingston; for he proclaims aloud that you are an honest man and that when he is in need of such he knows where to lay a hand on him."

"To what purpose?" asked Captain Kidd, perplexed.

"Damnation, sir—to do a rogue's work!" I said. "Can it be better done than by an honest man?"

"I do no rogue's work for anybody," said he, smiling, "so quiet your alarms, dear lad, and bid me God speed and a pleasant voyage; for the tide waits for no man, and Christ alone subdued the waters."

We clasped hands; he stepped aboard the long boat; the crew tossed their oars in salute, then dipped them all together and pulled smartly for the great ship which lay off of Broad Street.

I went back to the house to play with Betty and cheer Sarah and Sancia; but our supper was mournful, do what I could to liven it; and by early candle-light both Sarah and Sancia bade me good night, saying that they were for bed.

But I was wakeful and restless and disturbed—I know not why—and put on my shoulder-belt and hat and walked out in no amiable mood.

Stars were shining, and a winy odour of ripe apples in the keen evening air; but the stink of the canal in Broad Street mended that, and presently soured me, also; so that when I came to The Pie Woman's Lane and an officer came out of it, I showed him no politeness nor gave way,

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but went straight on so he was obliged to halt in the runnel and give me room.

As I passed I looked at him, and saw he was Malloch Strawn; and he knew me, too, in that instant, and put out his hand and shoved me to one side.

"Your betters, first," said he, "and learn hereafter to stand back when an officer of his Majesty's forces does you the honour to pass before you."

I tell you that my breath utterly forsook me; I had no voice to utter a sound. So judge you, then, if this quarrel was of my proper devising.

Mr. Strawn, when he had put me aside and passed me, halted, and turned to face me again.

"Well," said he, "you carried it with a high hand, Mr. Hazlett—to take your pick for marriage and hand your mistress to de Lanois."

At that my voice returned and I became master of myself and calm.

"Malloch," said I, "Riel de Lanois would kill you if I tell him what you say concerning Maddaleen Wyck. Why do you push a quarrel on me? It is so easy to run you through that I do not desire to do so. No! So go back to your Fort. God knows you have soldiers enough,[1] now, to entertain you with bottle, cards, or swords, and need not come a-seeking trouble among peaceful folk to provoke them."

"Have I provoked you?" says he.

"No; you have disgusted me. So pass your way in God's name or you may vex my sword."

"Well," says he, coolly, "my own point is a tender one and itches in its sheath."

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[1] The Fort now swarmed with regulars. Governor Fletcher brought over with him another battalion to add to the garrison.

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"You are a fool," said I. "Pass on!"

"Oh," says he, "maybe not so great a fool, at that. . . . What did you say to Sancia Caradac to poison her against me!"

"Are you mad, Malloch?"

"Not so mad. No! . . . But, by God, though you lay in a Spanish prison for near three years, and all believed you dead, I could not obtain one word of your inamorata. No! Nor would she use me with common civility. Which is why I know well that you poisoned her against me and be damned to you!"

"Pass on," I said, choking back my rage.

"No," said he; "I have been at some pains to find you; and now that I have found you I mean to punish you."

"Oh; so you have been following me?"

"I have had you followed."

God knows how I controlled my fury. I asked him, calmly, if he had employed others to spy on me.

Even as I spoke he drew his sword, yet, *something*—I know not what—made me cast a glance behind me even as I drew; and I saw a man run out at me from The Pie Woman's Lane, and caught the glimmer of his naked sword.

Between this fellow and Malloch was I caught in an instant, and the wall too distant to shelter my back.

I know not why I did as I did, for there was no time for my wits to work—not a second for thought or hesitation; and turned like a cat under Malloch's thrust and sprang right in the other's face, fending and catching his sword and forcing it straight up, so that the blade pricked toward the high stars. Then, in a flash, I had shortened my arm and drove my point through his throat so that my hilt and guard crashed against his chest.

As he fell, raling and coughing, I snatched his sword

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from his hand, leaving my own transfixing him—for there was not an instant to drag it out—and turned to parry Malloch's furious lunge and engage his blade and beat it about, this way and that.

"Murderer," I panted, "I know you now who have paid Tom Wake to use his dagger on my defenceless back! Well, he is paid, is he not? . . . I paid him. Yonder he lies in The Pie Woman's Lane with my sword through his throat! Go ask him if he is paid for his hire!"

Malloch, all the while, was at me like a fury; and I understood very quickly that he had profited by my years of absence; for his was now an agile, lithe, and dangerous blade, and kept me busy and at my wit's end to save my skin.

In that deserted lane there was nobody to hear or see us or interfere; and the only light was starlight.

I understood, now, that Malloch had long planned to do my business for me by any means, fair or foul; and I remembered his threat concerning Sancia; and knew that, if I died this night in The Pie Woman's Lane, he never would leave Sancia in peace. . . . I *knew* it!

We were breathing heavily, now; and were fencing and manœvuring for an advantage and with a catlike delicacy and caution. Starlight played and glittered over our blades, with now and again a brighter spark as they clashed.

"Malloch," said I, in a low voice—and I saw he heard me—"if you lived as long as any devil in hell, you never could obtain a single word of Sancia. . . . And you shall live that long . . . in hell—"

Swift as a star ray glinting along his blade, my sword darted and glimmered like lightning as the stroke passed on through him—every inch of shining steel—till his falling body quenched the last faint spark.

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Where he lay in the runnel of The Pie Woman's Lane I went and looked down upon him; and saw he was dead, and Tom Wake's rapier through his heart.

I left that dishonoured sword transfixing this dishonoured man and went back to where the pirate, Wake, lay; and out of his beastly body I drew my decent blade, and shuddered as I wiped it to think what swine it slew.

So wrought up was I, and still all of a fever, and not yet gone cold, that I fell to whistling Bonnie Dundee as I walked on out of that starlit lane and on through dark streets until I came to the waterside and Great Queen Street; and so to my own house.

But, oh, God! when I had undressed and cleansed me, and was stretched upon my bed, of a sudden I went cold of it all, and trembled and fell a-weeping like a very school-boy on my pillow. . . . So fearful a thing it is to slay a man in anger. And though I had seen men die, never before had I killed a human creature. And this night had slain two.

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Chapter XXIX

I KEPT my own counsel. There was noise enough in New York concerning the matter, but it seemed a plain problem for any coroner—what with Tom Wake's Spanish sword hilt deep in Malloch Strawn, and both in the same pickle and lying in the same lane. . . . That was an easy inquest and a swift verdict—a fatal brawl in The Pie Woman's Lane. . . . And it seemed that both had been carousing aboard Wake's ship, which lay at the Wet Docks moored under the guns of the Stadt-huis battery. Also both had been seen drinking together at the Dark Ship and disputing over Lysbet, the tall, thin tap-room wench.

As for me, this horrid business fair sickened me, so that I kept my room, pretending some slight disorder. And I prayed a great deal and read the Gospels. But Riel came one day—urged by Sancia—and as soon ever as he entered into my room where I lay he gave me a look; and I knew that he knew.

So to him I confessed me; and he said very coolly that they had their deserts and that I need feel no pangs. . . . But when I heard the dead march sounding from the Fort—God! I could scarce endure it.

Well, Riel never left me during those remorseful days, and finally his reason and sense and wisdom prevailed. I put away the horror of it and the haunting fear of blood-guilt and that awful dread of a Divine and wrathful judgment. Because, after all, as Riel says, a man is a

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pitiable fool who had rather be slain than slay in his just and proper defence. . . . And when I also came to that conclusion I began to mend. Yet, chiefest I dreaded to tell Sancia, and wondered whether I should; and asked Riel his opinion.

He replied that a man is also a fool who must blab out to wife or mistress what he is too weak to contain within himself alone.

Said he: "Let her not share this burden which must distress her to no purpose. To lighten one's burden at another's expense is the way of the weak. The strong man shoulders trouble in silence."

So, to Sancia, I made no mention of this affair, nor did she concern herself with it except innocently to warn me against taverns and brawling, and to praise the virtues of domesticity.

But one day in mid-November, passing by the shipyard below Maiden Lane, I saw Captain Tew and John Ireland, arm in arm, and returning from the vandue[1] aboard the *Susanna,* which had been Wake's ship.

When Tew saw me he dropped John Ireland's arm and came across the street and took mine.

"Sir Cockerel," says he, bursting with evil mirth, "had the crowner known you as I do, then there had been a truer verdict at the crowner's quest!"

"What do you say?" said I coolly.

"Ah," said he, "that's the point! I say *nothing.* A sharp point, Sir Cockerel!—sharp as your own point—" He burst out laughing. . . . "Tom Maze and Tom Wake! —Two Toms!—Tom-tiddle and Tiddle-tom! One in the Red Sea, and t'other in hell. . . . And be damned to him! . . . I told him you'd pay him for that dagger stroke."

[1] Vendue, or public auction of a person's effects. A favourite method in Colonial days—aboard ship as well as on land.

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"What stroke was that, Mr. Tew?"

At that he roared and clapped my back and shoulder, which madded me. But for Captain Kidd's sake I endured this rogue who had become our Governor's boon companion.

He was all in rich velvet of a bright orange hue; and the long plumes on his black beaver hat were orange; and his shoulder-belt, bandoleer, and pistol-sash were of heavy cloth o' gold. In his lop ears great hoops of gold set with yellow sapphires glittered; on his hairy fingers blazed gems of every color; his pistols were damascened in gold and so were the hilts of sword and dagger. As for his boots of soft fawn-colour, they were made in a strange and forgotten fashion such as prevailed in the reign of King Charles the First. And on them were gold buckles and gold spurs chained with golden links.

"Sir Cockerel," says he, halting and detaining me, "some years ago I asked you to sign with me. And I said to you then that you should have the first—" he leered at me—"*lawful* prize which we took on the high seas."

"I remember, Captain Tew."

"Well, then," says he, "I offer you better on this day. . . . I have bought Tom Wake's ship. Sign and sail in my company and you shall command the *Susanna!*"

I laughed: "In what trade, Captain? Logwood?"

"The Malabar—niggers, ivory, gums, spices, silks, gold bars and silver—" He clapped me on the shoulder: "Heart of oak!" he cried, "will you make one o' three of us—and John Ireland is the other?"

"Does Mr. Pell outfit you?"

At that his features became malignant and he cursed horribly:

"No, nor Skinflint Philipse neither! . . . And I would I knew what that stiff and secret Livingston is about in

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London. . . . Who will engage in no more commerce with us. . . . And what does he do in London, yonder where his friends, the Lords o' Trade, dine him and wine him, and the King sends for him—so they say—" he made me an impudent grimace: ". . . to take measures to suppress those horrid pirates which, some pretend, still sail his Majesty's sacred ocean!—"

He roared with laughter, clapped me by the shoulder: "Sleep on it, Sir Cockerel. I know you for a rare one, and I wanted you when you were a stripling and I want you now—"

"Then you shall have my answer now, Mr. Tew," said I, "and it is this: if ever again I take to the sea, then I shall look for you; and if ever I discover you I shall come aboard you. . . . Do you understand?"

"By God," says he, "if I can not win you, then, nevertheless—come aboard, Sir Cockerel!"

"I pray God I may, Mr. Tew."

We faced each other, and, for a moment, I thought he meant to draw on me. But instead he thrust forth his great bejewelled and murderous hand and grasped mine.

"Visit me as you choose, Sir Cockerel," he cried, "only do not neglect me if you go to sea again."

"If I go to sea again I shall not neglect you, Captain Tew," said I, politely.

So he went back across the street, laughing and slapping his sword, where John Ireland awaited him with folded arms and lounging against a tree.

This happened in November. By the end of the month Tew sailed with John Ireland; never again to show any ensign but the bones; never again to enter in Sandy Hook and drop his anchor off the City of New York.

When he departed, the luck of Governor Fletcher de-

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parted aboard the *Amity,* also; for the scandal of this pirate's friendship had reached the King in London, and the Admiralty, and the Lords of Trade. And already that fox, Robert Livingston, had sniffed the change of wind and was leaping, fawning, and caressing those who had made a Governor out of Colonel Fletcher, and who could unmake him and break him if they would.

Yet that great, red-faced, guzzling ass seemed to believe he had been appointed Governor of New York for life. There was no end to his impudence and his traffic On The Account; and he dined and wined the great and the suspected alike; and drove his coach and six all over the city. But the dust he raised could not conceal the business he was about; and before the winter ended, with February, ships out of England bore gossip and rumours from London which set such secret folk as Mr. Philipse and Mr. Pell a-thinking. Our jackass Governor, however, revelled on, or, hearing that the French were fighting near Schenectady, he ran to Albany with a Regiment—and so swiftly that the astonished Iroquois gave him the name of *Kayanquirago,* the Great Swift Arrow—which so tickled his ribs that he never was done a-talking of it, though he burned not a single cartridge in the Mohawk country.

It was about this time, too, that he lost his temper when attempting to bully the House concerning the bill for the establishment of a ministry; and the Assembly refused the council and defied the Governor.

So furious was our fat Governor that he summoned the House and gave it a scolding:

"You have shown a great deal of stiffness," says he, "and you take upon you airs as if you were dictators! I sent you an amendment of three or four words which you denied. I must tell you that it seems very unman-

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nerly. There never was an amendment yet but what you rejected. It is a sign of stubborn ill-temper! . . .

"If you think that none can serve without your collation, you are mistaken! . . . I have the power of suspending any minister. . . . Whilst I stay in the Government I will take care that neither heresy, sedition, schism, nor rebellion he preached. . . . nor vice nor profanity encouraged! *It is my endeavour to lead a virtuous and pious life, and to set a good example!*[2] . . . Gentlemen, I shall say no more at present but that you withdraw to your private affairs."

Thus spoke the bigot and zealot in amazing and monstrous hypocrisy.

I write him down out of his own mouth—not that this man was my enemy—and, indeed, his lady and her daughters were amiable and agreeable—but because you should know how it was that through the doings of Governor Fletcher our City of New York came into such disrepute that it roused even the King to make an end of these abuses.

And, oh and alas that the instrument chosen should have been my dear and honoured friend, Captain William Kidd!

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[2] Governor Fletcher's exact words, but the italics are the author's.

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Chapter XXX

ONE snowy day in February, when I was sitting with Sancia in the parlour of Captain Kidd's house and casting up household accounts between us, the drums came through the streets of the city.

We went to the window and heard a sergeant from the garrison calling for volunteers to go to Albany against the French and Count Frontenac.

But I durst not say I desired to go, because Sancia caught me fiercely by the sleeve and gave me so stormy a look that I had no courage left, and went back to my chair and took up the accounts again.

When we had cast up everything, and all was clear, Sancia went away to read them to Sarah, who, poor, sweet lady, was listening to Betty a-conning her horn-book which the nurse was teaching her.

I went again to the window and could still hear the drums through the falling snow.

And it was thus that our Governor recruited the regiment which he carried so nimbly to Albany—and by water, too, for the River was open—which is why he arrived there so swiftly and astonished the Iroquois.

When Sancia returned, she drew me to a great arm-chair by the fire and came onto my knees; and, so resting, laid her cheek to mine.

"Dirck," said she, "I am troubled."

"In what manner, sweetheart?"

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"Well—I have not told you—but three letters have arrived from Father. I read them to Mother, and they caused us anxiety.

"Has he met with mischance?"

"He has met with Mr. Livingston."

After a silence I asked her if I might know something of what Captain Kidd had written.

So she told me that he had encountered Mr. Livingston in London; that Livingston had sent several times for him to come to his lodgings; that finally he had gone thither and there had found an affable and elegant gentleman, one, Lord Bellomont; and had dined in his company with Mr. Livingston.

"Who this Lord Bellomont may be," said Sancia, "Father knows not, but suspects, from words dropped, that there is talk of his following Fletcher as Governor of New York some day. And Mother and I are cautioned not to say such a thing, or even to mention Lord Bellomont's name save only to you."

"Why does this worry your mother?" I asked.

"I'll tell you, Dirck. This Lord Bellomont gave a dinner in London to Sir Edward Russell[1] who is First Lord of the Admiralty. To this same dinner Father was asked, and thought it not prudent to decline. And there met Sir John Somers, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal; the Duke of Shrewsbury, Secretary of State, and the Earl of Romney.

"And Dirck, the talk at table, and after, was all of the sea, and of pirates and piracy, and of the disgrace of New York which so wantonly harbours known pirates who pretend to commissions and letters of reprisal, but who engage in the Red Sea traffic and sail On The Account with all the impudence in the world."

[1] Afterward the Earl of Orford.

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"Well," said I, "what has Captain Kidd to do with these things?"

"He writes that he is uneasy because Colonel Livingston so loudly proclaims him an honest and reliable sea-captain of great experience and proven courage. And Livingston tells these noble lords that if they desire information concerning pirates, and their rendezvous, and in what seas to seek them, then there is nobody to enlighten them compared to Father, who has sailed all seas and who has met and known these folk afloat and ashore.

"Which, as I tell you, hath troubled Father; and he fears that some of these great folk may solicit his aid if, as it is rumoured, the King desires to fit out a ship to search for and take these pirates in their own haunts."

"Your father," said I, "will never do that. When he returns to New York he will go to sea no more. No, not for any honours or any money offered. . . . So why should he be uneasy?"

"Colonel Livingston is a scheming and secret man, and has the ears of great folk."

"I know," said I, "but what of that?"

Sancia shook her head: "Ask not me, dearest; I only tell you what I have read in Father's letters to Mother—that he is uneasy, and desires to despatch his business in London and sail for home on the first ship."

This troubled me, though I would not admit as much to Sancia.

But, thinking on it as I lay abed that night, I wondered why these great folk in London had so pressed their attention on a simple Scottish sea-captain; and why Mr. Livingston had so caressed and made much of a man who, but a few years ago, had rejected with good-humoured contempt his offer to make a fifth in a scheme

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to become rich out of the same riches of which pirates robbed honest men.

I remembered that Livingston had said, then, that when he had use for an honest sea-captain he knew where to find him.

Still—what could Livingston do if Captain Kidd refused any commission to lead an expedition against these pirates? Nothing.

So that was all there was to it. . . . And yet I lay awake, thinking, and deeply conscious of my distrust of this man, Robert Livingston—this dark, arrogant, dour gentleman—who *was* a gentleman—but his black hat and his black cloak seemed to fall across my world like the very shadow of Apollyon.

It was a wintry city. Soft snow a foot in depth covered all the roofs; the streets were full o' sleighs; skaters covered the Kolch—and Sancia and I among them—yet, strangely enough, the Hudson remained navigable.

And it was up this stream that our wine-bibbing Governor sailed with his regiment, breathing fearful threats against Frontenac, which, when he heard of them, doubtless made that able warrior yawn.

New York was gay enough that winter of 1694, although the Red Spectre still haunted the Northland and none knew when that hell's brood might issue forth from Canada and burn and murder its way to our city gates.

So, in the snow that lay over the Plaine, our five trainbands marched and counter-marched—all the old regiments, including Leisler's which—since the Great and Powerful now had canonized his memory—footed it fiercely and proudly with halberd, musket, and defiant drum.

We younger folk had many a frolic that winter—with

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sleighing, dancing, and sometimes more elegant festivities when the Governor or other great folk opened their houses to all of consequence in the city.

At Colonel DeLancy's party, Sancia and I supped and danced until nearly midnight. At Captain de Peyster's was even a more elegant collation, but neither dancing nor cards nor kissing games—only polite discourse, urbane civilities, and prodigious elegance of dress and deportment.

At some parties we had a tic-tac bort [2] or a trock table [3] to amuse us; and sometimes our dinners began with a waffle-frolic.

But it was at our guzzling Governor's that open house was kept, and all who wore gilt band or sword were expected.

Sarah thought it policy to go; so thither I went with her and Sancia on either arm—none lovelier than these sweet ladies, and so said Lady Fletcher [4] and her lively daughters.

But Lord!—what a feast was there, and I describe it to you as Sancia afterward wrote it down from memory —for thrifty folk of our sober quality were aghast to see such extravagance and waste.

This, then, is partly what was spread for a great company to eat and drink—puddings; roasted and boiled game, such as wild ducks, geese, turkeys, venison; beef, pig, chicken; turtles; fishes; great salads dressed with vinegar; creams, custards, thirty kinds of tarts and sweetmeats; jellies, floating-islands, fools, sillabubs, flummeries, trifles, raisins, almonds, apples, China oranges; Parmesan cheese; punch, porter, beer, cider, ale, toddy, possets, nogg; French clarets; champagne; Madeira; Port; and

[2] A sort of backgammon.
[3] Resembling a pool table.
[4] A courtesy title of the Governor's wife.

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twelve kinds of liqueurs and spirits. Also coffee, tea, and chocolate.

And besides these great silver bowls piled with Dutch pastries such as koeckjes, olykoeks, crullers, simbling-cakes, hot buttered yser-cakes, cinnamon-oblyen, hot puffards, kiski-nut cakes, bolla-buysies, and the like.

I remember on one day we younger folk had a great sea-feast at a bouwerie near Turtle Bay after we had skated all the morning; and there was roasted there a basket of great oysters, each a foot in length; and a lobster which measured five feet long.[5]

Also was roasted for those who cared little for sea food a wild turkey of thirty pound weight; two wild grey geese; and a quarter of fat venison. These, with nuts, and the finest of apples, such as Double Paradise, Red-streak Guelderleng, Pippins, and Poughkeepsie swaar-apples, made for us a bouwerie feast more delicious than all the orange-creams and whipped-sillabubs in the world.

So you may see that, spite o' The Red Spectre in the North, we in New York City made a gay winter of it.

And more and more enamoured and in love with Sancia I became with every day—nay, every hour—in her company, or alone in thought of her.

And damned the Governor, and she was vexed and damned him, too, because he would have us marry with each other in the new English Church, when, if God be not in the English Chapel at the Fort, He can be nowhere.

But it was bigotry and politics that stopped our wedding, or would have stopped the ships of Captain Kidd in the Lower Bay.

March came, and April, and May; but Captain Kidd came not; only letters from him that seemed to reveal distress of mind and impatience, and, alas! a certain dread

[5] Some were caught six feet long.

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of Mr. Livingston and of these great Lords who ever seemed to caress and entertain him. But, for a long time, he would not tell us why he was detained in London or what it was, exactly, that this persistent and determined man, Livingston, was ever urging on him to undertake.

One day in early June—and the year, now, 1695—mine host of the Dark Ship sent word to me that among letters brought by the great ship, *Strathlone Castle,* there was a letter for me among those lying at the tavern.

I know not why the news chilled me. I was certain that the letter came from Captain Kidd. Yet, hitherto, when he had writ a ream of paper to me, always it was enclosed within a letter to his wife—as even were his letters to Sancia.

So it was with uneasiness that I went to the Dark Ship and got me my letter, and withdrew to my own house to read it. And this was the alarming news it carried as he wrote it:

London, y^e^ 15th
of April, 1695.

MY DEAR LAD,

I am in a pickle, and write the plain and sorry facts of it to you in private so that you may gently acquaint Sarah and Sancia with this disturbing news of me.

The truth is I have been beset by Robert Livingston; but managed to evade, avoid, and beat him off. But to no purpose; for I found my business here slyly interfered with, and presently blocked, so that I could make no headway, and finish, and sail for home.

This man hath encompassed me with an art and a persistence astonishing; and now has caught me, and I am fairly in the trap.

This is what he has done: he has persuaded the great

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folk to press Lord Bellomont upon the King, to be named as Governor of New York and Massachusetts.

I am told that his Majesty has so designated Lord Bellomont, though he is not yet commissioned; and the news is still secret.

And this is the argument; that Colonel Fletcher's government in New York and his traffic with pirates is become a stench and a scandal in the King's nostrils. And, further, that my Lord Bellomont is to go out pledged *sacrement*[6] to purge New York City of pirates, and aid, by land and sea, to clear the coastal waters of these gentry.

Well, so much for Bellomont. Now—the mouse in the cheese! And that mouse is Robert Livingston. And the great cheese he nibbles is the private share-company into which other nibblers shall come and all nibble cheek by jowl.

The reason for this share company is because the King's war-ships all are needed to fight the French, and the Admiralty will not withdraw any one o' them to go to take pirates in the Arabian Sea, or in any other waters.

This share-company is organized by the great folk—and one o' them is the greatest of all—the King!—and I am bidden to come in with them, and buy stock, and take command in person of the operation!

And, if I refuse—well, I am given a smiling hint that *my ships will be stopped in the river* if ever again I attempt to trade on the high seas. . . . Which means that *your* ships will be stopped; and that you never can become a merchant, or continue and carry on the fine business I have builded up and which it is agreed that you were to control and continue after my return to New York.

Was ever an honest man in such a pickle as this? I—who have enough; who have wife and children and a good home, must now take to the seas and chase pirates for profit because Robert Livingston hath persuaded the First Lord of the Admiralty that I am honest above

[6] The Dutch oath, become local in New York.

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suspicion; that I have courage; that there is no sea-captain of today who knows these pirates as I do; or who has so intimate a knowledge of their haunts, habits, rendezvous; and how best to pursue and discover and take or destroy them!

So I am politely made to understand that unless I take a share in a ship, and command her in person, and set forth to take pirates to the King's profit and the profit of sundry great lords, my ships will be stopped in the river and my business and trade ruined.

Well, in this share-company, among others, are Sir Edward Russell, the Duke of Shrewsbury, Sir John Somers, the Earl of Romney, Robert Livingston, Lord Bellomont, his Majesty the King—and my humble self.

These great folk,[7] at the solicitation of Livingston and Bellomont, have agreed to join in the expense of buying and fitting out a proper ship; and that Mr. Livingston and I would be at one-fifth part of the expense; and that the King subscribe not a penny. Which enchants his thrifty Majesty; and he tells these great Lords that the plunder I take from pirates—*who have plundered honest men—shall be shared by them and by me, "except some part which he would reserve for himself . . . to show he was a partner in the undertaking!"*

I begged these gentlemen to leave me out of their agreement; I offered to go out on a *King's Ship,* with officers and men of the *King's navy,* and show them where pirates resorted—only that the *King's sailors* and not I should fight and take them.

But no; the King will not have it; and I must command this share-company ship and set out to take pirates and plunder them of their ill-gotten gains—so that the King and the noble Lords can share what plunder I may secure!

And his Majesty invests nothing!—not a stiver! And I

[7] Testimony of "A Person of Quality," the only eye-witness to this sordid agreement.

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must subscribe £600 to an enterprise in which I am most loath to embark, nor desire to touch with a single finger.

Why should I be made to touch it when the very men who have made this partnership insist that *their* names be kept out of it? The King has forbid any mention of his connection with it; and so have the Lord Chancellor, the Earl of Orford, the Earl of Romney, and his grace of Shrewsbury. Oh, no! Not these! But the grant expressly states that, with his Majesty's *knowledge* and *encouragement* the expedition is fitted out by the *Earl of Bellomont* and Sir Edmund Harrison, and four obscure people, namely, Samuel Newton, George Watson, John Rowley, and Thomas Reynolds—not one o' them having advanced a farthing of their own.

Dirck, this is an utterly improper grant, and seems to me illegal. Yet, who am I to question the King of England—who is to profit by this to the extent of one full, clear, tenth part of any vessels, merchandise, moneys, goods, and wares that may be taken by the share-company's ship under my command?

Thus am I trapped. For two commissions are to be issued to me; the one being letters of marque and reprisal in ordinary, empowering me to seize French ships; the other authorizing me to take certain pirates, four in number, namely, Thomas Tew, John Ireland, Thomas Wake, and William Maze. Also any other pirates, corsairs, freebooters, sea-rovers, and buccaneers wherever discovered.

Now, with these commissions are certain articles of agreement which will never please any crew that ever shipped for any cruise; because it is provided that if I take no prizes my crew receives no pay; and that if I take not enough to pay for the fitting out of my ship, then Livingston and I must pay to the noble lords nearly £5000 to reimburse them!

Why, Dirck, were it not done by his Majesty King

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William the Third, I would say that they were black-mailing me!

But what can a plain, Scottish sea-captain do when his King and his Government order him to sea to take pirate treasure—*or have his ships stopped in the river?*

So I am to take command of the *Adventure Galley*, 287 tons, 34 guns, 70 men—when she is fitted—and from here sail to New York and there take on more stores and more men; and thence stand for the Red Sea.

God knows how you are to break this dismal news to my wife and Sancia—only that you shall contrive to do it gently; and make little or nothing of it but take all lightly, and say I soon shall be in New York, and then but a short while at sea, and then to return and never again, so help me God, stir from my home and those I love.

I am, in much perplexity and distress,

Your affectionate friend,

WILLIAM KIDD.

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Chapter XXXI

THIS dire news, in due time, I broke as gently as I might to Sarah and to Sancia, but it is useless to deny that there was consternation among us all.

And now, more than ever, Sancia and I dared not ruffle our bigot Governor by marrying each other immediately, or elsewhere than in his new church. No; it were best to remain on amiable terms with all bigots, bullies, and tyrants, and endure as we might for Captain Kidd's sake.

By every ship, and during that long, hot summer in New York, came letters from our Captain—the letters of a trapped man still bewildered at his own plight.

By these we learned that his new ship, the *Adventure Galley,* was to be built in Castle's Yard at Deptford, and should be launched by the end of the year, and that the lords and great folk interested insisted that he overlook and superintend everything, so that he was overwhelmed with their business and scarce had time to write us.

To Sarah he wrote with a forced gaiety, and dauntlessly; nor let her understand how deep this business struck at his peace of mind and his desires for retirement and a quiet life with her and their children.

To me he wrote plainly, yet always with that honest courage which was his character—heartily damning these folk who constrained him to this against his will, yet

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resigned to the inevitable and bowing to the will of his most unworthy King.

That was a hot and dreary summer, and we of his family—and I now counted myself as one—existed merely from day to day in hopes of news by incoming ships.

None from England entered in Sandy Hook without a letter from our Captain, but the news was nothing altered only that the business slowly approached completion and the King of England was impatient and greedy to touch pirate gold.

Autumn came; and letters warning us that the ship was nearly ready and that our Captain would sail very soon for New York. Lord, what dreary waiting it was for his wife! But Sancia and I had each other; and youth, in love, can bear with anything that harms neither love nor beloved.

Winter came early that season; and then the new year of 1696—a rainy, foggy winter with little snow and the foot-paths of the city a glare of ice on which children slid and skated, and sober folk fell flat.

It was nearly the end of April when there came a letter from Captain Kidd in which he told us that on the fourth of December the *Adventure Galley* had been launched at Castle's; that late in February she had her guns and stores aboard, and came to the buoy in the Nore, where presently the captain of the man-o'-war, *Queensborough,* pressed his men for the fleet and kept him there still; and that he knew not what to do being robbed thus of his crew, but Mr. Livingston had run to the Admiralty with loud complaints.

And that was all we heard of our poor Captain until midsummer, when suddenly he sailed into New York Bay aboard his ship, the *Adventure Galley,* and gave the Fort

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seven guns which went echoing through the City of New York from the docks to the Out-Ward and Turtle Bay.

But only the day before, having become desperate at the delay, and having consulted Sarah and Sancia, I planned to wait upon the Governor and see what might be accomplished to divert him from his desire to have for us a bishop to marry us in his new church on the King's farm.

Sancia thought it prudent to wait upon Colonel Fletcher, after dinner. So when the hour seemed ripe, I took leave of her and went and dressed me in my new grey velvet and new baldrick and fine beaver hat.

It was a fine summer day, with blue sky and a light breeze from acres of grassy uplands which brought a sweet smell into the city.

Governor Fletcher I went to see; and discovered him, unbelted, in his library after dinner, with three bottles of Port cracked and a servant fetching another.

The Governor was sullen and madded because, as he said, of the vile disrespect shown him by the Assembly. He said that all America was leagued against him, and that ingratitude was his portion.

"Sir," said I, "my future father-in-law, Captain William Kidd, has sailed from the Nore."

He gave me a sulky stare: "Well," says he, "I know that, too. But what has that to do with the ingratitude with which the world uses me? What did they do to me at Hartford when I went thither to show them my commission to command their lousy soldiers? Why, the rogues cut me short in my speech with drums! Would you credit me when I tell you that their Captain Wadsworth drowned the reading of my commission by ordering the drums to beat!—"

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"Sir," I interposed politely, "in regard to the instant approach of Captain Kidd in the *Adventure Galley*—"

But now he was wrathfully intent on his own grievances; and he began to exclaim and cry out against Penn's Government which refused him any salary, and only a miserable sum for common defence, first stipulating that it "should not be dipped in blood."

"That's Quaker gratitude for you!" says he, "and Count Frontenac can scalp 'em all and burn Philadelphia for all I care." He seized and swallowed a tall glassful of Port and pressed another upon me.

"Come, Mr. Hazlett," says he thickly, "there is cheer in good old wine, if there be none in Pennsylvania. Come, sir; you shall tell me how you fought the *Hirondelle* against the Spaniard; and every time you fire a gun at 'em we shall confirm it with a bottle! Come, I say!—shall we be merry? Heart of oak, shall we be merry?"

He bawled for another bottle; and I durst not cross him. He began to sing about—

When the wind blows
Off Barbadoes
As we sail the Spanish Main;
Only God knows
Where the gold goes
When no ships sail home again!

And "There," says he, "is a ditty taught me by Captain Tew—a very pleasant and learned man," says he, a-wagging of his head—"and no more a pirate than any captain out o' Port Royal a-chasing of a rascal Spaniard. No! For the Carolinians claim their right to levy war by their own authority,[1] and they're right! And by my own

[1] Their Assembly passed an act to raise money and men to invade Florida although Spain and England were not then at war.

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authority I commission Tommy Tew to take the French flag—" he winked at me—"And I am right, too!" He burst into a roar of laughter.

"Sir," said I, patiently still, "when Captain Kidd anchors in the East River I mean to join him as a volunteer for the Red Sea!"

"Stout heart! Hurrah!" he shouts, "we'll crack another bottle on that—"

"—But," I continued desperately, "before I sail I most earnestly desire to marry—"

"In my new church of Trinity! You shall! You shall be married in my new church [2] as soon as it is builded and consecrated! And I shall have a bishop there for you if I have to go to England and catch you one and tie him up in his cassock and stow him in the hold!—" His red face became congested with rage: ". . . Why do not they send me a bishop for my parish of Trinity!" he bawled. "There's more ingratitude for you! But I'll show 'em! They'll find me as stubborn as they are! And I swear you shall not marry you a wife until they send me my bishop—"

"But, sir, consider me!"—

"I do consider you," he replied furiously; "I promise you a bishop, and you shall have one whatever the Bishop of London has to say about it! And that's as flat as Flatbush!"

Exasperated, I still controlled my temper and my desire

The mutual hatred and dread between the Spaniards in Florida and the Carolinians lasted a long while.

[2] Trinity Church actually was not finished, and building and grounds consecrated, until March, 1698. Although the new Dutch Church on Garden Street extended courtesies to the Reverend William Vesey, the first Rector of Trinity; and in that church, at the Feast of the Nativity in 1697, Governor Fletcher inducted him into his parish.

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to take this fat fool by the collar. But I saw there was nothing to be done with this ridiculous bigot; and so presently took my departure whilst he lolled in his chair a-singing of Barbadoes and the ships that return no more to port.

I do not say he was drunk. I never heard of Governor Fletcher being drunk. But he drank and gobbled till he was purple in the face, and I think his habits fattened his wits and swelled his temper. Anyway, I was devilish glad to be rid of him.

Sancia I went to see, and discovered her up a cherry tree in her garden.

"Come up, long face," says she, her mouth wet and crimson from the fruit; so I went up the ladder and plucked cherries and fed them to her whilst I pictured for her our jackass Governor and his new and crazy purpose to catch for us a bishop.

Sancia laughed, but I told her it was no laughing matter, and that, were it not for Captain Kidd's sake, I'd make a Gretna Green of our business.

"Would you?" says she, still laughing at me. "I had not thought you so ardent, Dirck." She leaned from the branch where she was seated and placed both hands on my shoulders to search my face with mocking eyes. But seemed to discover there something to sober her.

"What's in your mind?" says she; ". . . what purpose are you hiding from me?"

"None—"

"Dirck! That is not true."

"Well, then—I meant to tell you. . . . Whether I would or no, I can not let your father sail alone—for very shame. . . . If I am to carry on his business, and have a share in it; and, some day, make it mine, then, when he

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arrives in New York I can not choose but go with him when he sails again."

Her gray eyes had grown very wide; and now they quivered and blurred, and she began to weep without a sound.

"Your father is troubled and bewildered and has no heart for this commission from his King," said I. "Would you have me fail him when he needs me?"

"N-no. . . . Oh, Dirck! . . . Oh, Lord!"

"Dearest—"

"I thought you had done with swords and ships," she whimpered.

"How can I allow your father to sail alone to the Red Sea with such a crew?"

"Is it a bad crew?"

"I know nothing about them only what generally is said of a privateer's crew. . . . That's how all pirates are made—out of privateers . . . that's how they begin—and then turn pirate. . . . Not all of 'em. The *China Rose* carried a clean crew and carefully picked—none o' Tew's and Ireland's gang—but decent seafaring folk. And I know not but that your father's crew is the same. . . . Only if a man-o'-war pressed them at the Nore, then your father had to scrape a dirty lot of dogs from the water front to fill in."

She wiped her eyes with her laced apron. "I desire no more cherries," said she.

We climbed down out of the cherry tree, and she stood desolate and lovely, lips and fingers all stained with the fruit and her cheeks still wet with tears.

"For this damned Governor of ours," said she, "I care not a stiver; so let us find somebody to marry us instantly —for I want you for my husband before you sail—"

She began to whimper again, and put both arms around

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my neck; and I kissed her wet eyes and her lips and hair.

"We must not turn this jackass Governor against your father," said I, ". . . lest he stop his ships in the bay some day."

"No-o! . . . Oh, Lord, what vexations and troubles seem to descend upon this quiet family that never troubles anybody and desires only to be left to one another and in peace!—"

That was the third day of July that I waited upon the Governor. On the very next day Captain Kidd's cannon saluted the fort, and into the River he came a-sailing aboard the *Adventure Galley* and carrying with him a small French vessel loaded with salt and fishing tackle, which prize [3] he had taken on her way to Newfoundland.

[3] This vessel was adjudged a legal prize by the Admiralty Court in New York. She was sold there, and the proceeds of her sale were used to pay for provisions and further armament of Captain Kidd's ship, the *Adventure Galley*.

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Chapter XXXII

I DID not know our Captain had arrived. I heard cannon and wondered what ship was saluting the Fort. A frigate had been expected, and I supposed it was she. After my soupaan breakfast at the Tavern I went out to the waterside to look about and inquire, and there made out two strange ships up the East River and heard the news that Captain Kidd was anchored off the ship-yard with a French prize moored near astern.

Even as I gazed I saw the new wet docks[1] swarming with his sailors coming ashore; and I thought they seemed a scurvy and impudent lot to look upon—these swaggering and bedizened privateersmen, with their sashes and earrings and hangers and pistols, out of the *Adventure Galley*.

But I lost no time in considering these noisy, boisterous fellows, but ran instantly to the Great Queen Street house, and there discovered the Captain in a new suit of blue velvet and brocade, a-walking in his garden with one arm around his wife and t'other around Sancia.

"Dirck!" cried he, dropping his charming companions to seize my hand and clasp it, "what is all this they are telling me about your sailing aboard me?—and God bless you for the thought, my dear lad!—"

He put both powerful arms around me and hugged me, then held me away from him for a keen inspection.

"By heaven," said he, "I should be content to know that this young man were aboard the *Adventure Galley*

[1] Additions had been made to the docks and piers lengthened.

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with me when I sail out o' New York! But I don't ask it, Dirck. No! For this damned commission o' mine that my King hath forced upon me is no concern of yours, and touches not on our agreement—"

"Sir," said I, "what touches this family touches *me!* Do you suppose, sir, that I would allow you to sail from New York on this hardy adventure and not be one of your company?"

"There," says he, turning to his wife, "stands a friend! God knows I need one aboard." Then, to Sancia: "But, child, if I take your beau you never would forgive me; would you? I ask too much! I rob you—"

Sancia smiled: "I never could forgive Dirck if he failed you now," said she; and took my hand in hers and held it crushed in her restless and nervous fingers. "Take him," says she, ". . . or he is no lover of mine."

We all felt the strain of the moment, but all faced it.

The Captain's emotion was very visible. He said to his wife:

"The children are loyal and kind. . . . In them and in you I am blessed. I find here great happiness who have not elsewhere found much, nor any real kindness lately. . . . Folk there are who call themselves my friends, but whose greed pushes me into a cursed hazard not of my own choice or seeking. . . . Well, let us be seated here in our homely, pleasant garden among our flowers and fruit-trees—"

He gently drew his wife to a painted bench beside him, and she took from him his long clay pipe and began to fill it.

Sancia ran back into the house and fetched him a coal to light it; then she seated herself on the grass, and I lay down beside her, my chin upon her knees.

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I thought the Captain seemed thin and worn. There were new lines in his manly face where none had been when last I saw him; and at his temples there seemed a slight silvery glimmer of age. But his sea-blue Scottish eyes were as clear and keen as ever, and his firm, sun-browned features as fine and resolute.

He drew an aromatic cloud from his pipe and slipped one arm around his wife's supple body.

"I have no secrets from any here," he said. "This business of pirate chasing in the Indian Ocean is not to my liking, and I am free to say so. But my King, and other great folk, demand that I carry it through; and, by God's grace, I shall endeavour to do so and to hasten the affair and presently make a successful end of it."

He looked at me with an odd smile: "Once," said he, "it suited Bob Livingston to fit out those fancy gentlemen who sailed On The Account. Now it suits him to fit out an honest man to take them on the high-seas; and to sink these old friends of his or fetch them back for a rope's end betwixt high-tide mark and low. . . . *His former friends!*—John Ireland, Thomas Maze, Mr. Tew, Mr. Wake—"

"Wake, the pirate, was found dead in The Pie Woman's Lane," said Sancia, calmly.

"An easier end than he might have expected," said the Captain. . . . "Well, that is my commission—with other letters of reprisal—to take these men; and any others who fly the bones, or a bloody flag, or a French one. . . . I be fair sick o' London. And of lords and great folk. . . . I was lonely for you, Sarah—and for the baby—"

She rested her pretty cheek against his in silence; and he went on: "I had trouble enough to gather me a decent crew. But I got together a fine and honest ship's company. Then, at the Nore, they pressed 'em. I got back only the

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dregs o' them. Others I shall secure here in New York. There's a drum out now with the boatswain and my gunner, Will Moore."

"Do you not wholly fancy your crew, sir?" I asked, troubled.

"No, I do not. The Fleet took my best men. These are all I could get together at the pinch. They'll need a firm hand. . . . I am glad that you wish to sail with me, Dirck."

"So am I," said I seriously. As I spoke, we heard the drum coming along the open place where is now Hanover Square. It ceased. Somebody blew a boatswain's whistle for attention, and then a voice cried:

"Now, brave lads and merry, here's the chance you've waited for! Here's a stout, swift ship and a bold and enterprising master, all anchored at your back doors! Who'll step aboard and sign?

"There's glory to be had and prize money! Each and every man aboard the *Adventure Galley* shall share in the gold and silver and jewels, and in all the rich and priceless bales that the pirates lately took when they stopped the flag of the Great Mogul in the Indian Ocean!

"Now, then, who's the first to step up and sign and go aboard Captain Kidd?"

A voice demanded: "What's the agreement?" And others cried: "Yes, what's the pay?"

"Pay!" echoed the orator, scornfully, "what pay?"

"Wages!" returned several voices.

"Well, then," cried the spokesman, "it's no prize, no plunder! No purchase,[2] no pay! And is there any lad of heart and courage who is to be daunted by these articles?"

[2] Price. These were the terms employed.

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The drum rolled out three long ruffles.

I said to the Captain: "Is that the condition, then?"

"Yes," said he, "and it's against my advice; for a crew on regular wages works the better to augment their pay. But no! The noble lords who share in this enterprise are economical. And our King cries up his poverty. So it's no prize, no pay; and I am like to ship a most desperate lot of rascals who would sign such articles—for it will be in the mind of every rogue aboard to take the ship from me if I take no prizes. . . . Very well; I hope at any rate, to give 'em a belly full o' fighting."

He laughed, grimly, squeezed his wife's waist and winked at Sancia and me as though to say, "Let the rogues try to take my ship from me and they'll soon learn who is master aboard the *Adventure Galley!*"

Meanwhile, the voice of the boatswain continued outside the garden wall, urging young men to sign for the glorious cruise of the *Adventure Galley,* 34 guns, 287 tons burthen, under the brave and enterprising Captain Kidd who had fought the French at Basseterre in '89 and brought a tall ship to Nevis; and who had fought them again in '90 at Marie Galante; and again took a French ship and brought her into New York to the glory of God and of King William the Third.

The Captain, listening to his praises sung on the other side of the wall by his lusty-lunged boatswain, looked sheepishly at us and laughed. Then he remarked that the boatswain neglected to mention how the Boston skinflints had offered him a ship in '90 on ruinous terms, and, when he refused, had complained to Governor Sloughter that he was timid and had neglected a fine and thrifty opportunity to take another French prize.

At which we all were merry because it seemed droll to

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us that nobody except a sour, whining, and witch-burning New Englander had ever dared question the courage of our Captain.

"Yes," said Sancia in her sudden, fiery manner, "those cowardly Puritans are hanging poor old women and pressing helpless old men to death, but have no stomach to defend their fort of Pemaquid!"

"The New Englanders are not cowards," said Captain Kidd, gravely. "Never believe that, Sancia."

"They are tyrants and superstitious hypocrites, then," returned Sancia, ". . . they and their Cotton Mather. . . ."

"Thou talkest too freely, sweeting," said Sarah Kidd, gently. "Pray run to the nursery and fetch us Betty, for it is time she were awake."

Sancia sprang up from the grass and went into the house. She was singing the Pemaquid ballad as she went.

"Sir," said I to Captain Kidd, "when do you propose to sail?"

"I can not fill a crew, re-fit, and be ready to weigh before September," he replied.

"I thank God for these two promised months," murmured his wife. I looked at her and she upon me. She wore a new gold chain that her husband had fetched for her out of London. Upon it hung a golden heart set with a ruby. Looking at me, she lifted the heart and touched it with her lips in silence. The Captain was gazing elsewhere.

Her eyes searched mine earnestly. I nodded. It was my pledge to stand by the man she loved; and she understood, and smiled at me through a sudden mist of tears.

Sancia came with Betty, now a charming child of three

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and more; and the Captain held out his arms for her and fondled and played with her.

"Sweetheart," says he, "you shall make haste and grow into a big and likely lass whilst I am away a-chasing Mr. Tew; and when I return I shall bring you a pretty golden chain with a heart dangling from it like that you notice there upon your mother's breast." And he gave her his watch to play with and laughed to see how her baby finger followed the slow hands a-moving.

"Time," said he, "is the tedious moment betwixt one kiss and the next."

The child put her arms around her father's neck and kissed him rapturously again and again. Then she desired to play with the cherries which Sancia had hung, two on a stem, over her ears; and she scrambled down from the Captain's knees and sat between Sancia and me: "I want a cherry!" she lisped.

"Mind," said Sarah gently, "she is to eat no cherries save only cooked, and in her tart at dinner."

So, to amuse Betty, Sancia lifted her upon her lap and hummed the Pemaquid ballad to her—

"Now, forward, march!" says Frontenac,
"To take the Fort of Pemaquid!
And if you're beaten, come not back!"
The Mounseers marched as they were bid,
And as he bid 'em, so they did
And took the Fort of Pemaquid.

With a rub-dub-dub!
And a bang-bang-bang!
And may all Massachusetts men go hang!

And, "Bang-bang-bang!" cried Betty, clapping her little hands, ". . . sing it to me, sister Sancia!"

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So Sancia laughed and went on:

"Now, dammy!" quoth Sir William Phips,
"The Count of Frontenac shall die!
I'll trim him with my fleet o' ships
And blow his fortresses sky high!
Hereby all Mounseers I defy
And hurl at them my battle cry."

With a rub-dub-dub!
And a bang-bang-bang!
And may Count Frontenac go hang!

Quoth Captain Kidd, smilingly: "I would we had a Count Frontenac of our own in New York—and let Massachusetts keep her Phips."

Sancia sang on:

Hail, Boston! Hail, Sir William Phips,
Our Admiral of high degree![8]
We have it from his very lips
No warrior lives as brave as he;
And so we marvel more to see
Sir William turn his tail and flee.

With a rub-dub-dub!
And a bang-bang-bang!
And none who drown were born to hang!

Captain Kidd, still smiling, shook his head: "No," said he, "they should not make such ballads; for Sir William Phips is a brave man, though hasty tempered; but Frontenac is both o' these and marvellous clever, too. . . God help the man who does his best and yet leaves a memory for jests and curses."

[8] His origin was very humble.

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He rose and scraped out his pipe: "That is a sad fate," said he, "to do faithfully one's duty, and yet become an object of ridicule and reproach. . . . And leave such a name behind. . . . Well, I think it is the dinner hour. . . . And after, in the cool o' the day, we shall go aboard my new ship—yes, thou, too, Betty!—and you all shall see, and praise her, and tell me how fine a privateer on his Majesty's service is our pretty *Adventure Galley*."

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Chapter XXXIII

THE months of July and August seemed no longer than a day each, so swiftly time flew, what with feverish preparations for departure and the signing and assembling of the men we lacked aboard the *Adventure Galley*. In all we required 160 men, and had but 90.

Our Captain did his utmost to come by a decent crew, yet we were obliged to ship many whom we suspected of having sailed On The Account, and who had the look of old pirates, though all denied it save two who protested they had been forced by Wake; but these we would have none of. Yet our crew was but the scrapings of the city; and we knew it but could not help it.

Every day, stores went aboard us. Pell and Philipse were most eager and covetous to have a hand in the undoing of these same proscribed and outlawed pirates who once had aided them to build up the vast fortunes which they now possessed. Let the future applaud them as it may, but these, and others, were but mean and grasping men[1] whose God was gold; and gold they worshipped, wherever minted, or however fouled with blood and tears.

Even our bigoted and canting Governor himself was besmirched by the filth that stuck to the "presents" carried to him, his lady, and his daughters by such bloody rascals

[1] The reader should always remember that Dirck Hazlett saw everything through the eyes of a devoted admirer and friend to Captain Kidd and his family. And he had his prejudices.

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as his friends, Captain Tew, John Ireland, and Thomas Maze.

As for my marriage with Sancia before I sailed, there seemed no hope of it; for the Governor was in an angry and tender temper, having heard rumours that my Lord Bellomont was to be named; and his mood had become none too friendly toward Captain Kidd, whose friend and associate Lord Bellomont was now known to be.

"Well," said he, spitefully, to our Captain, "if Bellomont be a friend to young Leisler and his mother and his six sisters, as they tell me, and if he come hither to supersede me, then all my work for the Established Church is utterly undone, and I shall have no bishop to marry your daughter to Mr. Hazlett. So smoke that in your long clay pipe, my friend, and tell me how it smacks —or stinks!"

And when Captain Kidd ventured to suggest that I could do very nicely without a bishop; and that the Dutch Church could be had for the ceremony, Colonel Fletcher told him bluntly that I might do as I pleased when Bellomont arrived; but that such folk as Captain Kidd and his wife and daughters must support the Church of England in this crisis or look for no favour from Government when they desired the countenance of authority in their shipping business. Which was the plainest threat to stop our trade in the Lower Bay.

I swallowed it for all our sakes—Sancia's, too, who must one day depend upon the trade her father had established and which I was to carry on.

And it involved the fortune of Sarah, and of little Betty, too, as well as the Captain himself, whose fortune was invested in this same honest and well-established sea-trade.

So Sancia and I very sadly resolved to wait until my

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Lord Bellomont should arrive and rid the Provinces of this bigot's churchly tyranny—and of his damned pirates, too, so that New York City should no longer remain a stench and an offence to civilization.

Well, the two months' grace passed as swiftly as so many hours; and on the 6th day of September we were ready to hoist the Blue Peter.

A privateer, being an irregular, may carry such officers as the Captain pleases; and thus I was named gun-lieutenant for lack of experience in navigation and other duties aboard ship.

We mustered a crew of one hundred and fifty-eight hang-dog rogues; a sailing-master, mate, gunner, gunner's mate, boatswain, boatswain's mate, doctor, cook, carpenter, drummer.

Captain Kidd's commissions were double—to take four known pirates particularly named, these being Messrs. Tew, Ireland, Maze, and Wake—the last now doubtless in hell—and to take any other pirate met with.

Secondly, to take the French flag—we being at war with that nation.

Captain Kidd showed his wife, Sancia, and me, the sailing orders writ by my Lord Bellomont—also a shareholder in the enterprise—which directed our Captain to "serve God in the best manner you can. . . . and I pray God grant you good success, and send us a good meeting again!" . . . And how this treacherous Earl of Bellomont could dare so to invoke the most high God is beyond the mind of any decent man— But I grow hot too swiftly, and must return to that 6th day of September in the year 1696, when I took Sancia into my arms and kissed her pale, sweet face, and swore I loved only her, and never should love any other upon this earth.

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"How long shall you be gone?" she asked.

I said, a year. I dared not tell her all I feared.

"Well," said she, "if it be a hundred years, you shall still find me waiting though I lie in my grave."

I strove to make her smile. She endeavoured to do so. But her lips were as chill as her hands at my touch o' them.

So I took leave of Sarah and of little Betty there in the golden sunshine of the September garden where grapes hung purple amid brown and crisping leaves.

My Captain had made his adieux and had gone aboard. Now, through the dusky house, I walked with Sancia, and so, slowly, out by the front door and down the stoop.

"Take my arm," said I.

She took it in pallid silence. We turned away toward the city gate, passed through, and so came to my little house.

"Am I to enter with you?" she asked, wondering.

"Yes," said I, "the door is open, and friends await us."

So, holding to my arm, she mounted the steps and entered my little house on my arm; and a man, seated, reading, laid aside his book and rose to greet us.

"Colonel De Peyster!" said she, surprised.

The handsome Colonel bent low and lifted her hand to his lips; and she gazed at him and at me in silence. Then, suddenly, she went scarlet and seemed to understand.

"Sweetheart," said I, "this gentleman being a magistrate,[2] is empowered to unite us in marriage; and, if the

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[2] Colonel De Peyster, who had been Mayor of New York during 1691-'92-'93, was now a magistrate. He was Chief Justice of the Province, and President of the Council under Bellomont. The present Mayor of New York was William Merritt, an ex-sea captain, 1695-'96-'97.

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bans are cried somewhat tardily, none the less the bans shall be published and proclaimed on that day when my Lord Bellomont arrives to govern this Province of New York."

Colonel De Peyster smiled upon her, saying that the proceeding would hold, although savouring of Gretna Green; that our Mayor, Mr. Merritt, an old and close friend of Captain Kidd, was in the secret, and approved. Then he smiled in his kindly, gentle fashion upon Sancia and asked her whether, under the circumstances, she desired to be married.

"Yes," she said, turning pale again.

"Your father and mother know what we are about and that we are here," said I. "At the last moment I thought of Colonel De Peyster and he consented to do this for us."

"Where are your witnesses, Dirck?" inquired the Colonel, turning to me. But, as he spoke, the street door opened and Maddaleen Wyck came in quickly with Riel de Lanois. To Sancia they made their manners very seriously, and then to Colonel De Peyster and to me.

No time was to be lost. Out o' my window I glanced and saw my ship at anchor off the ship-yard. I drew a ring from my pocket; Colonel De Peyster instructed us in a brief word or two. And so, with my ring, I married Sancia Caradac in the little parlour of my own house, into which she entered a maid and went out again a bride and wife.

Maddaleen and Riel signed the certificate which was ready; and so took leave of us. Colonel De Peyster kissed my bride's hand again, gave her the parchment, then took his leave of me, going secretly by the garden gate.

I looked at my watch; then out of the window where I could see my ship at anchor.

"It is ten o'clock," said I. "The *Adventure Galley* hoists

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the Peter at noon. She sails at four this afternoon. I have leave to remain here with you until half-past three."

She gave me a dazed, blind look.

"Five hours," said I. . . . "God is kind. He gives us five hours and bids us call them weeks or months or years, as it please us. . . . So, we have before us five full years of happiness together. . . . In our own house. . . . *Ours*. . . . Here is the key to it—"

I handed her the great iron door key. Her cheeks reddened brightly; she bent her head, opened her laced pocket of damask, placed in it the key, and drew the silken cord again.

Very slowly she went to the street door, and slowly bolted it. And, as slowly, came back to me; and dropped her two arms around my neck, and laid her flushed young face, softly, against mine.

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Chapter XXXIV

NOW, of this damned cruise of the *Adventure Galley,* which continued for three accursed years, I am obliged to tell you. And shall be as brief as may be, yet having every care to relate what truly bears upon this narrative which chiefly concerns my dear Captain. Therefore, I shall be at pains to lead you to understand the exact truth regarding him, his ship, his men, his voyage, and the great lords and selfish politicians who despatched him upon this hopeless adventure against his inclination, better judgment, and his will.

I scarce know now how I got me aboard the *Adventure Galley*—so deep the enchantment of love that drugged me, blinded me to all under the heavenly spell and sorcery of my young bride.

In the magic of those few swift hours we lived a little lifetime—from birth to the last sigh—

And like the Last Trump of Judgment came the crash of a cannon shot from the *Adventure Galley,* shaking our house to the cellar walls. And, stepping to the window, we saw the Blue Peter flying aloft in a cloudless sky.

I know not how I got me aboard. Through a glass I could see Sancia standing on the stoop of our little house and holding the great iron door key. Once she lifted her laced hanker and let it ripple in the wind.

We weighed and passed out the Narrows and along Sandy Hook, and another ship sailed in our company—a

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Bermuda Brigantine; Captain Joyner—and so met the foaming swell of the Atlantic under a blue and windy sky.

I was so in love that I knew not what I was about aboard, nor why I wandered from gun to gun or discovered myself roaming about the shot-locker.

Toward sunset the gunner, William Moore, came to acquaint me that Captain Kidd desired me to come to the poop. And when I went thither: "Well," said he, "is it done?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did Colonel De Peyster marry you?"

"Yes, sir."

"That is well, my son," said he calmly.

He called the sailing-master to the helm and came to me, and we walked to the rail where we leaned together upon the after swivel.

"All that you and I love and adore on earth," says he, "awaits us yonder in New York. . . . You have been a loyal friend to me and mine, Dirck. You are become, today, a good and loyal son. May God bless and reward you and bring you safely again to her you love."

"May God do the like to you, sir."

"Amen," said he, staring at the bloody sunset which bathed the sea in scarlet and painted our ship and Joyner's crimson—sail and mast and every broadside gun.

Now, upon our outward voyage, there is nothing remarkable to relate; and so, by your leave, I shall set down for you merely the entries in my Journal with which my narrative should be properly and truthfully constructed.

Well, three days out o' Sandy Hook we raised a brigantine hull down; and chased her three days and caught her on the fourth day. But she was a Portuguese from Brazil, and her Master presented us with a roll of tobacco

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and some sugar, and we gave him a Cheshire cheese and a barrel of white biscuit. And parted friends.

So, under easy sail and with fair weather always attending us, we stood for the Madeiras; and arrived there the 8th of October; and there took on some wine for the Captain's cabin; and gave rigging and canvas to a Barbadoes brigantine which had lost a mast and bow-sprit; and her captain gave us three barrels of sugar.

Thence we weighed and sailed in company with Captain Joyner, for Bonavista; where we took in salt. From here, always blessed with fair weather and a pretty wind, to St. Jago, where we filled every cask and butt with sweet water. And from St. Jago we weighed and set every sail, and stood for the Cape of Good Hope.

Concerning our ship—I knew that Captain Kidd liked her and loved to take the helm and pet and humour her and dally with her by the hour.

I am no mariner, and have no knowledge of ships or of navigation, so my opinion is worthless; but I did not like the *Adventure Galley,* yet she swam well, and was a dry ship, and swift. Yet, for a new one she did not seem very sound, to me, nor as well and solidly built as she might have been; and, I thought, behaved skittish; and balked or minded her helm capriciously and as suited her. And only the craft and knowledge of her helmsman seemed to hold and guide and get the best out of her so that every cup full o' wind did full duty.

As for our officers and crew, surely anybody could take their measure for as mean and sullen and hang-dog a nest o' dock rats as ever crawled aboard across a hawser.

Our ship's surgeon, Brandenham, seemed a furtive, secret man, ignorant, dirty, and unwilling. Our gunner's name was Will Moore; and he was a thin, pimply, sickly fellow; who would have been impudent had he dared, and

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always had his pale, unhealthy eyes fixed on you like a stray cur awaiting encouragement to fawn.

He; Sam Arris, our steward; Gabriel Loff, a foremast man; and Hugh Parrot, a boy; and an older seaman, one Darby Mullins, an Irishman, were ever together a-whispering. And it seemed to me that the gunner, Moore, and these men were ever at pains to make themselves popular among the crew.

George Bullen, our mate, seemed a rough but capable man. Abel Owens, cook, was as sour as the dough he baked us, and had the hardy look of one who had sailed On The Account.

In our ship's company there seemed very few whom I would care to trust at a pinch or in misfortune. Of these none came from the City of New York. There were young apprentice lads from the surrounding counties of Richmond and Westchester who had honest faces—boys like Bob Lumley, Dick Barleycorn, and Billy Jenkins—but these, mostly from places to the north, or from West Jersey or Long Island, and from such small towns and villages as Hackensack, Hempstead, Southold, Flatlands, Flatbush, Gravesend, New Utrecht, Oyster Bay, Brooklyn, or from Bedford, New Rochelle, Mamaroneck, and Yonkers.

Being of the Captain's mess, and free of his cabin always, often we held good talks together on that long voyage to the Cape of Good Hope; and now, more perfectly, I came to intimate acquaintance and utter knowledge of this honest and simple-minded Scotchman, William Kidd.

For his was a nature as transparent as a child's—and as credulous, alas—believing in the uprightness and honour of any man until that man turned on him to prove the contrary.

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Thus I learned that he trusted the noble lords who sent him forth against his better judgment upon this wild goose chase; that he believed in the good faith of Robert Livingston and my Lord Bellomont; and that his loyalty and belief in the uprightness of his King was nothing destroyed because that monarch's greed for gold had become apparent.

"No, Dirck," said he, a-smoking of his long clay in his comfortable cabin where we sat over a ship's biscuit and a glass of old Madeira, "our King is an honest man, even if he seem cautious and over-thrifty since the good Queen's death. . . . And she was a wise and good Queen, Dirck, whatever others mistakenly hold to the contrary who did not rightly understand her—"

"She distrusted your friend, Lord Bellomont,"[1] said I. "More than that, she hated him."

"A woman's whim, Dirck. Even a Queen may make honest mistakes in judgment. Because I know my Lord Bellomont to be incorruptible."

"Do you so, sir? I am at ease to hear it, then; for it seemed to me that a gentleman who has forced you to this command might not be so sure a staff to lean upon in adversity."

He only laughed, saying that, if this cruise of his turned fortunate, Lady Bellomont had given him to understand that he might possibly expect to be knighted by the King

[1] Queen Mary, shortly before her death, wrote of the Earl of Bellomont who had been her treasurer and receiver general: "Lord Bellomont behaved himself impertinently. I turned him out!" In that same year he had made an ass of himself by his attempts to impeach Lord Coningsby and Lord Justice Sir Charles Porter. He was a handsome, graceful, elegant, showy Irishman who had married a charming young wife, and who was bent on making for her and for himself a brilliant career through trimming sail to every wind and watching the throne out of his weather eye.

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and that the Governor's mansion in New York City always would be open to welcome him and the beautiful Lady Kidd.

"But I make little of such gay guesses," said he, reddening like a boy at the thought of such honours, "though it might please Sarah to be called 'My Lady,' and have pleasant acquaintance among folk of dignity and consequence in London. . . . Well, if my wife wore a coronet, Dirck, she would be no more lovely and dear to me than she is in this hour. . . . God bless and shelter her."

Always, during our talks in his cabin, we discussed his officers and crew; and he said they were well enough and required only a firm hand, though the slovenly ways of the surgeon, Bradenham, disgusted us both, and I, for one, expected trouble with my master gunner, William Moore, who knew I was little acquainted with the sea and ships, and ever was ready to take sneering advantage of any ignorance of mine, and shirk duty or mislead me in sundry and petty ways.

However, I kept this to myself and made no complaint to Captain Kidd concerning anybody aboard ship.

But I thought to myself, "Some day, my lad, somebody will have you triced up for half a hundred lashes if you overstep the line you follow!"

And, with this in mind, I asked the Captain to lend me his apprentice, Will Jenkins, a nice lad; and he did so; and to Jenkins I taught something of small arms and gunnery. Which gave no pleasure to Mr. Moore, though he dared not display any temper but cringed and fawned on me when I came on deck.

One day, in the cabin, I asked my Captain whether we were like to meet with the pirate, Robert Culliford.

"Like enough," says he; "his ship is the *Mocha Frigate*

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and he cruises off Madagascar when the Mecca fleet is due to pass."

"Would you take him, sir?"

"Like a hot shot!" said Captain Kidd, laughing.

"Oh, he hath no letters of reprisal, then?"

"None. He takes all nations."

"Then he flies the Roger?"

"I know not," said Captain Kidd. "It is hard to say exactly what flag a pirate is like to show. Some hoist a black rag bearing a white death's-head and two thigh-bones crossed. Some show a whole skeleton carrying a dart in one bony hand which pierces a human heart. Some, again, fly a bloody flag. And there are those who hoist only a yard of black tarpaulin in threat and defiance. . . . So you see I can not tell you what flag Mr. Culliford is likely to show us if we raise him on the high seas. But I care not, so it be indeed the *Mocha Frigate* and Bob Culliford aboard her with every gun shotted and run out and his trumpeter sounding quarters." [2]

[2] Some pirates carried drummer, trumpeter, and even a sort of band made up of stringed instruments, drums, trumpets, and hautboys.

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Chapter XXXV

I WAS preparing to drill two opposite gun crews of three each assigned to both fore-port guns—namely, Hugh Parrott, Darby Mullins and Martin Skinke, serving the larboard great gun, and Dutch Nouter, Dick-the-Black and English Smith, who had been told off to handle the starboard gun.

Comes our master gunner, Will Moore, slinking by; and, says I, "Take them, Mr. Moore, and smart and lively, now!"

But he was very deliberate and seemed purposely stupid, for he dropped his ports and ran out both guns with the tomkins still plugging 'em, and I spoke so suddenly to him that a mottled and unhealthy colour stained his mean features.

"Sir," says he, "I am an old gunner and I know my trade—"

"If you know your trade," said I, "then you are insolent! Fall out!"

"Mr. Hazlett—"

"Will you answer me then!" said I sharply.

"No, sir—"

"Then stand away aft!"

He obeyed, cringing; and I noticed that the sneer on the features of English Smith and Darby Mullins faded out; and that Dutch looked scared.

So I took those six rogues and drilled 'em till the sweat ran in streams from them; and, when I had done with

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them, called all together and sat me down upon the starboard bow-chaser.

"Now," said I, "this ship is no man-o'-war, and I know it, and so do you; but unless we maintain good feeling and good discipline and respect for officers aboard, we'll all go to the devil.

"Some among you appear to think that I don't know my business. Don't deceive yourselves. I shall not carry this matter to the Captain. I'll take care of it myself.

"Lads, if you are cheerful and willing you shall find me so, too.

"That's all. Dismissed!"

I walked aft for cutlass drill—Captain Kidd loving to observe it from the poop—and, on my way, overtook the shambling and morose gunner.

"Mr. Moore," said I, "change your mind and your manners and we shall be on suitable and pleasant terms. Otherwise, have a care what you are about, for I shall not permit any insubordination among my gun-crews; and next time I shall not speak, but *strike*."

He said in his mealy, fawning way that he meant no disrespect, and I let it rest so.

Now, on the twelfth day of December, in latitude 32°, our masthead made out four sail in line, hull down, and we beat to quarters and ran out our shotted guns.

But they were three English men-o'-war and a fire-ship, Commodore Thomas Warren; being *The Windsor, The Advice,* and *The Tiger;* and we showed him our colours, saluted, and went aboard him as he directed.

These three ships, and the fire-ship, *Vulcan*,[1] had been the only vessels we sighted since parting with Captain Joyner; and, in their company, we sailed a week; and the

[1] The name of the fire-ship is uncertain.

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Commodore had Captain Kidd and me to dine with him in his cabin aboard *The Windsor.*

To us both he was very courteous; and, having examined our commissions, told us they were very good and that he hoped to God we might discover Captain Tew who, he assured us, sailed the Indian Ocean showing a bloody flag to take all nations.

Well, at the end of the week Captain Warren signalled his adieux; and, with his four ships, stood to the north'ard to look for a French squadron supposed to be cruising in those latitudes.

We sailed on for Tullear, a port in the Island of Madagascar, off which we arrived on the 29th day of January, 1697; out from New York since September of the previous year, and not yet having sighted a ship of any description since parting with Joyner, excepting only Captain Warren's squadron.

Now we anchored and watered at Tullear near St. Augustine's Bay, on the southwest coast of the island, and got fresh provisions aboard.

Here came also a sloop out of Barbadoes with rum, sugar, powder, and shot; and had the plague aboard, and, I think, inoculated us. Because her master, a Frenchman, was ill of it, and her owner, a Mr. Hatton, who came aboard us to pay his respect, suddenly sickened and died in Captain Kidd's cabin while conversing with my Captain.

We took the poor man aboard his sloop but he was stark dead and had turned very black all over; and it was a pitiful thing to see how the master lay sick aboard the sloop together with three sailors and a super-cargo, one, Mr. Batt.

Said Captain Kidd to me: "We had best weigh and clear out, Dirck, for this is the plague called cholera, and I doubt nothing but we shall have it now, aboard us; and

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there is no known manner of dealing with this plague save to hoist sail and keep the seas."

So, it being the end of February, we weighed and stood for the Island of Johanna; and, God knows why, that plague-stricken sloop followed us like a dying thing that labours after a wholesome man who flees him.

We could not shake off that sloop. We saw two sail the second day, and gave chase, and fired a gun. They fell astern of us and we discovered them to be India-men; so sailed in their friendly company, and were joined by two other India-men; and so came to Johanna. But the accursed sloop still followed us and anchored so near that we could hear the splashing when they threw overboard their dead.

"My God," says Captain Kidd, "I can not help them, and only the Almighty can do that for them. So what do they want of me to dog me thus?"

So, with the fear o' the plague in us, we weighed at night and stood for Mohelli in the Comoro Islands where we meant to careen and clean ship. But that damned sloop heard us—we setting our bank of oars and four to an oar out o' port—and out with her sweeps and after us in the starlight.

Captain Kidd hailed her and told her to be gone. Several times that night he hailed her, warning her away, but she hung on to our wake, and at sun-up we saw the dying thing still dogging us like the shadow of a damned man.

It is but ten leagues from Johanna to Mohelli. We arrived there about noon; and there we careened and cleaned ship and gave her boot-tops, yet ever in mortal dread of that horrible sloop which had dropped anchor very near; and that very day they buried Mr. Batt whose corpse we saw flung into the sea.

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Well, I was glad to be ashore even in so pest-ridden a spot; and, until we careened, no sign of plague appeared among us.

But one morning a French seaman working near with a slop-bucket full o' tallow, suddenly fell down, the tallow spilling over everything, and there died under my proper eyes as I turned about to reprove him.

We buried him immediately; but that evening three more men sickened, and all were dead by morning.

Five dreadful weeks we were there a-cleaning, repairing, taking on stores and water; and, of our crew, fifty men died of plague; and we weighed and sailed for Johanna with but ninety men.

And that hell's vessel, the sloop, staggered after us.

All our men were terrified and infuriated; and it was understood that they blamed Captain Kidd for not sinking her with a broadside—which would have been most horrid and inhuman, and could not have saved us anyhow, after her master died in our Captain's cabin.

Well, she followed us—the ghastly thing!—into Johanna, and there anchored near us; but we drove her at the point of our shotted guns a league away and made her anchor in St. Augustine's Bay.

Now, in Johanna, we shipped some thirty men to fill our crew; and all seemed very rogues and rascals; and I, for one, never doubted that we had now, aboard us, many a desperate and bloody dog who had sailed On The Account with Coates and Tew and John Ireland, though, as always, all denied it with horror most virtuous, and some even swearing *sacrement*—the lying swine!

Well, we weighed and stood out to sea. As we passed the pest sloop with her crazed and disordered crew, she flew the pest flag at us, and we saw her anchor coming

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up. This was too much, so we hailed her and swore by the living God that if she did not instantly let go her anchor we would blow her to God with our broadside.

Which she did; and so we left her, and never again saw or heard of her, which contented us, because God knew what damage she had done us, and for no reason, for we could do nothing to help her nor could any human soul on earth.

We now set our course for Matta in the Red Sea with design to discover Captains Tew and Culliford, but came to Matta without having seen a single sail, which was strange, and I heard our men murmuring and grumbling, and knew that they thought it hard to serve so long without any pay and having taken not a stiver in prize money.

Off Matta we anchored and sent ashore for water. I was on the poop with Captain Kidd when our boats left.

Presently we heard the reports of small arms and saw our men ashore running for their boats. Who, when they came aboard us again, reported that the natives not only denied us water but had taken one of our men and most barbarously cut his throat.

Whereupon my Captain's blue eyes blazed and he called away all our boats.

So, armed, we rowed to the strand and leaped ashore with our muskets and cutlasses.

The blacks fled; but one we caught and tied to a tree, and six seamen were told off to shoot him; and he died a-yelling.

That was no pleasant sight to see, but necessary. We buried our dead man then and there and set fire to a large house.

Whereupon, from the woods and hills came some blacks toward us to make submission and amends, bringing to us

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presents two cows and some dates and bidding us welcome to their wells of water.

But they were treacherous folk. Two days afterward, our gunner, William Moore, going ashore for to purchase corn and garravances,[2] they seized upon him by stealth and fled to the mountains with him.

I wish they might have kept him forever because his loss would have been a blessing, and had saved us from the tragedy concerning which all the world now has heard of.

But our honest Captain sent ashore and paid ransom for the fellow out of his own pocket,[3] which angered me. I am not cruel but would very gladly have left him to the blacks, for William Moore was an evil fellow, useless to God and man alike; and I often wish I had pistolled him the day he was ransomed and came aboard once more to work upon me and mine an evil which never, never can be undone while the world endures.

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[2] Peas of a certain kind.

[3] £300 was the sum Captain Kidd paid to get back the man who became his nemesis.

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Chapter XXXVI

NEVER, I think had such evil luck attended any privateer as befell the *Adventure Galley.*

We had cruised since the 6th of September, 1696; and this was the 9th of September, 1697; and we had not taken a penny of prize money nor even seen a pirate or a Frenchman or any single ship which, under our commission, we might take lawfully.

The crew had become very sullen and dangerous; and it was plain to my Captain that they would mutiny and seize the ship unless we found some vessel to take under our instructions, and so satisfy these sea-rogues within the law.

There seemed to be nobody aboard we could entirely trust. All gave us reproachful, sullen, or black looks, and went listlessly about their tasks. There was constant grumbling, particularly among the men we had been forced to ship in these latitudes, who, for the most part, had been pirates, and some even were domiciled at Sainte Marie and had builded huts and had a woman, and a black slave or two to cultivate a patch of soil.

For these I had little sympathy; they had not long served aboard us. But I was sorry for some of the crew shipped out of England and New York, who had not earned a penny in a year's time—although they had signed with Captain Kidd knowing the conditions imposed upon him by Lord Bellomont and his lordly associates.

Early in September we sighted a small sail and spoke her. Parker was her master and one, Antonio, a Portuguese, her mate.

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Now, this ketch, *The Maiden,* was owned in Aden, and could not, lawfully, become our prize; but now, for the first time, the flame of mutiny flickered up.

For Mr. Bullen, our mate, who had gone aboard her, returned with a bale of pepper and a bale of coffee, and brought with him her master, Mr. Parker, and the mate, Antonio.

My Captain could not make out whether these goods had been paid for. Also, why they had brought back her master and mate. But our crew demanded that we take these men for pilots who knew these waters and could show us a ship which we might dare take.

Our crew became boisterous and threatening, leaving their posts to surge about the poop where Captain Kidd stood demanding the meaning of this insubordination.

But the men refused to listen to him; and both Parker and Antonio seemed afraid, and willing to remain.

While this scene of turmoil was enacted aboard us, *The Maiden* hoisted sail and stood for the open sea. The Englishman and the Portuguese went below with our gunner and chief mate; and many looked up at my Captain and me with jeering or menacing demeanour, saying that at last they had secured a pilot to show them where to take prizes, and meant to keep him until he did.

Captain Kidd took the helm from our sailing-master without a word.

When I came to him he said: "This is an act of petty piracy, Dirck. I shall endeavour to repair it by paying for the pepper and coffee and setting these two fellows ashore."

"We have a bad crew, sir," said I.

"I knew that when I sailed," said he coolly. "They took my respectable men at the Nore."

"Do you expect that they will become more unruly, sir?"

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"Unless, presently, we take a prize," said he, "I know not what to expect of such rogues. We are but five—you, me, and my three apprentices. They are more than a hundred; and are famished for prize money. I shall cling to my ship as best I can; but if they conclude to seize her I know not how to prevent them. . . . However, with a little good fortune, I hope that I can hold 'em within the law. . . . Often aboard unlucky privateers the crew forms committees and votes what action to take, and forces the Captain. . . . They shall not force me. Whatever they do they must do by violence, and against my will and protest. . . . I never shall countenance any unlegal act done aboard this ship. I shall endeavour to hold 'em and serve my King and the share-company, and faithfully carry out the articles of my commission. I can do this unless they take all matters into their own hands. . . . So God help us in this troubled hour."

He gazed gloomily out across the Indian Ocean.

We were cruising off the Malabar coast; and, needing water, went into the English Factory at Carwarr[1] for water and provisions and to obtain news. Also Captain Kidd expected to meet his brother-in-law, Samuel Bradley, there, who had come out as super-cargo in an Indian-man for the purpose of engaging in the Malabar trade if it seemed favourable.

We found Mr. Bradley at the English Factory, but very ill; and, as he desired to come aboard us, thinking that the air of the open sea might benefit his sickness, we carried him aboard when we had watered and provisioned.

Two Englishmen, a Mr. Harvey and a Mr. Mason, factors, spoke of the behaviour of our crew. They had heard about *The Maiden* affair, and they advised us to

[1] Carawar.

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put to sea, because, said they, two Portuguese men-o'-war were fitting out to take us.

Whereupon my Captain and I went aboard our ship and warned the crew that they should instantly set Mr. Parker and Antonio ashore lest a man-o'-war stop and search our hold for these men. But Mr. Bullen, our mate, replied that these two men desired to remain and volunteer with us.

"What!" cries Captain Kidd, "do they suppose we mean to hoist the death's head and turn pirate? I order you to set those men ashore and that instantly!"

Nobody stirred to obey. I started to go below to turn out these two men, but the sailors crowded around and blocked me, and our gunner warned me to stay my hand in the present temper of the crew.

"Well," said I, "is this a mutiny, Mr. Moore?"

"Call it what you please"; said he, "we have starved on no wages for a year, and now we mean to find a ship we can take, come what may."

At that I drew my sword, but my Captain called to me from the poop, and I went to him.

"That won't do," says he; "they would only throw you overboard. Let be as is. If we have the luck to take a lawful prize I can regain control of these rascals. All we can do in this hour is to trust God and wait. . . . I once had my ship seized by my crew and carried to the Red Sea because I refused to turn pirate. Let me try what I can to save this ship which is not my own to lose, but belongs to my King and to the share-company."

We weighed and sailed—it being the twelfth of September—and the following day, about dawn, our mast-head saw two men-o'-war standing for us.

We did not avoid them; and very soon they hailed us and demanded from whence we came.

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"From London!" we replied, and asked them the same question; and they replied:

"From Goa!"

So we parted from them, politely, each wishing the other a good voyage. Yet, all day these two men-o'-war kept a-dogging us; and all night, too; and, at daybreak, without another word to us, or any warning whatever, one of these ships suddenly let go six great guns at us and showed the Portuguese flag.

I was in the Captain's cabin at the time, and heard the shot come tearing through us; and our drum wildly beating to quarters, and a great outcry on deck.

As I ran on deck, Bradenham, our surgeon, called to me that four of our men were badly wounded. Even as he spoke, another broadside crashed out: our bulwarks flew into splinters; and seven more men were down and rolling and writhing on deck.

I ran to my station and saw Mr. Moore already at his, and our gun-crews mustering in the whirling smoke that blew aboard us from the Portuguese.

Instantly we dropped our ports, ran out our guns, and let 'em have our broadside plumb in their guts.

Now the smoke was so thick that we could see only the top-masts of the other Portuguese close aboard; but we fired our starboard broadside into her; sailed on past her and gave her both stern chasers and our after swivels.

We heard them let go their broadsides, but not a shot hulled us, and only a spar and some rigging suffered.

I got a company of musket-men together and from the tops and poop we poured such a storm of bullets from our small arms that they hoisted in their boats again which they had started to launch, meaning to take us by the board.

There was, at times, a breeze—not much—but when the

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wind failed we got out our bank of oars—four to an oar—and so manœuvred to have the weather gauge o' them. One of their ships lay at a distance. Twice we rowed in and raked her.

It was a strange sea-fight. We were like some dangerous beast around which two dogs strove to circle, fearful, yet fierce; and every time they drew within shot of us we let 'em have such a storm that they fell away to patch up and bind their wounds.

I thanked God for that fight, though it could bring us no profit. But when a ship's company makes common cause against an enemy, then all internal dissension ceases for a while afterward, and the evil moment of mutiny is postponed.

Well, as I say, it was a long and strange fight, and lasted all day long; but the two men-o'-war kept always a certain distance and made no attempt to close and grapple or to take us by the board.

From our tops we could see the terrible damage and slaughter aboard them, both from our broadsides and small arms.

About sunset a fair wind began to blow; but the Portuguese had had a bellyfull; and now we saw them hoist all sail and stand away to the eastward. And we let 'em go as they sailed.

My Captain watched them through a glass until they faded into the deepening twilight.

Then his bonnie laugh rang out, and he said to me: "They are leaving us with such satisfaction that I believe no Portuguese will ever attack the King's colours again in this part of the world!" [2]

All was good humour aboard our ship, now; and, taking advantage of their bragging and self-satisfaction, my

[2] Kidd's own words.

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Captain called to him the Englishman, Parker, and the Portuguese, Antonio, and offered either to hire them or to set them ashore. But Parker replied that he desired to be hired as pilot, and Antonio requested the wages of a linguister,[3] and said he was glad to be rid of *The Maiden* and her mixed English and Armenian crew. Also he said he could do a cooper's work, which we were glad of because our ship's cooper [4] had his throat cut by the treacherous blacks that day we went in to water on the coast of Malabar and trade for a few needed provisions.

For a time, as I say, the crew remained cheerful and full of hope, and were respectful to the Captain and to me.

But, as the days went by, and we saw no sail on the Indian Ocean, they first grumbled at the pilot whom they had forced upon us, Mr. Parker out of *The Maiden,* Ketch, and then began to show my Captain black looks; and went sullenly about their duties.

That the entire crew was now once more upon the verge of open mutiny became more apparent every day. How they would rise, and when, and what they would do to Captain Kidd and to me, and the few who seemed loyal to him, nobody could guess.

I slept in the Captain's cabin with him, and we had gathered there some dozen muskets and pistols and powder and shot against emergency.

It was now November—a year and a quarter since the *Adventure Galley* had sailed; and not a pirate yet encountered nor a lawful prize taken. The men were like so many wolves ranging the decks; and my Captain and

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[3] Interpreter. The sea-term then in use.

[4] The reprisal had been just. One native was executed for the death of the ship's cooper. Yet from this the legend grew that Captain Kidd landed and robbed, tortured, and slaughtered the natives, and burned whole villages.

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I understood that they were certain to attempt the first ship sighted no matter what she might prove to be. Which would be plain piracy and damn us every one.

One morning I was near the shot locker in consultation with the gunner, William Moore, when we heard a great gun let go on deck and instantly our drum beat to quarters.

When we ran up I saw a fine ship lying near us showing English colours, and Captain Kidd had called her master aboard us to show his papers.

"Well, by God," said the gunner, Moore, to Mr. Bullen, our mate, "we shall not let her go if she be a lawful prize or otherwise!"

She was the *Loyal Captain,* an English ship out of Madras for Suratt, and her master, Mr. Howe, presently came aboard us and showed Captain Kidd his pass.

"Why, sir," said my Captain, "your pass is good and I design to let you go freely about your affairs," said he, shaking hands with Captain Howe; and so came upon the deck where our men were talking to the crew of the pinnace.

"Mr. Bullen," says Captain Kidd, coolly, "yon is an English ship and carries a good pass; and Captain Howe shall return to her and sail whither he pleases."

"Sir," says Mr. Bullen, " the crew of her pinnace hath acquainted us that they have Greeks and Armenians and Dutch aboard, and are laden with rich goods and jewels out of India."

"What about it?" says Captain Kidd. "Does her lading concern us if she be no lawful prize?"

At that, Moore, the gunner, came up, and, says he: "Now, by the living God, here is a prize and you shall take her!"

"Do you mean I shall turn pirate who am come out

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here to take pirates under my commission?" said Captain Kidd, calmly.

At that came toward us some dozen of our men with muskets, and shouting that here was a rich prize and should be taken.

At that I took from my sash a loaded pistol and pulled my sword from its sheath and went and stood beside my Captain.

He was very calm and paid no heed to the angry cries and the muskets of the mutineers crowded about us, but gave his hand again to Captain Howe and attended him over the side with all politeness.

Lord! I was at ease when he was again in his pinnace and rowing for his great ship. I looked at the ugly faces of the armed men around us, then, putting up pistol and sword in my belt, walked among 'em, shoving them aside this way and that and ordered the guns to be run in, lashed, and tomkins replaced. As Moore was slow in moving I gave him a hearty shove toward the starboard battery:

"Lively, my lad," said I, "or we'll find us another master-gunner tomorrow."

But the crew were becoming dangerous. Two-thirds of them, gathered around the gunner, voted to take the Englishman by the board.

They came in a great and disorderly crowd to the main-mast, and Moore, their spokesman, called up to Captain Kidd that they meant to carry Howe by the board with their cutlasses and small arms.

My Captain was smoking his long clay, and he leaned carelessly upon the poop-rail and looked down at these mutinous rascals.

"You can not go away in the boats because the small arms belong to the owners and share-holders of this

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ship,"[5] says he. "Nor will I take any Englishman or any lawful trader. And, if you would attempt any such thing, you shall not have the boat or any small arms; and you shall not come aboard my Galley again if you take away a boat.

"And, further, if you overpower me, and the few loyal with me, and take small arms by force, and boats out of this ship—and if you carry yonder Englishman by the board to make of her a prize, then remember that she is a merchant and carries no guns, and I will attack you in this Galley and drive you into Bombay where they know what to do with pirates!"

Well, that seemed to end their business for them. They still yelped and bayed, the scurvy dogs!—but hesitated to carry matters with so high a hand, yet still stood gathered near the long boat while the gunner, William Moore, harangued them and urged them on to open mutiny.

My Captain watched this from the quarter-deck.

"Dirck," says he, "if yonder Englishman hastens not to make sail I can not answer for what may happen."

He came below to the gun-deck, I following.

"Lads," said he, "you ought not to listen to this fellow who would make pirates of you."

At that the gunner, Moore, turns on Captain Kidd and curses him, saying that he has led them all into misfortune and beggared them and now refuses to take a rich prize so that the fortunes of all shall be mended.

"Why," says Captain Kidd, "to take her would be piracy!"

"I can put you in a way to take her and be safe," said Moore.

"How will you do that?" inquires my Captain with contempt.

[5] Kidd's words on this occasion.

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"You shall first call her captain and men aboard us—"

"Oh! And what then?"

"Then we can board and plunder her and no witnesses—"

"That would be Judas-like, you rogue! Do you dare believe I'd do it?"

"We ought to dare," retorted Moore ". . . we are beggars already. . . ."

"What! Is that a reason for us to turn pirate because we are poor?" demanded my Captain, turning red.

But his anger passed; he looked at the gunner; looked around at the armed rascals about us. Suddenly his blue eyes sparkled and his honest laugh rang out, and he walked away to the quarter-deck whistling Bonny Dundee.

It seemed to astonish the gunner and the mutineers. They appeared not to know how to take such a man. And it ended in their doing nothing more about it.

I was glad, at last, to see the *Loyal Captain* hull down in the west. Nevertheless, Captain Kidd and I slept that night with loaded muskets handy and behind locked doors. If only Mr. Bradley had been well enough to be of aid to us; but he lay very ill, and his condition was a grief to my Captain. Our surgeon, Bradenham, a dirty and ignorant man, could not discover the nature of his malady or how to help him.

For about two weeks we cruised, and saw no sail; and now the men were fierce and impudent and ripening fast for a bloody reckoning with us, or with the next ship we encountered. None would obey my orders; Mr. Bullen showed some authority, but he was not to be trusted. And there was bad blood between my Captain and Moore, the gunner, though not of my Captain's proper seeking, for he paid no heed to the gunner and always avoided him.

But about two weeks after the mutiny, when the Captain

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was walking with me upon the gun-deck, the master-gunner, who had been sick, appeared after two days' absence, and came to him; and, says he:

"By God, sir, you are no true Captain, for it is half a month since you let the rich Englishman go about his business and we have not seen a single sail since."

Captain Kidd halted and looked Moore quietly in the eye: "Is that my fault?" he asked.

"Yes, it is!" shouted the gunner, "and so say all the men! I could have put you in the way to take the Englishman safely—"

Captain Kidd turned very red: "You lousy dog, be silent!" he said sternly.

"If I be a lousy dog 'tis you have made me so and beggared us all!" screamed Moore. And he began to shout his curses on the Captain and damn him and call upon the crew to stand for their rights.

At that Captain Kidd picked up a slop bucket that lay near and knocked the mutinous rascal down with it. He ought to have shot him dead.

Well, the gunner fell like an ox and rolled over into the scuppers; and they took him below.

Two days afterward the gunner, William Moore, was found dead in his blanket; and whether he died o' the pox or whether the blow from the slop bucket cracked his sickly noddle I know not, for he was the leader of the mutiny aboard us and should have been cut down or pistolled, and we should have been well rid of this wretch. Alas, we took not into account the great lords and mighty folk we trusted and could not know how, in this most just punishment, these great folk would betray us!

The death of our gunner was a shock to my Captain who was ever a tender-hearted man and had no

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thought of harming Moore other than to chastise him and stop his mutinous chatter.

He seemed greatly saddened, and blamed himself for his passion, though God knows he was long suffering and endured everything from this rascal who would have seized his ship and cut his throat without remorse, had he and his treacherous rogues dared do it.

On the nineteenth day of November our mast-head saw a sail and we gave chase and beat to quarters; and, for stratagem, showed a French flag.

Whereupon our chase showed the French colours, and, at the first gun from our fore-port, dropped astern, and her master came aboard us at our summons. Then we ran up the English colours.

She was a Moor's ship of two hundred tons out of Suratt for Malabar coast; and, when her master, who was a Dutchman named Michel, came aboard, he showed us a French pass and a sorry countenance. He was fairly caught.

No sooner did our rascally crew hear this good news than they fell to cheering and howling and crowded about the pilot who also was a Dutchman and who swore *sacrement* that if we were English, then his ship was a lawful prize to us.

She was the *Rouparelle,* a Frenchman.

There were more than forty Moors in her crew; but she was neither a Mogul's ship nor a rich prize, for she carried only sugar and cotton and had two horses aboard her.

So we searched her and put a master and prize crew aboard her and bade her follow us. And a tub of punch was ordered for our people.

There was not much booty to be divided or to reserve for the share-holders, but our men were very joyous, saying that our ill luck was gone and that all should now

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make their fortunes. Which is like all sailormen to rejoice and vaunt themselves over nothing.

We renamed the *Rouparelle,* the *November,* and under this name she sailed in our company.

But days passed, and we saw no more sails, and again our men grew sulky and fierce; and I knew it was again in their minds to seize the next ship at any cost, particularly if she proved a rich one.

With design to decoy we sailed under French colours once more; and about the first of February saw a vast cloud of sail riding the horizon to the westward; and beat to quarters, ran out our guns, and gave chase.

Very soon this great ship showed us French colours. Then we showed her the English flag and fired a shot across her. And a roar of cheering burst from our rascals as she struck to us and fell astern.

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Chapter XXXVII

SHE was a fine, tall ship, Mogul built, the *Kedah Merchant,* 16 guns, from Bengal for Suratt where was the French Factory.

Her captain was one, Mr. Wright, an Englishman, and very angry; her two mates were Dutchmen; her gunner a noisy Frenchman; and he came aboard us as Master and showed us a French pass, saying that he knew well his ship was a lawful prize to the English and that it was the fortune of war and no dishonour to be so taken.

She was a very rich prize, loaded with bale goods, sugar, iron and saltpetre, and loose goods. Her bales were of fine calicoes, Romalls, muslins; and striped, flowered, and plain silks.

We sent her officers and crew ashore in her boats and put a prize crew aboard her, ordering her to sail in our company; and so stood for Sainte Marie on Madagascar with our two prizes, the *November,* which had been the *Rouperelle;* and the *Kedah Merchant,* both French and lawfully taken. Captain Kidd showed me the two French passes[1] which I, having a knowledge of

[1] In Volume XIII, Journal of The House of Commons, page 21, copies of these passes may be found. That which *The Quedah,* or *Kedah Merchant,* carried began:

"De Par Le Roy,

"Nous, François Martin, escuir, conseiller du Roy, directeur général du Commerce pour la Royalle Compagnie de France dans la royaume de Bengalle, coste de Coromandelle, et autres lieux, à tous ceux qui ces presentes lettres verront, salut!" etc., etc.

It was signed: "Martin. *Par mon dit Sieur Despres.*" It was admitted to be a genuine pass, as was the other; and so rendered

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French from my mother, who spoke it, read carefully and found them to be good and genuine French passes.

So, headed for the port of Sainte Marie in company with our prizes, we were glad of their company because the *Adventure Galley* was now leaking very badly and it required eight men every two glasses to keep her afloat. Even pumping was not certain; her timbers threatened to part at any hour; and we rove cables around and around her to hold her together. More than a year and a half cruising had battered her, and I think the broadsides from the two Portuguese men-o'-war had shattered and loosened her. Anyhow, she was in a dangerous condition, and the rats aboard uneasy and running about and attempting to crawl on cables stretched across to the *Kedah Merchant* when we laid her aboard and lashed fast.

Well, God knows how we made Madagascar; but we arrived there alive; and when we sailed into Sainte Marie's port—my God! there lay Robert Culliford, the pirate, at anchor in his ship, the *Resolution,* which now he had renamed the *Mocha Frigate.*

We could see his decks swarming. He carried a bloody flag and pennant, and a black one, too, with the death's-head.

Instantly I ordered our drummer to beat to quarters; and, as our drum rolled out across the water, the trumpet aboard Culliford answered, and he ran out his guns.

And now, like the sudden bursting of a bomb aboard us, the long smouldering mutiny broke out.

Whether it was the sight of the bloody flag or of the black one aboard Culliford that inflamed our men, or what else it may have been that set the old pirate blood

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these ships lawful prizes under Captain Kidd's commission. This François Martin was the founder of Pondicherry, and of the French empire in India.

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afire in their rascal veins, I know not; but they refused to run out our guns and to go to their stations.

"What's the trouble for'ard?" demanded Captain Kidd from the quarter-deck; and Mr. Bullen shouted that the men would not fight Bob Culliford.

"Mr. Bullen," retorted my Captain, "I shall carry my ship in and fire upon Captain Culliford."

"Sir," bawled Bullen, "your men swear *sacrament* that they would rather fire two guns into you than one into Culliford!"

Captain Kidd called me to the quarter-deck.

"The lousy dogs," said he, all scarlet with shame and rage, "here is the first pirate I have encountered, and would take him, and my rascals will not take him and be damned to them, the dirty dogs they are!"

What was there to do? We glared at the *Mocha Frigate.*

"Why," says he in a very fury, "her crew are deserting her! Look yonder, Dirck! Culliford takes to his boats in fear of us!"

It was true. Culliford and his crew were lowering their boats; and when they tumbled into 'em they rowed for the shore; and, no sooner ashore, than they ran for the woods!

But we had scant leisure to observe how Bob Culliford did desert his ship and run away in mortal fear of our leaking and mutinous galley; for upon our gun-deck the crew had become a riotous mob and were seizing muskets, cutlasses, powder, shot, and lowering our own boats.

My Captain and I ran down to stop' em, but they menaced us with their muskets and swords and swore they would kill us if we attempted to stay them from joining Culliford.

From somewhere forward they fired two muskets at

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us; then they all ran at us cursing and promising to cut our throats; and so drove us below and into the Captain's cabin where we barricaded ourselves and determined to die, swords in hand.

Out o' the port we could see our rogues rowing in our boats, some toward the *Mocha Frigate,* some toward shore; and heard them calling to Culliford's men to return because these were friends and no enemies, and desired to sign and sail with a brave and enterprising captain and be quit of one who starved and beggared them and menaced them ever with the law of England.

In the boats we counted ninety-seven men who were deserting us; which left us but thirteen men loyal to us aboard the *Adventure Galley:* and it was a most sickening sight to see such roguery and be forced to endure it.

We saw Culliford's men come out o' the woods; and ours mingling with them.

"Now," said Captain Kidd, "they will return and take my ship and my two prizes; and that is like to be the bloody end of you and me, Dirck."

We had about forty small arms in the cabin. These we charged and set ready. Then we barricaded our door with bales of goods, and awaited these villains.

They came, presently, rowing back in eight boats, and made a great noise on deck; and we saw how they were lading their boats with our small arms, sails, anchors, cables, powder and shot. That wretch, Bradenham, carried off our surgeon's chest. They even hoisted out three of our great guns to mount aboard the *Mocha Frigate*—so badly did these rascals despoil us.

For four days we were besieged in the cabin and frequently fired upon, and returned the fire. They shouted

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threats at us and vowed to murder us both; and every day came aboard to plunder and ransack us.

Hearing that Captain Kidd had lodged a sea-chest at Edward Welche's [2] house for safekeeping, they surprised the place, broke open the chest and took from it ten ounces of gold, forty pounds of silver, 370 pieces of eight, Captain Kidd's private journal and all his papers.

At that my Captain and I determined to fight at any odds if our thirteen men and boys would stand by us; so we came on deck and ran out some guns.

But Culliford hailed us and asked us what we were about. And, "Dammy," says he, "if you will brew me a tub of Bombo [3] on your quarter-deck, I'll come aboard you and we shall be friends!"

So we had our boys brew us a tub of Bombo, and Culliford came aboard us and took a cup in his hand; and, says he, "Before I do you any damage, Captain Kidd, I had rather my soul should broil in hell-fire; and may I be damned and doubly damned, and may this cup o' Bombo be my last if I touch your two prizes or your galley or your person!

"No, by God!" he roars; "I have been out here these seven years On The Account, and, by God, I take merchants and respect privateers!"

So he pledged us in Bombo; and he kept his word—this handsome, reckless fellow with his yellow curls falling to his shoulder and his plumed hat set with gold and jewels. For the very next day the *Mocha Frigate* gave us three guns in salute, showed us her bloody and her black colours, weighed, and stood out to sea to take all nations.

[2] Welche was a New Englander who had come out to Madagascar, built a house near Sainte Marie, fortified it with six cannon, and, with a small army of negroes, lived like a lord in that pirate infested place.

[3] A harmless drink made of limes and sugar.

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She carried forty guns and a crew of 130. We never saw her again.

And Lord, what a pickle were we in! So sent ashore for a dozen blacks to keep us afloat by pumping; but to no purpose; so we hailed our prize, the *Kedah Merchant;* and, with the aid of her crew and our thirteen, we carried the galley and set her afire while already she was sinking. Some of her iron work we could save.

So now, being aboard the *Kedah Merchant,* we renamed her the *Adventure Prize,* and armed her with our great guns which gave us forty-six great guns and but thirty men. And, in this pirate's den of Madagascar, we set about to recruit so that we might muster men enough to set sail again.

But the rascals we were obliged to ship fair sickened us, such rogues they seemed and looked; but we could not help it, and must take what we could get in Sainte Marie.

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Chapter XXXVIII

NOW we lay at Sainte Marie for nearly five months to trade on account of our share-holders for the bale-goods and other booty taken from our two lawful prizes, which were the only prizes we ever took.

For this reason—and to fit out the *Adventure Prize* as a privateer, and to recruit our crew from 13 to 150, which we required to sail the *Adventure Prize* and serve her guns—we remained in Sainte Marie harbour.

For nearly two years, now, we had no news of those so dear to us; none of New York, either, or of the state of affairs in the world, and how the war went between England and France,[1] or if other wars had begun.

We had run the leaky old galley ashore, so that she sunk in very shallow water; and, burning her, we salvaged much of her metal work and carried it to the new *Adventure*.

Mr. Bradley continued very ill, and we could not discover the nature of his malady. Sometimes he begged to be put ashore, and sometimes he desired to remain on the ship. It was sad and pitiable to see this honest man a-dying thus, and my Captain and I spent many an hour at his bedside to cheer him and do what offices we might.

This port called Sainte Marie is a vile place and swarming with corsairs, buccaneers, and pirates who have amassed wealth and built themselves houses, and who live

[1] Mr. Jameson says: "It should be remembered that . . . the peace of Ryswyck was signed September 20, 1697. The news of its signing did not reach the Indian Ocean till April, 1698. By its terms captures made beyond the Equator within six months from the signing of the treaty were not illegal."

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ashore with their women and black slaves, and there revel and carouse and quarrel so that the town is a very hell.

Lord, to see them in their silks and velvets and jewels and gold chains, strutting about the streets, bragging, singing, horrible in their boisterous mirth—and always some quarrel in trade or dispute over their gaudy women. I think no hour of any day passed but there was a pistol shot, or the clink of steel on steel, or some horrid commotion ashore.

Pirate ships came and went; but we could not meddle with them, for we had not a sufficient crew. And when, finally, we had, they were but old pirates themselves, and would not budge to serve our guns or offer a harm to any other pirate afloat.

In a manner, however, they were a protection to us, because no other pirate meddled with us, but left us to trade in peace, though they knew we had, now, coin, dust, and gold and silver bars aboard, and were otherwise laden with plate we had traded, and with rich bale-goods.

George Bullen, who had been our chief mate on the Galley, and Master on the *Kedah Merchant,* had now gone off, telling us to be damned and shift for ourselves; and took with him as his share 800 pieces of eight and baled goods to the amount of six bales and part of another in loose goods. Further, he sold what was his share in beeswax, cotton, wool, refined sugar, and tobacco to a great amount in gold dust and bars; and cursed us because my Captain reserved eighty shares for our owners.

My Captain told me that the *Kedah Merchant* alone was valued at 40,000 rupees, and her cargo above 400,000. He said that he believed our owners would be satisfied with our booty which, he thought, might be valued at near £100,000, or more, when all was traded, sold, and properly disposed of.

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"For," said he, "when I sail from here I stand for home to seek my Lord Bellomont and account to him for every penny I have taken and for every hour of these years spent at sea. And that accomplished, please God, never more shall I sail from my wife and children and my fireside, though they take the *Antigua*[2] from me and stop any ship I own in the river."

Said I, laughing: "They are not likely to receive you at home otherwise than as a hero and conqueror, sir. For Gods knows what trials you have passed through, and have saved your ship and booty from the mutineers for your share-holders and your King, and have brought her gallantly to this harbour. And it is not your fault if the old ship lies a burned wreck on these sands, for you now have a finer one to command; and, by God's favour, shall presently fetch her home to the admiration and praise of all these great folk who have trusted you, and in whom you trust."

He smiled, saying that he had endeavoured to do his duty with clean hands. But he was troubled concerning the crew he was attempting to gather, knowing they had been pirates, yet obliged to take them or lie here and rot at anchor.

Now we had been lying off Sainte Marie's near five months since the *Mocha Frigate* sailed with our mutinous crew, ninety-five in number, which was the 15th June: and it was now November, and we had not filled our crew, but otherwise were ready to weigh and sail for home.

One day I had gone ashore to Edward Welche's house upon business for my Captain; and as I went up the hill I saw that there was another pirate vessel in the harbour,

[2] The *Antigua*, a barkentine, was Kidd's old ship which he commanded in person, and had been given him to replace the ship he lost by mutiny of his crew in 1690.

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which had come in at night and lay out o' sight of our ship where the coast curves.

She flew a bloody flag and a streamer and was a brigantine, but whose I knew not. So continued on and transacted my business with Welche, and so, coming down by the town, heard a great noise and revelry where were gathered a great company of pirates and their women; and three whole oxen were a-roasting there; and barrels of wine and spirits stood about, opened, so that any passing might dip with a cup and drink his fill.

That was a filthy spectacle, what with the wanton dancing and the screaming laughter of their bedizened wenches; and black slaves running hither and thither with trays of food and drink; and their fiddles, trumpets, and bassoons a-playing.

I knew many of these fancy folk and all knew me by sight as Captain Kidd's gun-lieutenant. Some stopped me to press food; others plucked my sleeve to offer drink. I could not be heard amid all that screetching and cursing and laughter; so, to be rid o' them, drank a cup o' Bombo with a lady who carried a parrot on her shoulder, and took a lime out of the Bombo bucket to suck as I walked on, it being fiercely hot in the sun.

To go a shady path and short I went into a thick lemon grove to cross down to the dock where my boat lay; and here were folk on a frolic with wenches both white and black, who shouted at me from the sun-flecked depths of the grove.

Then, of a sudden, I heard my own name roared out with an oath, and, looking, saw a great burly figure in green velvet and gold come a-rolling toward me. Instantly I knew it was Captain Tew; and, at the same moment, it came to me that the newly arrived ship with the bloody flag had brought him into Sainte Marie.

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"Ho, Sir Cockerel!" he shouted, "why do you flee, my pretty game-cock!"—and I a-moving faster away into the thick grove of lemon trees toward the palms beyond. But he began to run after me; and, of a sudden, bang! went his pistol; and I heard the bullet ripping through glossy leaves.

At that I halted; and he came up to me and burst into a roar of laughter.

"Dammy," says he, "and, by God, I had stopped your nimble heels if I had to kill you," says he. "Whither do you fly, Sir Cockerel; and have you forgot your pledge to seek me in these latitudes and come aboard me at your sword's point?"

"What do *you* want of me, Captain Tew?" said I, coldly.

"By God," says he, "I want you aboard me as a friend, if that may be. And if not as a friend, then as my prisoner!"

"Wine wags your tongue, Mr. Tew," said I.

"And my fist wags my sword," says he, "unless you take it in pledge of comradeship."

"There's too much blood on it," said I.

"Why, there is a-plenty," cries he, laughing, "and so I do not desire yours. Come, Sir Cockerel; I need young gentlemen of your kidney, and you shall sign with me and take a ship and sail in my company—"

That madded me.

"If I did that," said I, "then I would turn my guns on you, and you know it. Who the devil are you to assume equality, you damned, butchering sea-rover. Get out o' my path or I take you by the collar!"

My God, I never dreamed he could draw on me so swiftly, and jumped aside like a cat to clear his blade which came out like a flash o' lightning.

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I ran, a-lugging at my sword; and he after me in vast bounds; and I to dodge through the lemon trees till I got my blade clear; and so whirled on him and he came nigh a-spitting himself upon my point.

It was a checkered light and tricky, where shadow and spots of sun flecked all the greenish gloom.

"Mr. Tew," said I, "you have carried the jest as far as suits me. Now go back to your friends and plague me no more."

"Sir Cockerel," said he, showing all his great, yellow teeth, "if I can not have you aboard me, then you shall never live to go aboard any other vessel save only that last dark ship that sails with us all in the end."

After a silence: "Will you sign with me?" says he.

"I'll put my sign *upon* you," said I; and caught and engaged his blade at the instant; and found his sword arm iron.

Then, of a sudden, with his left hand he pulled another pistol, and I slashed his fist to the bone ere it exploded.

Never had such a fury seized me as now possessed me at such disloyalty and cowardice; and, as he let out an angry roar and the scarlet blood spouted and drenched his arm to the elbow, I flew at him and beat his blade into his very face and passed my sword through his left eye into the brain.

As he fell I wrenched it free and stood looking upon him where he was swaying, falling as a tree falls, straight back, and heavily. And lay there in the dim greenish twilight of the lemon trees where a single spot of sun struck and glittered on a tooth in his slowly opening mouth.

After a little, warily I looked around, and saw we had fought near the edge of the lemon trees where were palms beyond. And there espied a pit digged for yams and two

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spades near for to fill it; but the lazy blacks had gone off and left it.

He was a vast and heavy man. I took him by his great, soft boots and drew him to the yam-pit, and let him fall into it.

Then, with a spade, I filled that accursed pit, and took dead palm fans and built a fire upon it so that, when all was done, none could see where there had been a yam-pit, only that a fire had burned the ground.

Again into the lemon trees, where he had bled from his slashed hand, I took palm fans and set a trail of fire to smoulder through the dry litter, and so led the burning trail out to the yam-pit as though a chance fire had caught and had been stamped out and extinguished by blacks.

Then I ran my sword through the sand to clean it, and put it up, and so went down to the shore and to the stairs where my boat lay awaiting me.[8]

[8] Nobody really knew how Captain Tew came to his death; so perhaps Mr. Hazlett's version is as sound as any.

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Chapter XXXIX

ON the 15th of October, 1699, we weighed out of that cruel and red-hot hell called Madagascar and stood for home in our fine ship, the *Adventure Prize.*

On that long, dull voyage to the West Indies there is nothing remarkable to relate. We spoke few ships, and these had no news for us save that my Lord Bellomont was now our Governor, and that peace had been declared. So there were no longer any French prizes to be looked for; and we saw no pirates, though we heard bloody tales of James Avery in these latitudes.

Our crew were peaceable enough, though morose because of the peace; but all chiefly desired to return to America in so respectable a company as Captain Kidd's; and no doubt hoped that their names and deeds might be forgotten what time they had sailed On The Account with Hore and Ireland and Mr. Tew.

It was strange that I experienced no remorse and no sense of blood-guilt concerning the despatching of Captain Tew. Nor had any desire to confess me to any man and rid me of the secret to lighten its burden. No.

I heard men say that Mr. Tew had been slain by a cannon-ball aboard his ship in action with a man-o'-war. I heard he had perished o' thirst where his crew had marooned him. I heard a score o' tales regarding him and how death had overtaken him.

But talk of him stirred me not to speech. No. That lay only between my Lord God and me, and one day I must stand and answer.

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Mr. Bradley lay sick and longed for land to rest him, as he longed for the sea when ashore, poor wretch.

Well, about the first of April in the year 1699, we arrived off Anguilla in the West Indies, and anchored there, and sent our boats ashore. Also my Captain landed.

God help us, what a thunder-clap of news awaited us! Never shall I forget how I heard it; for first, as I sat a-writing my accounts in the Captain's cabin, I heard the men returning from the shore and coming aboard in a very tumult of fright and consternation, all talking loudly and a-calling one to the other.

I laid aside my papers and got up to put on my coat and shoulder-belt; and, as I took my hat, Captain Kidd comes down as white as death and drops onto a stool, staring at me out of deathly eyes.

"Sir," said I, "is aught amiss aboard this ship?"

"Dirck," said he, "the news ashore is that we are proclaimed pirates!"

I looked at him as though he had gone mad.

"It is certain," said he. "We are proclaimed pirates. All armed ships are ordered to take or sink us."

"Sir," said I, "there is some horrible error here."

"I know that," said he, "but can not, under God, account for so cruel a mistake. . . . Dirck, I know not what to do. My men are frightened at the news and they came aboard vowing that if I dared stand for any *English* port[1] they would run my ship on shore or wreck her upon some reef or shoal before they would put their necks into a halter."

"Sir," said I, "such an accusation as piracy against you is sheer madness."

[1] Piracy was punishable by death only in England, but not in America.

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"I know that well enough," says he, "and have my two French passes for our two prizes to show to my Lord Bellomont. . . . Yet, Dirck, my men have been mutinous, and they stopped a ship they should not have stopped, and made me pay for the goods they rifled, and forced me to sign on a pilot and linguister. . . . I know not what these folk may have reported. All I know is that I could not control my crew, and did but the best I could to save my ship for our share-holders. . . . Then, there was the affair of the two Portuguese men-o'-war that dogged us out o' Carawar, and fired into us. God knows what report they made to the English and Dutch factors. . . . And then there was the news that an English pirate had taken a ship belonging to the Grand Mogul, on which was the Mogul's daughter.

"And it was freely said at Madagascar that the Grand Mogul was wild with rage and threatened to drive the East India Company from his domains; and that the Company, in their alarm, were appealing to England to send a fleet and clear the seas of all pirates. . . . My God, do you suppose they, or the Portuguese, have laid that crime to me and my men?"

I stared at my Captain, stupefied by the alarm in his eyes.

He said: "They tell me, ashore, that my conduct has been discussed in Parliament. So it must be that the East India Company believe me guilty, and have made complaint, and have sworn it was I who took the Mogul ship."

Said I: "You have your two French passes, sir, and every penny of lawful booty accounted for. You have but to inform Lord Bellomont and deliver your papers."

"Surely," said he, "my passes and my papers must bear witness that I am no pirate; and that I could not help

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what my men did or stop them from joining Bob Culliford. . . . But this crew I have shipped are terrified. I mean to weigh and stand for St. Thomas, but they may run me on a reef in their fear."

"Speak to them," said I.

He got up and went on deck, and there called his men and told them that they had nothing to fear, having done no illegal act. Then he called me and went up onto the poop; and there I read the two French passes to the crew, translating as I read.

This seemed to quiet them. They agreed to sail for St. Thomas, but refused to stand for any English port; and my Captain promised them they need not fear that he would attempt England until he learned something more concerning this terrible affair.

Well, we weighed and stood for St. Thomas; and when we anchored there, poor Mr. Bradley begged to be sent ashore and left in a hospital to recover.

So we carried him ashore and there left him as comfortably situated as he desired—he promising to mend very quickly and follow us to New York on a convenient ship when well enough to endure the sea, poor soul.

When I left Mr. Bradley, I went back to my ship; and presently came Captain Kidd from shore in the pinnace; and drew me down to his cabin with him.

"Dirck," says he, all red with excitement and anger, "a commission hath been appointed by Parliament to inquire into the *character* of the share-company! They have unearthed the noble lords and great folk who have hid their names behind dummies. They have discovered that the King of England himself is a partner. There is a loud cry in Parliament that this share-company is illegal, and that my Lord of Orford, who was Sir Edward Russell, shall be impeached and tried; and others also

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suffer. I tell you a great scandal is burst in England concerning this enterprise. And what is to become of me who protested against it and told my Lord Bellomont that it seemed illegal, but was forced to it by him and by my Lord of Orford, and by my King himself! What of me? I am proclaimed a pirate! The East India Company charge me with the taking of the Mogul ship and the rape of the Grand Mogul's daughter! And with many invented but bloody piracies beside—God knows if ever they happened at all—but if so, they smell of Tew and Avery [2] a thousand miles!

"And to all these fancied crimes of mine they add the piracy done by my men, for which God knows I paid!—and that I attacked the Portuguese men-o'-war and cruelly slew their crews, and that my prizes are Dutch and unlawful, and that I fraternized with Culliford and sailed in his company and robbed and murdered folk afloat and ashore—and the black we executed to atone for the murder of my cooper—that tale is magnified to a cruel massacre of guiltless natives—my God, Dirck, they have a bill against me that I am to reckon with in blood—my own blood and my crews'—"

"Sir—"

"Hear me, lad! I am that angered and astounded—And they have despatched the *Queensborough* man-o'-war to take or sink me, and the King hath issued a Royal proclamation offering pardon to all guilty of piracy if they come in and surrender, only excepting me and that bloody fellow, Jamie Avery!—"

"Sir," said I, "calm yourself, for these charges be too monstrous to stand the light of reason and evidence of fact."

"Yes—but to be proclaimed a pirate beyond the pale—"

[2] It was Avery who took the Mogul ship.

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"They are mad!"

"—The black disgrace of it—"

"Theirs the disgrace for their base ingratitude when the truth is known."

"I am thinking of my wife," he said. Suddenly his blue eyes glittered with tears, and he got up and leaned out o' the port, staring at the horizon beyond which lay all he most loved on earth.

At Anguilla five of our crew had deserted—through fear, I suppose. At St. Thomas we lost others.

Well, we weighed and stood for Mona;[3] and there met a sloop bound for Antigua out of Curaçao, she being the *St. Anthony,* Samuel Wood, Master, and a Mr. Boulton,[4] merchant and owner.

Here more of our men mutinied, refusing to sail, and others took fright and deserted us, and we had not enough men remaining to take our ship into New York or New England.

What to do, my Captain, in his perplexity and consternation, did not know.

There was, at Antigua, a Mr. Henry Boulton, and a Mr. Burt; and with these gentlemen my Captain traded to the value of 11,200 pieces of eight; and he bought of a Mr. Redwood,[5] of Antigua, a sloop called *The Antonio,*[6] for 3,000 pieces of eight; and there were 4,200 pieces of eight in bills of exchange; and 4,000 pieces of eight in bar gold and dust—all for the owners' account.

Now, with Mr. Boulton he left our ship, the *Adventure Prize,* having Mr. Boulton's promise to look after her

[3] An island between Hispaniola and Porto Rico.
[4] William Boulton.
[5] Abraham Redwood of Newport.
[6] She was from Philadelphia.

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and care for her and her lading until my Captain could return from New York and claim her.[1]

Three of our old crew, and sixteen from the sloop *St. Anthony,* we now took aboard us in our sloop; and so, with bewildered minds and angry hearts we weighed and set sail for New York to purge us of the charge of piracy, who, God knows, so little deserved so wicked an injustice.

Our sloop swam well, and we had a fair and steady wind; but there was no gaiety aboard and little talk.

I knew my Captain was cut to the heart by these charges against his honour, which now angered, now saddened him. Often in each other's company we remained silent or held but little discourse; and I knew he was thinking of his wife and Betty, whilst my mind was on Sancia.

It infuriated me to think what disgrace these unknown liars and libellers had cast upon us, and how Sancia must suffer under the imputation concerning me. For by now all New York was doubtless a-humming with the news.

But why did not these same noble lords defend us, or at least ask indulgence until we could be heard? Why did the King of England assume us guilty and proclaim us pirates, and send the *Queensborough* to take us dead or alive?

And my Lord Bellomont, who was chief share-holder and named publicly in the enterprise—what was he about to permit this wicked slander without allowing the man he had forced into it all a single word in self-defence?

And Robert Livingston, who, with my Captain, was under heavy bonds—

I know not why, but a chill invaded me at the very thought of Livingston. His name evoked in me a sinister

[1] She had aboard 150 bales of finest Persian silks, 80 tons of refined sugar, 10 tons of junk iron, 15 large anchors, 40 tons of saltpetre, 30 guns mounted, and 20 more in the hold.

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presentiment; and I remembered poor Milburne's dying cry accusing him of his murder before God's own tribunal.

Robert Livingston. Aye, he who began life in America as a town clerk and Indian trader in Albany. He who traded and encouraged those who "traded" in the Red Sea. He who, with Bayard, hounded Leisler to his death. He who turned his coat when the wind altered, and was staunch for Leisler's son when he demanded of England's King that his father's name and fortune be restored and cleared of shame.

And now this same Livingston, who had persuaded this same King to force my Captain to this adventure—what would he do now, and how turn his face in this angry gale stirring England to cry out upon the noble lords and great folk who had set my Captain on to this possibly illegal enterprise?

What foxy countenance would he make these grand folk? And his King, whom he had persuaded to force Captain Kidd? How was he to run with the hounds and the hare alike?

And I knew in my heart that it was with the hounds Mr. Livingston already was running, and baying as loud as any; and my Captain, in Mr. Livingston's eyes, was now the hare; and, if need be, he would hound him to his death.

As for my Lord Bellomont, I knew nothing about him, yet held him in no favourable view who had pressed my Captain against his judgment and wishes, and was so high with Lord Orford and with all who held masks before their faces with one hand whilst they clutched at pirate gold with the other.

Brooding often alone on deck, I was becoming afraid of a subtle and poisoned treachery which I could not understand or fathom—for I knew nothing of politicians.

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Yet a strange, instinctive fear began to creep on me and possess me that these unmasked lords and great folk were more frightened than was my Captain, because they were guilty and he was not. And that, to avert investigation and save their proper skins, they meant to raise the hue and cry which the frightened gentlemen of the East India Company already were raising, and turn all wrath upon my Captain for monstrous and imaginary crimes he never committed and never even heard of.

Well, all was gloom and apprehension aboard us as, early in June, we sailed into Delaware Bay for water and for news, and to repair at Lewiston.

All ashore looked upon us askance, but nobody dared lay a finger on us.

It was here that I heard a rumour concerning my Lord Bellomont, that he had sent out an armed sloop to take us, deeming such hypocritical zeal requisite to exculpate himself from all responsibility for the piracies imputed to us.

I told my Captain what I had heard ashore, but he was too upright to believe it. Yet something of unease must have possessed him for, when we weighed, we stood not directly for New York, but followed the southern coast of Long Island to its eastern extremity and, thence, sailed westward as far as Oyster Bay, where we anchored in great uneasiness and doubt, not knowing what to apprehend from armed ships or from my Lord Bellomont; and were utterly at a loss as to what we ought to do who were proscribed, outlawed and hunted men, and proclaimed pirates, yet never had even desired to commit a single act of piracy in all our lives.

That night my Captain wrote a most loving letter to his wife and to little Betty; and I wrote to Sancia.

Also my Captain wrote a letter to the Earl of Bellomont in which he said very simply—"The reason why I have

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not gone directly to New York is that clamorous and false stories which have been repeated concerning me, have made me fearful of visiting or coming into any harbour until I could hear from your lordship."—A manly, frank, honest letter—for he showed it to me ere he sent it ashore to be carried post to New York.

"And now," says he, "here I bide until I have some word from his lordship and learn what treatment I am to expect—" he laughed grimly—"whether I am to be received politely, listened to, and thanked, or whether I am to be hung up without inquiry on the slanders of God knows whom." . . . And, says he, "I think I had better write to Robert Livingston—"

"No!" said I.

He gave me a startled look, then his fine features flushed and he became silent, and sat there in the cabin a-gazing at his empty pipe.

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Chapter XL

WHAT happened to us, now, came very swiftly upon us.

And first arrived Mr. James Emott, the lawyer, from New York, to say that Mrs. Kidd had sent him to us if he could be of service. He brought a box of clothing for Captain Kidd and for me.

From him, for the first time in all these years, we learned that those we loved best were well, but in very great distress of mind concerning us.

Also Mr. Emott told us that my Lord Bellomont had gone to Boston, and that, if we wished, he would carry to him a message from my Captain. "But," says he, "for God's sake have a care of his lordship, for he is so smooth a man that one might call him eel-like; and you know not always how to take him."

"Very well, sir," said Captain Kidd, "you will inform the Earl that unquestionably piracies have been committed by men *nominally* under my command.[1] But this has never been by my connivance or consent. When these deeds have been performed the men have been in a state of mutiny utterly beyond my control."

"Sir," said Mr. Emott, "I shall carry your message to Lord Bellomont and bring you careful word regarding his disposition."

"I shall await you at Block Island," said my Captain, "and would be vastly obliged to you if you would so inform my wife. And I pray you, Mr. Emott, to quiet her fears

[1] Kidd's own words to Emott on that occasion.

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and say to her I am not guilty of what they charge me, and have with me papers sufficient to prove my innocence and the innocence of Mr. Hazlett and of several of my men who have remained loyal to me."

So, in this grave and instant condition of affairs, Mr. Emott left us; and that afternoon we cast off and sailed for Block Island; and there anchored to await Mr. Emott's return from Boston.

Twice, by fishing vessels bound for New York, my Captain wrote most loving letters of reassurance to his wife; and I wrote my anxious and impatient heart out to Sancia.

When, at last—and it seemed a hundred years we lay there—Mr. Emott returned to us, he brought a message from Lord Bellomont in Boston, which heartened us most wonderfully.

"*Say to Captain Kidd,*" ran this message, "*that I give him the promise of my protection if his statement can be proved to be true!*" [2]

"Also," said Mr. Emott, "his lordship had the complaisance to inform me that you might very safely come into port in any event, 'because,' said he, 'the King has allowed me a power to pardon pirates.[3] I am tender of using it without the King's express leave and command; but if Captain Kidd could make that appear, he might safely come into this port, and *I would undertake to get him the King's Pardon.*" [4]

So my Captain took Mr. Emott to his cabin and there he wrote a frank and manly letter to Lord Bellomont, briefly telling all that had happened to us since we passed out Sandy Hook three years ago.

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[2] Bellomont's own words.

[3] Bellomont's exact words.

[4] That is, that the charge of piracy against him was false.

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When the lawyer had read it, "Well," says he, "this is a loyal letter, Captain, and so clear and simple that even a child should understand it. But—" he hesitated—"I have this to say to you: I am on polite terms with my Lord Bellomont, but there is no love lost between us, for there never was any to lose."

"How is that, sir?" I asked. "Is he arrogant?"

"On the contrary, Mr. Hazlett, his lordship is *too* kind. . . . A monstrous polite gentleman. . . . Butter and honey are no smoother. Nor is a wet eel. . . . And lays his fine, white hand upon my shoulder when he does me the honour to converse with me. Yes."

"You distrust him, Mr. Emott?" asked my Captain bluntly.

"Well, sir, I know he tells others that I am a Jacobite. He hates all such. So why does he rest his fine, white hand upon my shoulder?"

Said Captain Kidd: "Aye, that is his trick and fashion; and I have felt his hand, too. But he is a kindly and a courtly man, Mr. Emott, and I think you mistake him."

"Pray God I do, sir. . . . Yet he cares not for Jacobites. . . . Well, then—" he took a hearty leave of us and went away from the sloop in a shallop to a ketch that lay near awaiting him.

What Mr. Emott had said concerning his handsome lordship disturbed me; yet Captain Kidd paid it no attention. He was that way—confident in men's friendship and credulous of their honest intentions; and no adverse experience ever seemed to sour or embitter him or make of him a suspicious and a wary man.

"You will see," said he, "in what kindly relations I stand with his lordship when I land and pay my respects to him. He is very complacent with me, Dirck."

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It was plain to me that my Captain was very greatly heartened; yet, conversing in the cabin with me regarding our case: "Were it not for my Lord Bellomont's friendship, and my two French passes," said he, "I might feel alarmed because," says he, "those among my officers and men who mutinied and deserted me would—if discovered and called before a court—turn against me to save themselves. . . . And I could not expect such rogues as Bullen and Bradenham to admit their own guilt by confessing that they had forced me to witness their illegal acts. . . . No; these rascals, and the others, are never going to confess that I held firm against them when they would force me to become a pirate by taking the *Loyal Captain* or by striking hands with Bob Culliford."

"It is well," said I, "that you have your two French passes snug and safe."

"Yes; very well. Else they might even say that the *Kedah Merchant* was a Mogul ship."

"That would be monstrous," said I.

He said: "When I was alone in the cabin with Mr. Emott, he informed me in privacy that the East India Company, alarmed by threats from the Grand Mogul, have sent an Indian gentleman to London to lay a charge against me that the *Kedah Merchant* carried no French pass but was the Mogul's ship; and that to take her was sheer piracy."

"If the East India Company have done that," said I, angrily, "it is a false and cowardly action to save their own skins, and grovel and fawn upon the Grand Mogul! And I hope to God he takes their factories and drives their lying factors out of his domain!"

"You take it too hotly," said my Captain with a faint smile; ". . . they can not make me a pirate under my King's commission if I took the French flag; and they

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can not make the *Kedah Merchant* a Mogul ship when I show them her French pass."

"That is true," said I, "but for God's sake, sir, have a care of those two passes, for already it is becoming plain to me that many and powerful folk are against you to save themselves by denouncing you."

"They can not carry it," said he, calmly. "My armour is my honour; they can not pierce it with perjuries and lies."

It was June weather and the sun was hot at Block Island, but a constant breeze tempered the heat. It was dull waiting for further instructions from Lord Bellomont whether to weigh and stand in for Boston or carry our sloop into New York.

One warm afternoon my Captain lay in troubled slumber in his cabin, where I sat writing my heart out to Sancia, when out o' the tail of my eye I noticed a sloop a-dropping of her anchor very near to where we lay.

As she did not speak us, and as I saw no boat lowered, I continued my writing; and was so occupied when there came a rapping upon the cabin door.

My Captain awoke and got upon his feet.

"Who's there?" says he.

I also rose and opened the door. And instantly was caught in Sancia's arms.

I heard my Captain stammer out his wife's name and heard her sobbing cry as he took her to his breast.

"Sancia! Sancia!" was all I found voice to utter; nor did she seem to know what she was about a-kissing and weeping and laughing. "Lord," says she, "it is hot in your cabin." And, "Oh, God," says she, "that I am in my husband's arms again! . . . Do you see my mother, Dirck? And yonder is Betty!—"

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I put one arm around Sarah Kidd and then kissed her tear-wet cheeks, and kissed Betty—a slender, charming, shy child of seven.

They had brought a servant-girl [5] with them as maid to Mrs. Kidd; a Mr. Clark had fetched them hither in a sloop from New York.

Here, indeed, was both a joyous and anxious reunion, and, amid a thousand caresses, a thousand questions and exclamations. All the troubled news was poured forth by loving yet fearful lips; and ever we forced our gaiety to combat their fears and allay their fond alarms.

I could not keep my gaze from Sancia, who had become more beautiful than I can find words to tell you—so lovely, sweet, and full of grace, and seemed well enough, only somewhat pale.

We sent for Mr. Clark, who came presently to wait upon us—a kind man who bade us welcome to America and seemed sorry for our situation.

Well, we arranged quarters for the ladies in my Captain's cabin, and rigged others for ourselves and Mr. Clark.

And that evening Mr. Emott returned to us with Mr. Duncan Campbell, post-master of Boston, bearing word from his lordship that we were to take our sloop into Boston. So, because Mr. Clark desired to be put ashore at Gardiner's Island, we weighed, altered our course, and stood for that island.

And there landed Mr. Clark; and traded with Mr. John Gardiner,[6] taking on board six sheep, a barrel of cider, and some wood, for our voyage to Boston, and paying for these in Bengal striped goods, a bag of sugar, four pieces

[5] Elizabeth Morris, indented to Captain Kidd, August 19, 1695, for four years as a maid servant.

[6] Narrative of John Gardiner; Common's Journal, XIII, 30-31. John Gardiner was the third proprietor of the Manor and was a grandson of Lion Gardiner.

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of Arabian gold, and some pretty presents for Mrs. Gardiner, who had presented us with a roasted pig.

My Captain sent ashore part of his own share in the voyage, the same being a sea-chest, a box of gold, some quilts and bales, all duly noted and entered. And these he desired Mr. Gardiner to keep for him until he could return from Boston and take them to his house on Great Queen Street in New York City. And would take no receipt of Mr. Gardiner, laughing and saying that all knew the lord of Gardiner's Island to be an upright man.

Two of our crew,[7] also, left with Mr. Gardiner a few bags of silver and gold, and some small bundles containing their lawful shares, designing also to carry these to New York on our return.

My Captain and I did not go ashore. Mr. Gardiner came aboard to take polite leave of us; we weighed, then; gave him a salute of cannon,[8] and sailed for Boston, but manœuvred in Oyster-pan Bay to allow Mr. Campbell to go aboard the sloop that brought him, so that he might arrive before we did and present to my Lord Bellomont his report[9] concerning us and our intentions—a dapper, lively, fashionable young man; and, thank God, a Scot.

Mr. Emott elected to proceed more slowly with us, "because," said he, "my Lord Bellomont may alter his mind, and send a sloop from Boston to direct you to sail for England, and there render your accounting at the port from which you sailed."

For that reason we proceeded slowly.

Even with this cloud hanging over us, and with all our

[7] Parrott and Cooke.

[8] Four guns; all the sloop carried.

[9] This report Mr. Campbell made on June 19, 1699. See Common's Journal, XIII, 21-22. Also Sir C. Dalton. Mr. Jameson's comment upon the latter seems pedantic. History is a matter of psychology as well as of proven records.

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apprehensions and uncertainty, it was a heavenly thing to be with Sancia again. So dear and loving she had become, and so wise!—with an understanding and prudence beyond her soft young years. Which I very soon discovered, and sought her counsel, and began to learn this about my wife, that there was in her a wisdom I must respect, and a sagacity I would do well to consult.

From beginning to end I told her everything that had happened since I had taken leave of her in our little house; and she told me how the years had passed with her, and all that she knew concerning the state of public affairs in America and the new Government in New York and New England; that Lord Bellomont did not remain long in New York, but had soon set out for Boston; that although he and his lady drove in a coach and six like Fletcher, otherwise he had instantly begun to undo all that Fletcher ever had done or begun, and in no way imitated him.

"Dirck," said she, "Lord Bellomont is a handsome and courtly man of graceful address, yet you shall not forget that he is come to America pledged to put an end to piracy and most ambitious to prove his worth to our King.

"Yes. And what happens? Why, scarcely hath he landed here than there comes this outcry from the East India Company accusing my father of piracy! And, of a sudden, my Lord Bellomont discovers that he himself is involved because he is a principal share-holder in the enterprise. Have a care of this man, because none knows him, yet, and nobody can say what his lordship may do to clear his skirts."

"Dearest," said I, "if he is an honest man, and has proof that our Captain is honest, he must stand by him."

"Nevertheless, be wary of him, Dirck. That the East India Company have raised this cruel and scandalous cry

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of piracy has alarmed and enraged his lordship, it is said. That the Commons have pried into the enterprise of the share-company, and have already preferred charges against Orford and Somers, has frightened him.

"He has said, publicly, that neither Scots nor Jacobites were favourites in England; that Americans were not popular because of their complacency toward piracy and pirates; and that he meant to purge the country and set matters right at any cost. . . . I wonder what he means by 'any cost'? And if he means that he will set *himself* right—*at any cost.*"

After a silence I asked her if she knew how Robert Livingston had taken the news.

"There," said she, "is another man to watch. He is in Albany, but I doubt not will post to Boston as soon as he hears that Father has landed there."

"To aid him?"

She shook her head: "To save his own skin at any cost. Oh, Dirck, beware of him! He and Lord Bellomont and our King forced Father to this enterprise against his will. Now that this scandal hath burst in the House of Commons, all these are like to save themselves from public fury. And if they can do so by turning on my father, they will turn on him and rend him."

"They can not do so infamous a thing when your father has his commission to show and the two French passes."

"Dirck, do you suppose these great folk, who were masked as John Doe and Richard Roe in this enterprise, will allow my father to be exonerated at their expense in an adventure which the Commons cry out upon as illegal and a conspiracy?

"They and the East India Company, and the Grand Mogul, will find a scapegoat; and this scapegoat will not be the King of England, nor the First Lord of the

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Admiralty, nor the Lord Governor of New York and New England! No. Nor my Lord Orford, nor the Earl of Romney, nor the Duke of Shrewsbury, nor Lord Chancellor Somers. . . . No."

She took my hand in both of hers: "Dearest lad," said she, "do you remember what Father once told us, how Sir Edmund Harrison very carefully picked the crew for the *Adventure Galley?* How he had been at pains to exclude all *Scots* and *Colonials* because of their supposed proclivities for smuggling and piracy?"

"I remember," I said, troubled.

"Then," said she, "for God's sake tell my father to be on guard lest these very great and frightened folk find a scapegoat in a Scot and a Colonial."

"Dearest, he is the most unsuspicious of men."

"I know that," says she, "alas! But look where he stands, Dirck—with this highly improper and, perhaps, illegal grant! And when the House of Commons goes a-ratting, and pokes its nose into it, out scurry the rats—Orford, Somers, the King—"

"Hush, child!"

"Why, these very sailors around us on deck all know it! They have necks, too; and no love of nooses. They count on Father, and Father is confident of Lord Bellomont's good faith—and *then* it runs t'other way, Dirck—and Lord Bellomont fears Orford, and Orford is afeard o' the King, and the King is frightened of the Commons, and the Commons are daunted by the East India Company, and the East India Company is terrified by the Grand Mogul.

"There's your menace and your warning, Dirck. . . . And, if it were I, I would not go ashore in Boston. No. I would keep to my own quarter-deck and send my passes and my evidence ashore, and have a firm pledge from his

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lordship ere I ventured my skin, and that in attested writing, too, and broad-sealed!"

Thus we spoke together and took counsel against emergency, yet I could not be afraid because we had our French passes to acquit us of all evil.

My Captain's lovely lady made a brave endeavour to be gay and cheerful, and Sancia abetted her with courage and pretence of high spirits; and, as for little Betty, the child seemed conscious of the shadow that, even in brilliant sunshine, seemed to fall over us to still our voices and chill our gaiety to gravity and silence.

When we were sailing near Boston harbour we spoke a pilot, who came aboard us. He was a Scot, and outspoken, saying that the city of Boston hummed with news from England concerning us, and that there was a great noise in London about us and the excitement grew.

"Sir," said he to Captain Kidd, "the East India Company has acquainted the Lords Justices with the charges against you; and there is a fierce outcry against the great lords who were to be sharers in what you took from the pirates, and who were concerned in sending you out."

"And what more?" says my Captain, calmly.

"Why the East India Company, and one Cogi Baba, a Persian merchant, attended the Lords Justices with a petition humbly praying that you be apprehended and brought to a speedy trial before the High Court of Admiralty; and that what you took from the Great Mogul be sent back to him as satisfaction for his losses," said the pilot.

Said my Captain, smiling: "Every penny that ever I took from the Great Mogul shall be returned to him in a thimble."

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"Faith of a Scotchman, sir?" asked the pilot.

"Faith of a Scot," said Captain Kidd. "Take me into port."

They struck hands on it and smiled at each other—that dauntless, bonnie, Scottish smile than which out o' clear blue Scottish eyes there is no bonnier in all the world, nor any truer or more honest.

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Chapter XLI

WE landed in Boston on the first day of July, the year 1699. Mr. Duncan Campbell, the postmaster, met us on the wharf and escorted the ladies and us and our effects to his comfortable house, where we were to remain his guests until this miserable business was concluded.

Instantly Lord Bellomont, who was in residence at Mr. Sergeant's [1] house, sent for my Captain to wait upon him.

So Captain Kidd put on his fine suit of ash-velvet, and put on his gold embossed shoulder-belt and sword, and took his new hat which Mr. Emott had fetched him, being of the new style, three-cornered, and cocked.

His lady came and tied his lace neck-cloth in the new mode, which was loose and only one fold, and one end very short. Then she took his face between her pretty hands and kissed him lovingly; and so bade him go with God; and turned and went back with Sancia and Betty to her bedroom.

"Sir," said I, "may I not go with you?"

But he desired me to remain with the ladies, it being a strange city and our affairs uncertain, and with a Governor of uncertain temper to deal with.

"Yet," said my Captain cheerfully, "he was very courteous and kind to me in London, and I know no reason why I should not trust him now."

[1] The finest house in Boston, belonging to Mr. Sergeant, a rich merchant, was placed at Lord Bellomont's disposal. Afterward it became the famous Province House, and Official Residence for British Governors.

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He took all his papers, and the two French passes, and went out with Mr. Emott, who attended him.

It was a beautiful summer day. I went to my bedroom and bathed; and a barber arrived, presently, to trim me, kindly sent to me by Mr. Campbell.

Then I dressed me in the new and fresh clothing which Mr. Emott had fetched for me from New York; and so went down stairs and sat in the parlour by the open window to view the strange folk passing in this city so strange to me.

Presently came Sancia to seat herself beside me and hold fast to my hand. We said little. God knows it was heaven even to be together, though our minds were restless with suspense and our hearts dull with misgiving.

Betty came into the parlour, silently a-tip-toe, as though quiet befitted this place and day; yet the poor child scarce understood.

She seated herself at the spinet, and, with Sancia's permission, tinkled at it with her slender fingers, and sang in her frail, school-girl voice:

"Though all else perish with the Sun
From view,
In all the world I need no one
But you.
You, like the Sun, create for me my Day,
And, when you vanish, Night descends straightway.
You are my breath, my voice, my touch, my sight,
And Night, with you, is Day; without you, Night!"

In the still, dim room there seemed an odour as of fading flowers; and the child's voice, and her shadowy figure, blended vaguely with the melody.

We waited. Sancia, presently, went to her mother's room. Turning from the doorway whither I had attended,

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her, I became aware of Betty's wistful eyes; and she rose from the spinet and came and lay on my lap, her flower-like face against my breast.

About noon Captain Kidd came in, and instantly I saw how flushed was his face, and that his clear eyes were troubled.

Betty had gone to her mother's chamber; I was alone in the parlour; and into it I drew my Captain by his sleeve, and softly closed the door.

"Sir," said I, "has it gone well with you or otherwise?"

"I scarcely know—" He stood staring out o' the window for a while, then sat down.

"I scarcely know," he repeated. "He did not use me ill, yet seemed somewhat distant. . . . Not as he was in London—all warmth and smiles and his hand upon my shoulder. . . . No, not warm. . . . Smiled once, but with stiffness. . . . Asked me how I did. . . . Some words—that were words only and clothed nothing. Nothing, I think. . . . There were others present. I waited to have our privacy. He seemed embarrassed. . . . Said he thought it best for both our sakes to have witnesses to our conversation. God knows why."

"He wanted witnesses to what *you* said? Or to what he might say?" I demanded.

"I know not. . . . Well, he became grave. Asked me questions. . . . I seemed to feel the chill in him. . . . I told him the truth. What else had I to tell him—or any man—who never have acquired the vice of lying? No. . . . And still he continued at me after I had said a thing. . . . Kept at me about the *Kedah Merchant* and why I had not brought her in. . . . I showed him both French passes. I laughed, saying that I thought these might stop the Mogul's mouth and choke the East India

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Company. Lord, there was a harmless jest; yet he seemed to think me frivolous [2] to make any jest, and gazed at me with the air of a schoolmaster who smells guilt.

"My lord," says I, "will your lordship be pleased to look over these two French passes? And maybe your lordship, too, will smile to see how vain is this cry of piracy raised by the East India Company against me."

But he paid no attention, and presently began again to question me concerning the *Kedah Merchant,* until I became confused and wearied and asked him if I might have my lawyer, Mr. Emott, to be a witness to what I said.

"At that his face altered and he said with some sharpness that Mr. Emott was a cunning Jacobite,[3] a fast friend of Fletcher's, and his lordship's avowed enemy.

"His own words seemed to anger him; and he said that all Scots were leagued together; that Mr. Campbell was one, and Mr. Graham [4] and Mr. Livingston also; and that the latter had had the impudence to come to him that very morning and, in a peremptory manner, demand his bond and the articles sealed upon my expedition.

"Dirck, I was astounded.

" 'Why,' cries his lordship, 'have you not already seen Mr. Livingston and juggled with him and Mr. Campbell to embezzle some of your cargo?'

"I tell you, Dirck, I had no voice to answer.

" 'Well, then,' says he, 'Mr. Livingston came here and told me that you swore all the oath in the world that

[2] His lordship wrote to the Board of Trade:
"I would not so much as speak to him but before witnesses. I thought he looked very guilty. . . . Besides, Kidd did strangely trifle with me."
Lord Bellomont had concluded to show his zeal to his King by saving the King's skin, the skins of the noble lords associated, and his own.

[3] His lordship's own words.

[4] Attorney General of New York.

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unless I did immediately indemnify Mr. Livingston you never would bring in that great ship!'[5]

"Dirck, at that I found my tongue, and told him that it was a damned lie, and that I had neither seen Mr. Livingston nor said such words, nor writ them.

"I spoke with warmth; and it seemed to disconcert his lordship—and the council, too—so that he cooled, and questioned me with more caution and civility.

"I answered as best I could from memory and lacking my journal and papers which had been so violently taken from me in Edward Welche's house when they robbed my chest in Madagascar.

"So, having detained me until the dinner hour, they dismissed me with some show of stiff politeness. . . . But his lordship's manner had hurt me. . . . He was different in London—"

Captain Kidd's perplexed blue eyes rested on me, turned wistfully to the window.

"How strange," he murmured, "that this man who induced me to this enterprise against my will because of my character for honesty should so instantly suspect me of dishonesty even though I have given him proofs to the contrary."

After a silence: "Where is this damned Livingston?" said I.

"I know not. I have not seen him. Nor did I know he was in Boston," replied my Captain.

"Well," said I bluntly, "if he comes to juggle with you, have a care he juggles not your neck into a noose of his own weaving."

"I think," said Captain Kidd, simply, "that Mr. Livingston is as violently suspected of trickery[6] as I am of

[5] His lordship's own words.

[6] He was. His downfall began from that day. He was a

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piracy. . . . And I am wondering what manner of men, after all, are our great folk in New York who sent poor Leisler to his death because he dared stand for right and justice against their caste. . . . That was why they punished him. He had dared show a front to privilege; dared defy the immemorial and sacred temple of aristocracy. . . . A hot-tempered but honest, loyal, simple man. . . . Somebody had to be the scapegoat. No aristocrat. No. . . . So it was a commoner who had to die. . . . And he was the man they hanged. . . . And—I am wondering what all these great folk mean to do with me."

After a long silence: "Sir," said I, "shall we presently go aboard our sloop and take our ladies and sail out o' this damned land where there be too many needy Governors and too many great folk who have made their fortunes out of the Red Sea Trade?"

"Whither?" he asked with a faint smile. "To be burned as heretics in Spain? Or put to the sword in France because we worship God as we please? . . . I know not what ails the world o' men. . . . I know not where to go or what to do," he added wearily, his wistful blue eyes a-staring at the window pane.

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trimmer; but he never whined as did Colonel Bayard who ate dirt to save his own neck, yet sent Leisler to his death without mercy. Leisler died a man. Bayard lived by cringing.

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Chapter XLII

ON the fifth day of July, early in the morning, I came ashore from our sloop where I had been obliged to sleep. There were no accommodations for me at Mr. Campbell's, and my young wife and I turned shy of sharing the same chamber. For, though we were fast married, as we believed, yet, after three years' absence it still seemed to us that we were sweethearts only and that no tenderer intimacy became us.

Now, as I landed at the water-stairs, there came to me a gentleman from my Lord Bellomont, who said the Earl desired to see me as soon as might be.

I never had laid eyes upon his lordship, yet heartily distrusted him. I said to the usher: "What for?"

He seemed shocked at my bluntness: "Mr. Hazlett," said he, "I do not know, but if you will be so obliging as to accompany me, his lordship doubtless will satisfy you."

"Very well," said I; and so went with him through the streets in the early morning and entered Mr. Sergeant's house which is set back in a garden with trees, hedges, and flowers.

There seemed to be many servants, soldiers, and gentlemen in the hallway and corridors; but the Earl received me alone in a handsome parlour.

He was a tall, fine-looking man, graceful, elegantly dressed, and could—I saw—show warmth, and an engaging and caressing manner when he chose. I looked calmly

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upon the Irish peer and very carefully bowed to him; and he was even a trifle more polite.

"Mr. Hazlett," said he, "you have served as gunner-lieutenant aboard Captain Kidd's vessel?"

"I have had that honour," said I, drily.

"Sir," said he, "will you be seated?"

I took a chair.

"Be kind enough," said he, "to give me a brief narrative of the cruise of the *Adventure Galley* from the day you joined her."

So I told his lordship plainly all that had happened since we sailed from the Hook; and I told him, too, what was my opinion of Captain Kidd, and of his officers and crew, ". . . a filthy gang of rogues commanded by a gallant gentleman," said I.

"We shall call them as witnesses," said his lordship blandly, "and doubtless they will exculpate Captain Kidd of all suspicion, as you say."

I reddened and burned to the roots of my hair at that, but controlled my anger.

"Well, my lord," said I, "if there be none but Captain Kidd's mutinous sailors to be brought upon the witness stand, I think they are like to be somewhat slow to admit that they engaged in piracy and revolt which would condemn them to the gallows."

"Sir," said he, coolly, "if Captain Kidd accuses them, are they not to be heard in their own defence?"

"I suppose," said I, "that a jury knows how to weigh the testimony of such bloody rogues."

The Earl was silent for a few moments. Then:

"Mr. Hazlett," says he politely, "are you not kin to the Earl of Derringdale?"

"My lord," said I, "I have no cause to boast of the connection—although maybe Lord Derringdale has."

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He looked astonished: "How so?" says he.

"Through his kinship to a good American," said I with all the impudence in the world.

His lordship flushed and his fine, white teeth fell a-fiddling with his nether lip. As for me, I had a desire to laugh, so utterly false did seem this noble lord to me. For already I had done with all he harboured in his mind; because I could perceive all he was meditating; and knew his thoughts to be subservient—not to truth and justice—but to the petty personal and political needs of his master, the King, and the mighty folk who now were cringing before the awakened voice of honest England.

"Mr. Hazlett," said he, "your connections in England are both high and powerful—if you care to invoke them."

"Invoke them? Why, sir?"

"In the event of any further inquiry into this matter of the *Adventure Galley*."

That incensed me, and I got up and took my hat.

"My lord," said I, "if in my mind and heart I know I am not guilty, then I have no need of noble lords and great folk to tell me so!"

"Yet," said he, "if you were *forced* to witness piratical proceedings by either crew or Captain—"

"Damnation, sir!" said I in a passion, "do you think I'd lie about my Captain to save my neck and bawl for the Derringdales to bolster up the lie?"

"Mr. Hazlett," said he, changing countenance, "you mistake me and, I must say, seem very easily heated."

"Yes, my lord, easily when it touches my honour."

"I meant not to touch it, sir—"

"My lord," said I, "I have told you plainly that my Captain is an upright and honourable gentleman. That statement engages my honour, and you continue to question it."

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"Sir," said he, "you are too tender and have utterly mistaken me. All I desire and contemplate is a calm and orderly inquiry which the law demands. And I do not doubt it will clear Captain Kidd."

"That, my lord," said I, "would be to doubt God's justice—ahem!—and your lordship's. . . . The very thought of which," said I, "is blasphemous." And I made him a very, very low bow and swept a figure on the Turkey carpet with the long plume of my hat.

Whether the Derringdale end of me jogged him or what, I know not, but his Irish lordship was so complaisant as to attend me to the door. Here again I took leave of him with every utmost ceremony. And so out, and to wait upon Sancia and my Captain and his dear lady at Mr. Campbell's.

My Sancia, in her pretty night-rail and her cap and chamber robe, came to the parlour to give and receive her morning kiss. She was shy and pretty with me in her lovely disorder, but seemed happy; and she told me that his lordship had used Captain Kidd very kindly on the previous day; and that her father also had seen her ladyship, and had designed for her the customary present of a modest jewel or two and a little bag of gold-dust.

"Custom need not rule here," said I, "and I hope your father will ignore it."

"Why?" said Sancia, surprised.

"Because," said I, "any innocent action of his may be used against him; and I would not trust my Lord Bellomont with a penny-worth o' snuff or a half-stiver o' siwan, and that's flat! . . . Where's this accursed Livingston?"

"Gone again to his manor, they say, and vowing to take ship and demand of the King of England his bond."

"Yes," said I, furiously, "and has first done your father

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all the damage possible by bawling aloud for his pound o' flesh. Where is your father?"

"Why, Dirck," says she, "what has happened to you?"

"Not much. That means I have held discourse this morning with his lordship. And do not trust him. . . . Where is your father?"

"He went abroad to walk and take the air."

Instantly suspicion flashed through my mind. Was it possible that this damned nobleman had purposely drawn me from my Captain so early in the morning? For what purpose, then?

As I stood there, in hesitation, I heard the street door open and Duncan Campbell's anxious voice calling my name.

Sancia, being in undress, ran to her bed-chamber. Campbell came in very pale and wild.

"Mr. Hazlett," says he, "the bailiffs have taken Captain Kidd as he walked the street near to Mr. Sergeant's house. He is arrested, and bail refused, and is lodged in the common jail by order of Lord Bellomont."

"By God," said I, seizing my hat, "I shall go instantly to Lord Bellomont—"

"To what purpose! My God, sir, consider. If they also arrest you and lodge you in jail, then you are useless to Captain Kidd."

"Well, what the devil would you have me do?" I cried; "flee the city and desert my Captain?"

"Exactly that, sir. Wait a moment, if you please, Mr. Hazlett—I am not counselling you to infamy. But I have been with Captain Kidd but now in the warden's quarters while his commitment was being made out, and he most solemnly charged me to convey to you his instant orders."

"Orders?"

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"Yes, sir; orders from a commissioned Captain to his Lieutenant."

"Very well, sir," said I. "I understand what orders mean, and shall not dream of disobeying even if it be to do this noble Irishman's business for him—"

"Hush, sir, for God's sake! We know not who may be listening under these windows. . . . So, sir, these are your Captain's orders, and instant: that he is well enough, and is in no peril; and has, as you know, written proof in the two French passes to exonerate him.

"Further, that it is sufficient that his wife and children remain in my house to be near him and minister to his needs.

"Further, that Mr. Emott remain at hand to advise and aid him.

"Now, this disposition suits him. But he is in great dread that they arrest you and render you valueless to him and to his family. Therefore, he begs that you will seek Mr. Clark,[1] in the country whither I shall guide you, and there take horse and ride post to New York; and there, secretly, take the first ship sailing to England. And lodge at The Turnham Arms in Turnham, which is close to London.

"In England you are to write to Derringdale, and acquaint the Earl how it is with you who are his kinsman; and ask an audience; and say to him that if any misfortune, miscarriage of justice, and disgrace overtake Captain Kidd, then it must besmirch you, too, and the name of Derringdale as well."

"Am I to do this?" said I, trembling and sickened to so drag my pride before the threshold of these damned Derringdales who never had condescended to notice me.

"If you can bring yourself to that point through love of

[1] Clark was arrested subsequently by Bellomont.

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the man who asks it of you," said Mr. Campbell, "then he dares ask it. Because he now sees desperate men and high behind this disloyal and treacherous arrest. And if Lord Bellomont's hand falls so heavily upon your Captain's shoulder today, heavier yet may fall the hand of the King of England tomorrow."

"You shall say to my Captain," said I, "that I would drag me on my belly from here to Derringdale in his service, and for love of him! You shall say to my Captain that for devotion and respect to him I will attempt all things and suffer all things; and may the Lord God damn my soul if ever I falter or turn faint in the loyal service that I owe to him and his."

"Sir," said he, "I shall convey your message through Mr. Emott. And, sir, I have ordered two of my own horses for you and me to be ready in a secret place beyond the land-gate. . . . I think it better not to tarry lest they conclude to arrest you, also. Yet, his lordship, I understand, is chary of stirring up and affronting the Earl of Derringdale. . . . Still, we should lose no time—"

"Mr. Campbell," said I, "here are keys. Will you take them and go aboard the sloop and fetch me my gold and silver and other monies from my chest whilst I conciliate to this new and sudden parting her whom I hold dearest of any upon earth?"

He nodded; took my keys and hastened out.

Then I went into Sancia's chamber where she was a-dressing her; and there told her all.

We wept. We sat on the bed's edge and cried like children in each other's arms. And kissed and cried and clung together until came Elizabeth, their maid, to say that Mr. Campbell awaited me and warned me to lose no time.

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"Will you break this infamous news to your dear mother?" said I, "or shall I do so?"

"No, no," she cried in a sort of terror, and pushed me to the door. "Oh, God, Dirck, let this false Irishman not surprise and take you here! Oh, save yourself instantly and so help my father and me and mother!—"

I swept her into my arms: "Kiss your mother and Betty for me, dearest of women! Say to your father I shall do my best as long as there is any life within my body."

"Go with God," she sobbed, ". . . oh, go! go!—"

I went out so blindly that I did not see Mr. Campbell and ran against him. He gave me my money in two saddle bags, and these I shouldered, and then stumbled after him out through the rear door and garden and out by a wicket into the mews where two of his men stood holding two horses.

A moment later we were mounted and riding very innocently and carelessly out of the city of Boston.

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Chapter XLIII

LUCK was with me, for the very day I arrived in New York a ship was to sail, if wind and tide ran not to the contrary.

I had time to go to the little house by the waterside—Sancia's and mine—for my young wife had carried the key to Block Island when she came aboard us—and there I packed a sea-chest with what I thought I might require.

This a waterman carried to the ship after I had secured and paid for my passage.

Whether I was so changed in appearance that nobody recognized me, or whether already I was forgotten in my native city, I do not know. I saw folk passing whom I knew, but it was very plain they did not know me.

Riel and Maddaleen I dared not visit; nor anybody else; because, being bound upon my Captain's business, and in secret, I did not wish to risk anything. So I went not into the Dark Ship, either, but found the master of my ship, the *Lapwing,* Captain Stanley, a-drinking of a toddy in a new tavern called The Cherry Tree Inn, near Stone Street. And there secured my passage, calling myself Richard Norrys, a family name.

Even in my anxiety and haste I could not but notice how New York had grown, what with new streets, new wharfs, new buildings, and new stone pavements in some streets as well as on the footways.

Lord, what a tender flood of memories awoke at the glimpse of Trinity Church where Governor Fletcher would

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have had us married. It was a fine, great church, and had a lofty steeple, and faced the water and not Wall Street.

Within that green and flowery church-yard lay my beloved parents.

Passing by Captain Kidd's fine house, I saw a soldier on guard there. So the treacherous Earl had determined to seize my Captain even before he had arrived in Boston! Lord, what a panic was he in, this smooth and zealous Governor a-fawning upon his frightened King with one neat ear cocked at the noises in the House of Commons, and one eye on the scared Admiralty.

Anger and contempt, only, stayed my broken heart for loss of the lass I had waited more than three long years to clasp to my breast forever. Who were these great folk all a-shaking in their silken shoon to see a poor sea-captain sail into Boston port? What was this mighty and noble array of the lords and governors and high officials of the realm that they all quailed when somebody discovered what secret business they were about in the Red Sea Trade!

By heaven, was it not sickening to see these great folk, who had been denouncing New York and America because of piracy and pirates, now suddenly discovered under the names of Richard Roe and John Doe, and of Tom, Dick, and Harry, and all a-trading on pirates and on piracy with all their secret and greedy might and main?

And the Dutch King of England himself!—

Yes! Every noble jack among 'em all tarred with the same bucket, and all a-bellowing, "*He* did it! 'Twas not I! 'Twas that wicked Captain Kidd who hath turned pirate to confound and plunder us who are simple, trustful, honest men. *We* trade not with pirates who rob others! No! We only rob pirates of booty taken from other poor folk murdered upon the seas. Not to return the booty to

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the widows and orphans of these same poor, murdered folk. No. But to keep it to enrich our noble selves."

Lord! And our Dutch King up to his knees in the mess! And the noble Lords of Trade, and the Admiralty, and the Chancellor, and the great and elegant Governor of New York and New England. . . . And Robert Livingston.

But I say no more of him. His greed has over-reached him. He is fallen from his high estate. Let him remember, nevertheless, that agonized cry of poor Milbourne from the scaffold in the rain! Let him remember how he drove my Captain into an enterprise against his solemn protest, yielding only to the command of his King!

And, if the fall of the father reflect not on his children, and on his children's children, then let him remember the children of the honest Scottish sea-captain whom he drove to sea; and who, having done his full duty before God and man, hath returned to be accused of piracy, and to be decoyed, deceived, and treacherously arrested by one of the very men who forced him to take the sea and do the greedy, secret will of our damned Dutch King! . . . And so much for Robert Livingston, first proprietor of the great manor of that name. And as guilty as any man who ever flew the bones or took a ship.

Well, I am heated again—God forgive me—but mine has been a very bitter heart. And you shall see why, and perhaps pardon me.

So, in the great ship, *Lapwing,* I went into England. It is scarce worth your while to listen to what happened upon that voyage, for I have nothing remarkable to relate.

Winds were fair and kind, for it was July and August; and all ships we spoke had had fair weather and a good voyage.

But, oh, the lonely sadness of those weeks for me!

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Well, then, I landed at last upon the shores of Old England where never before had I set foot; and could not choose but love it, not only for my father's sake, but because the land was so sweet and gentle to gaze upon, and the cities so handsome and so large and beautiful.

There was no vast forest hanging along horizons like black and threatening clouds; no cleared lands full o' ferns and stumps and half-burned logs. No mighty rivers that I saw; no wild mountains towering forest-clad to the skies.

I saw no log huts, nor even any farm-houses or barns made of wood. No; all was stone; or plastered timbers and slated roofs; or stone cottages thatched with broom.

And the pure and gracious beauty of the fields passed all belief where, in a coach, I drove along toward London, seeing still rivers which reflected trees, and fat cattle belly deep in clover, and all so sweet-smelling and quiet and gentle!—

Well, God made a garden and called it England; and why He set so Dutch a King to govern over it, God only knows.

So I came into London; and instantly was confounded and awed and utterly lost in so huge a city. For I never had dreamed of any place as vast.

It was not a kindly city, nor polite, as were we in New York, but folk seemed dingy, and abrupt and rough in speech and manners, except toward the great folk when all was bowing and hats off and kiss the dirt.

Lord, how the high and mighty did rattle it in their gilded coaches! And the gallants a-horse, too!—how nobly they sat and rode and were clothed. Soldiers I saw everywhere, brave in their brass and scarlet. But in this city was great wealth and splendour and great squalour side by side; and it seemed strange to me because, in New York, we have no beggars and no such misery and filth.

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Nor any such splendours, either. Poor we have, though none who ask or need alms, but go sturdily about their work and make out to live nearly as well as many whom folk call the middle classes here.

Heaven, what beggary I have beheld in London town! And what magnificence!

Well, I lodged at an inn near to a place called Turnham, I think, which was outside the city, and green and lovely though an humble place.

From here I wrote a letter to my Lord Derringdale at Derring Park in Daleshire, saying that I was come into England upon a purpose express to see him, and therefore respectfully craved audience. I added that he need not dread that I had arrived intending any financial solicitation, nor ever would weary and annoy him by importunities for any such relief. But that I was come, as was proper, to the head of our family, to ask counsel and advice in a grave matter involving life and death; and would be vastly obliged for any complaisance which he might think fit to show me.

Now, whilst I awaited word from my Lord Derringdale, a ship arrived from Boston and it carried a letter for me which I discovered at my inn, The Turnham Arms, in the great parlour where letters were placed for folk who lived in Turnham.

MY BELOVED HUSBAND—

It is two weeks since you left me, and if your heart be as heavy o' love as is mine own, then do I not need to tell you how dearly I love you.

My dearest, this is to acquaint you that, on July 17th, Captain Nicholas Everts arrived in Boston with an account how Mr. Boulton, whom Father left in charge of the *Kedah Merchant,* prize; and pledged to care for her and her cargo, hath turned rascal. For this Mr. Boulton trans-

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ferred her cargo to another vessel, set fire to the *Kedah Merchant,* and is fled is Curaçao to become a sea-rover like any other and take all nations and fly the bloody flag or the black.

I know not what this misfortune portends, only that Father is vastly troubled and fears that it may be held against him and that some may say that Boulton and he have conspired together to do this shameful thing and so rob the share-holders of the company.

Well, my father is in prison; and my Lord Governor has caused the arrest of the crew on our sloop, and they are now in jail.

The evening you left there came some bailiffs to Mr. Campbell's house and enquired for you; and Mr. Emott thinks that they may have meant to arrest you, yet doubts his lordship's courage to affront my Lord Derringdale.

There is great excitement in Boston regarding Father's arrest. It is wicked and cruel to spread abroad such stories as come out of nowhere concerning my father's piracy and how terrible a scourge was he so that even the Grand Mogul in his golden palace trembled to hear the name of Captain Kidd.

What vile lies have the East India Company invented! And the two Portuguese captains who so wantonly attacked Father in their ships, have said he is a known pirate and did murder many people and burn countless villages in India, and committed divers cruelties by tricing up the crews of ships he took and causing their bodies to be cut to pieces with swords.

How dare such perjurers die and meet their God, who have sworn to such wanton untruths?

Twelve of the sloop's crew are in jail. The others escaped in terror of such injustice.

My Lord Bellomont's men did come here and seize all Father's and Mother's property; and there is a guard placed over the house.

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As for Mother, she is as full of quiet courage as becomes the wife of a Scottish sea-captain. Every day we go to the jail, with Betty, and carry such relief to Father as he desires. We encourage him, strive to laugh and hearten him, and pretend to take it lightly because of the two French passes which must convince any court on earth that Father is not guilty of the piracy charged against him.

But Father seems aged in these few dreadful months since first, in the West Indies, he heard that he had been proclaimed a pirate.

He is older for these weeks in prison, Dirck, and his hair is vastly silvered, and his bonnie blue eyes seem strange and worn and haunted, even when he makes effort to smile at us and pretend he soon will be set free.

These damned people—I ask pardon for the oath which does not become my lips or pen—have so stripped Mother of her money and necessaries that she has been constrained to complain to his lordship. I send you copies of Mother's petitions—which I wrote for her, poor soul!—and which made my heart bleed.

Lord, what a heavy sorrow has fallen upon this family through no fault of their own, only that my dear father has trusted great folk who have played him very false.

We hope that you may be able to enlist my Lord Derringdale in our behalf. We know you will spare no pains to that end.

As for other news, well, Mr. DeLancy, whom our Governor calls a "hot-headed and saucy Frenchman," is fair caught as chief owner of the pirate ship *Adventure* of London for Borneo; and how this great and fashionable New York merchant is to get himself clear of this pickle I know not. Yet, it was Bradish, the pirate, who commanded her, and it is Bradish who must hang, if they catch him again, and not Mr. DeLancy. No. Great folk never hang only if they raise a rebel hand against their King. . . . And I wonder if ever the day may come when

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even a King shall hang who hath outraged God and man. I wonder.

Well, I must close or lose my ship which carries this to you.

My mother and Betty send to you their dearest love and ask God's blessing on you in your cruel and lonely exile in our behalf.

My father sends all affection and bids you bear as stout a heart as he.

And I, my husband, send you all that, in me, is worthy of your esteem and love; and shall presently write to you again; and so, with every possible respect and duty, have the high honour to subscribe myself,

Your wife,

SANCIA.

So blurred my sight that I could scarce see to finish and kiss the pages where her hand had rested.

Within her letter I found copies of her mother's petitions:

TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE EARL OF BELLOMONT,

CAPTAIN, GENERAL, ETC.; ETC.

The petition of Sarah Kidd, wife of Captn. Wm. Kidd,

Humbly Sheweth that on the sixth day of July; inst; some Magistrates and officers of this place came into your Petitioner's lodgings at the house of Duncan Campbell and did there seize and take out of a Trunck a Silver Tankard, a Silver Mugg, a Silver Porringer, spoons, forcks, and other pieces of Plate, and 260 pieces of eight, your Petitioner's sole and proper Plate and money brought with her from New York, whereof she has had possession for several years, as she can truly make oath; out of which said trunck was also took twenty five English Crowns which belonged to your Petitioner's maid.

The premises and most deplorable condition of your

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Petitioner considered, she humbly entreats your Honours justice that return be made of the said Plate and money.

SARAH KIDD.[1]

Another copy I then read of a letter to my Captain's old friend, Thomas Payne:

From Boston Prison, July the 18 day, 1699

CAPTAIN PAYNE,

After my humble service to yourself and all our good friends, this cometh by a trusty friend of mine who can declare to you concerning my great grief and misery here in prison.

By him I desire you to send me twenty four ounces of gold. As for the rest you have in custody, keep it, for it is all we have to support us in time of want.

I pray you deliver to the bearer the sum above mentioned. His name is Andrew Knott.

SARAH KIDD.

This letter[2] was written badly and ignorantly, and not done by Sancia; but by whom I know not, or why the poor lady, in her need, turned to some other than Sancia.

But probably it was her maid, Elizabeth Morris, who wrote it.

I took up and read the last sad petition:

TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE EARL OF BELLOMONT; ETC.; ETC.

The Petition of Sarah Kidd Humbly Sheweth:

That your Petitioner's husband, Capt. Wm. Kidd, being committed unto the Common Jail in Boston for Piracy, and under strait durance, is in want of necessary assistance as well as your Petitioner's affection to her husband.

[1] The original petition; Massachusetts Archives.

[2] Nobody knows who wrote this letter for Sarah Kidd.

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Humbly prays

"That your Excellency and Council will be pleased to permit the said Sarah Kidd to have communication with her husband, for his relief, in such due manner and season as may be thought fit. To which your Petitioner shall thankfully conform herself,

And ever pray, etc.: etc.:

SARAH KIDD.[8]

And when I read this pitiful little letter, and when I thought of my dear lady, and of my Captain, and of Sancia, I wished I had his Irish lordship by his smooth, white neck because I would know very well what to do with it.

[8] Public Record Office and Common's Journal. The original is endorsed as received September 20th, according to Jameson. But this could hardly be correct.

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Chapter XLIV

I HEARD nothing from my kinsman, the Earl of Derringdale. But I had another letter from Sancia by the next ship:

MY DARLING HUSBAND—

This wicked Governor is ill of the gout; and he, in his spleen, hath writ a lying letter to the Lords of Trade against my father.

And several things he has written in his letter to my father's prejudice—a copy of which was brought secretly to me by a public scrivener of Boston, whom I pay to copy papers for my father, and who seems kind and heartily sorry for us all.

How this poor man came by the copy of the Earl's letter I know not, nor dare ask him; but paid him well for his act of kindness to us.

So my Lord Bellomont writes these several things which I quote; to wit:

That, though he says, "I writ a letter [1] to Capt'n Kidd inviting him to come in and that I would procure a pardon for him, provided he were as innocent as Mr. Emott said he was," the Governor further says: "Your Lordships may observe that the promise I make to Capt'n Kidd, in my said letter, is conditional; that is, provided he be as innocent as he pretended to be. *But I quickly found sufficient cause to suspect him very guilty by the many lies and contradictions he told me!*"

Oh, Dirck, to think that our Lord Governor should pretend that Father *lied* to him! And all the time this false

[1] See Common's Journal, Vol. XIII, p. 22.

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Governor designed to seize Father as soon as he landed; for he writes, further:

"I received . . . orders about Kidd . . . about *3 months* before my leaving New York, *but I never discovered them to anybody.*[2] . . . Nor had I, till that day that I produced my orders from the Court for apprehending Kidd, communicated them to anybody. . . . I thought myself secure enough from his running away, because I took care not to give him the least umbrage *of my Design of seizing him.* And another reason why I took him not up sooner was that he had brought his wife and children hither in the Sloop with him, *who, I believed, he would not easily forsake!*"

Dirck, was ever so cowardly and treacherous a trap set to deceive and decoy an honest gentleman to his ruin?

And, Dirck, it is *The King* who has conspired with our Governor, for his lordship says, further: "I have committed Kidd to jail, *as I was ordered to do by the King.*"[3]

Further, our brave Governor writes: "I have put Kidd into irons that weigh 16 pound. I thought it moderate enough. . . . There never was a greater liar or thief in the world than this Kidd. . . . I desire orders what to do with Kidd; for, as the Law stands in this country, *if a pirate be convicted,* yet he cannot *suffer Death!*"

Oh, my husband, do you see that already this false Governor is talking of my father's death to the Lords of Trade and to the guilty King?

Further, this noble gentleman saith: "Kidd not only did rob two Moors' ships, but also a Portuguese ship; which he denied absolutely to the Council and me."

And why should Father not deny it, having *French passes* for both Moors' ships, and having proof that his crew stopped the Portuguese against his will and power to control them!

But all this is idle. It is clear that Lord Bellomont

[2] Common's Journal.
[3] Common's Journal for original.

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designs my father's death to show his zeal to the frightened King of England, and to cleanse his own hands as principal share-holder in this miserable enterprise.

What is to become of Father with the King, the Governor, the East India Company, the Mogul, and all these noble lords resolved to sacrifice him to their own terrors?

Oh, my husband, help him if you can. But we never doubt you will do all possible, and so I pray God to aid you and hasten the discovery of my father's innocence to all the world which now so fiercely cries out against him.

With every duty and respect and tender affection,

Thy wife,

SANCIA.

This was gloomy news. For the first time since my Captain's arrest I became seriously fearful; and now saw how formidable was the array of power against him and how it might serve the purposes of those in high places to drive my Captain to his destruction.

With dread and impatience I awaited a reply to my letter which I had writ to my kinsman, the Earl of Derringdale at Derring Park in Daleshire. Weeks passed; none came; and I wrote another, venturing to press my instant need of his advice in the approaching crisis.

Finally, when November had come but no notice taken of me, I resolved to go to Derring Park myself and discover what might be accomplished.

I had packed a porte-manteau; bespoke a place upon the coach; purchased necessaries for my journey in London; and was reckoning with the landlord at the Turnham Arms, when there gallops up to the horse-block a groom, a coach with six horses, postilions, and an armed guard beside the footman.

I heard my name loudly demanded by the outrider;

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and, coming out of the tavern, I saw the Derringdale arms upon the panels of the gilded coach.

When the landlord had vouched for me, the outrider got off his horse respectfully and handed me a large letter, sealed with the arms of the Earl.

This I opened and read where I was standing near the horse-block:

To Dirck Hazlett, Esqre,
Of the City of New York;

My Cousin:

The reason of my delay in replying to your communications is this; that, until yesterday, I have been in France to take the waters; and am arrived at Derring Park yesterday; and, I thank God, in tollerable health, yet plagued still by a most devilish gout.

I desire to receive you. To that end I despatch a coach and servants who shall take you up at Turnham and carry you to Derring, so that you may acquaint me with what is in your mind.

I am, sir, with proper consideration and civility,

Your kinsman,

Derringdale.

I lost no time. Fresh horses were fetched. They put my porte-manteau aboard; I entered into that rich and comfortable coach; and away we went, southward, with my landlord a-bowing and servants gaping to see the lonely Colonial young man so gorgeously cared for by the people and equipage of a great and powerful nobleman.

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Chapter XLV

WE baited at Norrys and stayed the night. Before noon the next day we entered my kinsman's estate through great gates where was a handsome Lodge, and so came to Derring Park. This was a great house, hid distantly in a vast park. I noticed deer under the trees, very tame; and pheasant upon the lawns, like those which our Governor Dongan had in his game park on Staten Island. And there were more servants to receive me than ever I had seen gathered at Colonel Fletcher's when he was our Governor.

When I descended from the coach I was led away into this great chilly house—I knew not whither, for there seemed a multitude of halls and corridors and passages and stairways—but at last was shown into a great chamber where a very small fire burned.

Here a servant fetched me a bucket of hot water and another of cold; and I made out to cleanse me of my journey and change into fresh apparel.

When I was ready, and had dressed me in my new black silk clothes with red and gold sleeves and points, and which I had commanded in London—and with which I wore a small gilded sword which seemed to be the fashion for gentlemen—I followed a servant through this huge house to a library set with marble statues and books on every side, above which were ranged portraits in gilded frames.

I did not see anybody in that room until I heard a

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wood fire crackling; and then I saw the top of somebody's wig projecting above the back of a leather chair before the fire.

So I walked thither and saw a very large gentleman a-warming of his shins, who looked at me in silence out of a pair of very bright, gray eyes.

"Well," said he, harshly, "are you my cousin?"

"If you be Lord Derringdale, I am," said I.

"No other." He bade me be seated. A servant asked me what wine I preferred, and I chose a small glass of sherry.

"So," said his lordship, "you are the Sword-master's son."

"I have that honour."

"Had they caught him they would have sent him to the Tower," remarked his lordship. . . . "And presently cut off his head," he added.

I turned red and hot: "My lord," said I, "if you are truly a Derringdale you would have served the Duke of York as my father served him."

He blinked his bright eyes at me: "Quite right, cousin," said he. . . . "But they tell me you have been a quarrelsome young man and overquick with your point in New York. . . . Is it true?"

"It was."

"Oh; you have mended?"

"My lord," said I, "it is not in our blood to flee a quarrel forced upon us. . . . Or to swallow injustice and lick our chops."

After a silence: "You are a tall young man, Mr. Hazlett," he said, "and hardy and browned deep o' the sun."

"The sun is cruel in Madagascar."

He nodded: "Tell me," said he, simply.

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When I had told him all to the last word he still sat as he had been sitting with hands clasped across his belly, and his brilliant eyes fixed upon me as steady as a bird o' prey's.

Minute after minute we sat in silence after my tale was ended—no sound, no stir, save once when a servant stole in to mend the fire.

At length he said: "What is it you desire?"

"Counsel, my lord."

"Dirck?"

"Sir," said I, startled to hear him use my given name.

"Have you money?"

"Yes, sir—"

"That's right; call me sir or cousin. Dammy, there are too few of us left. . . . We'll speak of that, too. . . . Do you not need money?"

"No, sir."

"By God," said he, "then you are the only man in England who does not. . . . And he who hath a million is in sorest need—or so pretends. . . . Are you wealthy, Dirck?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well—to what figure?"

I told him what I had from the *China Rose.*

"Yes," said he, "that is wealth. . . . Well, you may have to use it all—every penny—and, at that, it shall be a gambler's hazard whether we can save your unhappy sea-captain."

"Sir," said I, "you may employ every penny I possess."

"And beggar you?"

"Yes, sir, if it must come to that."

"Dirck," said he, "I must tell you that yours is a gambler's throw; and that the great and powerful folk you challenge are like to play with cogged dice."

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"I can not help it."

"No. I can not help it, either. . . . ***Nil desperandum.*** You know our motto?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well; carry it," said he, taking from his finger a seal ring and giving it to me.

"Am I to wear this, my lord?" I asked, reddening.

"You, and none other."

"Thank you, my lord—and cousin."

There came, then, a grave old man all hung over with gilt chains; and his lordship was served with his dinner.

There was butcher's roast, and venison which tasted unlike our own; and pheasants and partridges—all having nothing of the flavour which such kind of birds possess in America.

We drank Madeira, French claret, and Port. We talked of New York, and of Old England, and of Derringdale; and he told me that the Earldom would go to a grandson, the Marquis of Norrys, who was with the Fleet—all others being dead.

"A tall fellow like yourself," said my lord, "but not as hardy. . . . This mating of cousins breeds neither bone nor brain."

Well, after dinner, his lordship would have his forty winks.

But it was longer. And, in the late afternoon, he mounted a great horse, and had another fetched for me, and made me ride with him over broad acres and downs all gold with broom and gorse, and by pretty woodlands where little brooks ran down among tall ferns and bracken.

This I was destined to do many a time with my old kinsman, and came to know all of Daleshire as well as I knew Manhattan Island and Nassau, and Westchester.

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It is never very cold in Daleshire; and if a light snow fall it remains no longer than the second day. Ponds seldom freeze, and then no more than a skin of ice forms.

So that winter of '99 seemed like a prolonged Indian summer in America, only that the great house was chilly and the wood fires grateful.

I came to learn very much about this noble kinsman of mine, and to know him a little.

Once I had thought him cold and selfish because he came not to my father's assistance when he cuffed the Duke of York; and, further, never noticed him or us.

But he told me very bluntly that any Hazlett who got himself into a pickle was supposed to get out of it, too.

"Had your father writ to me," said he, "I would have done my possible. But I knew he never would. He was a Hazlett, and so am I. He knew. . . . And you, also, seem to know our traditions. For never have I had a word from you on your own account; and now you come here to me only on a mission for another."

"Sir," said I, "had I known what manner of man you are I had made the voyage long ago merely to offer my respect and duty."

He sat silent for a long while, staring out at the deer among the beech trees. What I had said on impulse was no bare compliment but truth; but wondered whether it had not pleased him.

Still gazing at his fat bucks and hinds, he said to me: "Have you ever thrust a man through?"

I felt hot and shamed: "Yes, sir."

"Dead?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, you have done the like for any suspicion of mine

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concerning you. . . . And I own harboured some. . . . Because only one life stands today between yourself and Derringdale."

I was thunderstruck.

"Norrys," he said. "No other, Dirck."

"Sir," said I, very hot and red, "on my honour I have not known it."

"Sufficient. . . . Your father being past all hope while any Stuart reigned, I suppose he thought it futile to discuss the matter with you."

"He never did, sir. . . . He could not foresee the end of a dynasty of mighty Kings."

"Nor the advent of this Dutchman," remarked his lordship with a sneer. Then he gave me an ugly look:

"Dammy," says he, "how are we to take this dull, stubborn, greedy, sour-belly of a King who dabbles secretly in illegal trade and turns coward with fright when unearthed?

"The Commons, in full cry, are at the fleeing heels of Orford and Somers. The East India Company are a-baying o' them. The Grand Mogul roars like one of his own wounded tigers. And, in New York, Bellomont squeaks murder like a cornered rat."

The chill of fear invaded me to hear so great and powerful a man admit our desperation.

After a silence: "Cousin," said he very quietly, "have you ever considered that, if they fetch your sea-captain here to try him, *you,* also, will be involved?"

"Yes, sir."

"Yet you have never asked my aid for yourself."

"I shift for myself, sir."

He nodded: "A real Hazlett. *Nil desperandum.* . . . All the same, it concerns us all. Do you think I'll stand by a-twiddle thumbs if they try to hang a Hazlett?"

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"Sir," said I, "if they attempt to take me they shall only take me when I fall dead."

"I know that, too," said he; "but they would gibbet your body. Shall a Hazlett swing in chains betwixt high tide and low?"

I felt a little shudder invade me. I had never thought of that.

There ensued a long and terrible silence. Then:

"My cousin," I whispered, "I must ask your aid after all—but only when I lie dead o' their swords. . . . Then —be pleased to protect me—for the family's sake."

Then the old Earl swore and damned and cursed and pledged the faith and honour of the mother who bore him that neither this Royal poltroon nor any peer of the realm, nor any Court of Admiralty in England should attempt the honour of a Hazlett.

Said he, "If, with your fortune, I can buy off these terrified gentlemen who have set up this howling for your Captain's head to save their own, then I shall do so.

"I doubt it possible, so powerful the rats unearthed, so wild with fear are they, so terrible the world-wide hue and cry they have raised to make Captain Kidd not only their victim, but they design to leave his very name to posterity as a type of all ruthless and bloody pirates. So that whenever men even mention pirates, all shall think of Captain Kidd.

"I shall use every atom of influence I possess; I shall employ your money and, if need be, my own.

"I shall fight like—like a Hazlett! But I would be a fool to disguise from myself that I shall have the Dutch King of England for my adversary. And, as his allies, many of the greatest lords in the land who are concerned only in keeping their own skirts clean and their sacred

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bodies out o' the Tower; and are resolved to convict and execute your Captain whether he be guilty or no."

"Sir; what of the two French passes?"

"Dirck, dead men tell no tales."

"Dead men, who are innocent, never had any tales to tell, sir."

"It's all one to those who are determined to hang him."

"You believe they mean to carry it that far?"

"I do, Dirck."

"My God," said I, "hang a man who never took a penny unlawfully and can prove it? A man who never did an act of piracy in all his life, and can prove it?"

"My cousin, you have not lived as long as I have in a selfish and cowardly world."

"Sir—but the French passes—"

"Yes, I know. But you shall remember that it was this same Dutch King who sat silent and let poor, honest, gallant, devoted Leisler hang."

My heart froze.

He said: "They had not an atom of proof against him. But plenty of proof of his innocence. Why, then, did they hang poor Leisler? I shall tell you; because Captain Leisler had had the effrontery to challenge and defy the sacred caste of rank and aristocracy. And they never forgave him.

"That was what sent Lieutenant Governor Leisler to the scaffold—the vengeance of the great lords of the New World manors.

"He, a plain man, had ventured to face them down and stand loyally for King and religion.

"He was guiltless. He had proof of his innocence. But they hanged him in the rain. And this same, stolid King sat silent in approval.

"Dirck, I have to say this shameful thing of my own

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caste—and yours. . . . And that is why I have chosen to withdraw from the Court of this Dutch King. . . . Not that I am any bigot or Jacobite unreconciled. No. But cared to have no traffic with this same King. And am justified now, in the sordid discovery that he has been besmirched by his paltry trade with a share-company whose charter is unproper, illegal, and contemptible."

"Sir," said I, "yet it can not ever be that, with these two French passes before them, any jury could find my Captain guilty, and any Judge sentence him."

"Let us do our best," said he. "If I discourage you, then it is only to ease the blow if it must fall. . . . Meanwhile, let me write my letters and pay my secret visits, and handle what money we have to best advantage. . . . And do you keep to Derring Park and stray not outside, for I be very jealous concerning what is toward in England, and am, perhaps, in some slight peril if King or mob start any rumour of Jacobite activity in the land."

"My God, sir," said I, "I would not be the cause of any trouble to this house!"

"This roof," said he, haughtily, "is broad enough to cover every Hazlett. Concern yourself not at all, cousin; I'll look to my own walls and moat. I care not who is King in England; he'll have both hands full if he meddle with a Derringdale."

Late that night a messenger arrived at Derring Park from London.

Presently my lord sent for me to come to his bed chamber.

"Dirck," said he, "His Majesty's ship *Rochester*, Captain Ellis, hath been despatched to New York to bring your Captain hither for his trial."

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Chapter XLVI

NOW all of this winter, and during the spring of 1700, popular feeling became wrought up to a degree astounding, and parties were formed, in England, and took sides regarding the guilt or innocence of Captain Kidd.

His name and his pretended exploits were in everybody's mouths. Wild rumours filled the air. Some said that the noble lords accused were conspiring with the ministry to escape the investigation and trial by setting the Great Seal of England to a pardon for Captain Kidd.

This rumour exasperated the opposition party, and they resolved to hang my Captain at any cost if only to prove the ministers and noble lords as guilty as the poor sea-captain.

No sooner did this situation develop than the cowardly ministers abandoned Captain Kidd to his fate, in terror lest any attempt to shield him might react to their own prejudice; and they even began to fawn on the opposition to show more zeal than any others to bring my Captain to the scaffold.

What chance could he have of a fair trial?

The bill of impeachment against the noble lords was not carried, though their share-company was bitterly censured, and their Royal commission and grants were pronounced contrary to the laws of England and to the Bill of Rights.

All these things I learned at Derringdale where now, for my kinsman's sake, I lay close, because an order of

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arrest had been issued against me in America, and all Colonial Governors and officials were commanded to take me.

This alarming news I had from Mr. Emott to whom I had written, and who, when he wrote, addressed his letters to me as Richard Norrys, as did Sancia always. But there was more amazing news.

He wrote, further, that my Lord Bellomont had heard that measures were threatening to bring about his recall, and perhaps disgrace, because of his share in the enterprise of the *Adventure Galley*.

That his lordship was become so agitated that he had sickened at the prospect, and had died of it on the day that Mr. Emott wrote me. And, further, that the elegant and mincing John Nanfan was acting as Governor of New York in his stead.

Bellomont dead! Robert Livingston in disgrace! Lord Orford and Somers besmirched and silent! The King in a sullen panic! And my Captain in chains, and, to be tried for piracy! And I, now, a proscribed man; a fugitive from the law, and now forced to hide myself in England where nobody supposed me to be.

My God, what an ill-omened voyage was the *Adventure Galley's!* And to what a miserable pass had it brought all who engaged in it, innocent and guilty alike!—the innocent to fight for their lives; the guilty to urge their deaths to avoid disgrace or prison for themselves.

To Lord Derringdale I showed this letter. He also had news for me; that a week ago the Lords of the Admiralty had an express from Bristol that Captain Kidd, with thirty-three "other" pirates, were arrived in the Channel from Boston, in order to be tried for robbing the Great Mogul of his ship, the *Kedah Merchant;* and that my Captain was now in London.

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"My Lord," I exclaimed, "I must go to my Captain!"

"To what purpose?" said he. "Your testimony would only harm him because you are his son-in-law—or would stand in that relation in public estimation.

"Further, you were an officer on his ship; and if his rascal crew determine to swear away his life, then they would also swear away yours, and you could not help yourself, and must injure him."

"How can I desert him now!" said I.

"By running to him, Dirck; which would hasten his ruin. If anything is to be done you must do it here, not in Newgate Prison."

"My God, is he in Newgate?"

"Yes, Dirck. He has been examined before the Lords of the Admiralty, and has been committed to Newgate. He made petition to have his irons taken off; and this has been granted him."

Nobody ever can know what rage and bitterness I knew in that hour.

I could not bear that he should be in prison, here in England and I not go to him to hearten him and, with him and by his side, face a common fate—either freedom or condemnation. Yet dared not seek him because of my love for him; or, because of any sentimental impulse, risk a harm to him by surrendering my person to the law.

My noble kinsman was very sorry for me, and very kind.

Every day he informed me of what steps he was taking in my Captain's behalf; how he had gained the ear of this gentleman through interest, or of that noble lord through gold.

"Dirck," says he, grimly, "we bribe to obtain common justice. Whether or no we become criminal by so doing,

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I leave to God who is supreme Justice and who knows your mind and mine. . . . I would not pay a penny to buy an honest opinion; yet I pay great sums out of your fortune to purchase justice from rascals; for there seems to be no other way."

"Lay out every penny I possess, sir, because God sees what we are about and I am not afraid."

And now here is a strange and sad matter to relate. For neither my noble kinsman nor I ever dreamed that Captain Kidd needed money, he being wealthy and his estate very ample to furnish him as he required.

Yet his enemies had so treacherously managed that he could not come by any money, though patiently awaiting and expecting it by every ship. And, at last, was forced to ask an allowance for charges of his defence; and was awarded £50! Oh, God!—and I spending my fortune like water to bribe the ravening beasts who might be turned aside by gold from hunting him to his death!—

Well, I run, again, too swiftly with my pen; and see blood already on it where ink should drip. . . . God keep us all.

Well, all that spring and summer my Captain was held a close prisoner till the sitting of the Parliament, to the end that they might have the examination of him.

My noble kinsman and I laboured in secret in his behalf; and came at many gentlemen through justice and reason; and others through meaner motives.

For the sake of their innocent families, I shall not tell you the names of those great folk we bribed to keep their dishonoured hands from my Captain's throat. No. Some betrayed us after all. Some took their price and performed that which they ought to have done because it was right and just.

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These know who they are and what of infamy they have accomplished. I need not publish it here. *They know.* Let them live on in that knowledge.

Thus my fortune went. All of it. I drew even what savings I had from my father, and which my dear, prudent mother had invested. All went into the hungry jaws and maws of human wolves who had been bent on hunting my Captain to a bloody end.

I tell you this not to make merit of it, but to show you how instant was the need in this vast, wild and wicked tumult that had burst out in England over my Captain and his fate: and the clamour before Pilate was no fiercer, I think, so cruelly and so ingeniously had The East India Company and the ministry inflamed all England and America against one poor, honest, Scotch sea-captain.

To the point that the whole world rang with the name of Captain Kidd the Pirate. And my dear, simple-minded and beloved friend was already condemned ere the charge for which he was to answer had been read against him.

Well, all these months I had been tortured to know what was become of my Captain's lady, and of my Sancia, and of little Betty, and how they bore this blow.

By every ship I wrote to Sancia with all the cheer and hope that I was able; and at last her letters in reply arrived—gallant letters breathing dauntless courage, and faith in God, and trust in me that I did my utmost.

She told me that her mother was ill with the grief of it; that they had removed from their fine house and were withdrawn to a quiet farm in East Jersey where was none to annoy them with curiosity or stare at the family of the notorious Captain Kidd.

It was pitiful—sad past all belief—that the fierce impertinence and stupid credulity of the world should drive

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these ladies and this little child out of their home and cause them to hide them away where was no importunity and no inhumanity to shrink from.

My Sancia was in dreadful alarm to know if I were secure, having heard of the order out for my arrest. Only that—her tender and deep concern for my safety—tempered her brave letter with any fear.

So I wrote instantly to reassure her.

My God, what a summer! In July we heard that the jewels alone taken aboard my Captain's sloop had been valued at £30,000.

In September my noble kinsman went to London. He was admitted to see Captain Kidd. He told him all concerning me and what we were attempting. My Captain approved.

While there, my kinsman learned that the Mogul, through Cogi Baba, would press his claims before the House of Commons; that he would swear the *Kedah Merchant* was his and carried cargo valued at more than £100,000; that Cogi Baba had papers out of India to establish these claims, and would show every minutest particular of the taking of that great ship; and that it could be established that Captain Kidd did conspire with Mr. Henry Boulton, *a known pirate,* to rob the ship in the West Indies and there burn her; which had been done.

These lies drove me nigh distracted, yet who was there to controvert them? Not the mutinous rogues who had been our crew and who never would damn themselves to admit the truth concerning my Captain.

Yet, God be thanked, there were the two French passes to confound the Great Mogul, The East India Company, and the perjured rascals who were certain to swear away my Captain's life to save their own.

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It was not until March, in 1701, that at last the Commons examined my poor Captain.

That Persian merchant, as he called himself, Cogi Baba, appeared there, and in the name of the Great Mogul accused my Captain of robbing his master in those seas to the value of more than £60,000.

In April my Captain was again examined before the House of Commons, and again remanded to Newgate.

But the next day a very alarming thing occurred: my noble kinsman, deeming it necessary to see Captain Kidd in person to acquaint him with our efforts and the general situation, had been forced to bribe a certain person of considerable consequence who, in turn, agreed to keep his visit to my Captain a secret.

Now, somehow, a common turnkey of Newgate got wind that something of the sort had been done; and this fellow ran to his petty patron to tell it; and the patron to another, who carried it to the House of Commons.

It had been Lord Derringdale's ruin, and my Captain's, and mine, only that this turnkey mistook my lord for Lord Halifax.

Here was an uproar in London! And the House, being acquainted that Captain Kidd had received Lord Halifax into his cell in Newgate Prison, called before them the turnkey; and then the Keeper of Newgate, who said that the fellow was a liar; that he knew Lord Halifax by sight; and never had seen him with Captain Kidd. Yet the Commons still distrust the Keeper; and the mob cry out that Lord Halifax be summoned. But he disdains to notice the matter; and so, you see, how near we came to a disaster.

My lord told me a few days later that a motion had been made to the House to declare the grant made to the

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Earl of Bellomont, and others, to be null and void. But they would not vote for it.

Then the vote was taken, and carried, requesting the King to institute instant proceedings against Captain Kidd for piracy and murder.

And that night I could not sleep, so horrible it seemed that the House of Commons should have done this wicked and senseless thing in the face of the evidence they had to the contrary.

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Chapter XLVII

LORD DERRINGDALE sent for me and told me that there was a rumour in London that I had escaped from Boston and might be hiding in England where I had noble and powerful relatives.

Further, he said that on the roads beyond the boundaries of his estate suspicious-looking folk had been noticed loitering, and that they might be bailiffs.

My lord seemed much perturbed and begged me to keep to the house; "For," said he, "if they discover and take you, not only might your liberty and even your life be forfeit, but your arrest would, as I have pointed out, do an infinite harm to the case of Captain Kidd."

This took me aback and saddened me; because I had been firmly resolved to attend the trial of my Captain, and observe for myself whether it might aid his cause in the least degree if I discovered myself to him or to his legal advisers.

I told my lord what had been my purpose, and he replied that it would have been fatal to me, to my Captain, and to himself.

Nor dared he himself attend since the inquiry concerning my Lord Halifax, for the accused turnkey surely would have recognized him to the prejudice of my Captain's case.

However, both Dr. Oldish and Mr. Lemmon, who were my Captain's legal advisers, were in the confidence and pay of my noble kinsman: and it was through them that we now received secret information concerning this case—

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sometimes by post, sometimes by express—for they were told to spare no expense.

Thus we learned that the twelve seamen imprisoned with my Captain—all who had remained faithful to him through the mutiny of his crew, had been approached repeatedly with promises of pardon if any among them would turn King's evidence against my Captain. And, to the eternal credit of these poor fellows, not one of them was induced to swear falsely against him.

This fact would have heartened us, but, unfortunately, those two rogues, Bradenham and Palmer, had been apprehended; and they had agreed to be witnesses against my Captain if they were pardoned, although both had been mutineers aboard us, and had deserted us at Madagascar to join the pirate Bob Culliford, who flew the bloody flag.

Still, I could not suppose that any judge and jury would believe such villains.

But there was, under the law, a greater hardship for my Captain to endure: persons accused in criminal cases are forced to conduct their own defence; and they may not have the assistance of counsel to examine or cross examine witnesses, or to analyze or comment upon any question of fact.

So my Captain's counsel would only be permitted to address the Court on questions of law.

For this is our English law, that the Judge shall elucidate the facts; and therefore a prisoner needs no counsel; and the jury may be trusted to give him the benefit of reasonable doubt.

Well, the day came when they brought my Captain to his trial at the Old Bailey. My lord and I were averted of it; and all that day, in the garden at Derring, we paced the sward awaiting some word by some one of the corps

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of secret messengers engaged to ride express and carry to us a copy in long-hand made from the short-hand report of the trial.

For Lord Derringdale had so arranged it that we were to learn as soon as possible what was developing; and the expresses were grooms and stable lads wearing his own livery, who had been sent to London with horses for this purpose; and whom no bailiffs dared stop or question.

Nobody arrived that day; but in the morning I was abroad at sunrise; and an express galloped to the house with a sealed packet from London; and I took it and ran to my lord in his chamber where he was at chocolate and his legs in a basin of hot water.

So he cleared the room of servants, and I locked the door, and he bade me open the packet and read it aloud to him.

It was a hasty, confused screed from Dr. Oldish, writ in great consternation and perplexity of mind—

My Lord—

They are deliberately withholding Captain Kidd's papers and the two French passes which the late Lord Bellomont sent to the Admiralty, and which were laid before the House of Commons.

The House had ordered these to be delivered again to the Admiralty; and, in particular, the two French passes on which our client chiefly relies to prove he was justified in taking the two prizes.

Now these two French passes are not to be found; the Secretary of the Admiralty has no knowledge of them; they were before the Commons; *now they have disappeared!*

My Lord, Captain Kidd is in a very serious plight if they have robbed him of these passes.

We face a hostile court. All seem to be against us.

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You shall see by the example I show you, verbatim, taken from the short-hand, when Captain Kidd addressed his judges. Said Kidd: "May it please your Lordships, I desire you to permit me to have counsel." Sir S. Lovel, the Recorder, frowned; and, said he: "What would you have counsel for?"

Says Kidd: "My Lord, I have some matter of law relating to the indictment; and I desire I may have counsel to plead it."

Said Dr. Oxenden with contempt: "What matter of law can you have?"

Then the Clerk of Arraigns spoke sharply: "How does he know what he is charged with? I have not told him."

Verbatim short-hand follows:[1]

Recorder (to prisoner): You must let the Court know what are these matters of law before you can have counsel.

Kidd: I know what I mean. I desire to put off my trial as long as I can, till I can get my evidence ready. I beg your Lordship's patience; I had a couple of French passes which I must make use of.

Recorder: That is not a matter of law.

Kidd: I sent for them but I could not have them.

Dr. Oxenden: Where are they?

Kidd: I brought them to my Lord Bellomont.

Recorder: Mr. Kidd, the Court sees no reason to put off your trial. You must plead.

Kidd: If your Lordship will permit those papers to be read to justify me—

Recorder (harshly): Mr. Kidd, you must plead!

Kidd: Why, I cannot plead until I have my papers—

Mr. Lemmon (one of his counsel): He ought to have his papers. . . .

Mr. Coniers (one of counsel for the prosecution, sharply): Mr. Lemmon, you are not to appear for him until he pleads! He *must* plead to the indictment!

[1] Verbatim report of the trial.

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Kidd: It is hard if my papers be kept from me and I am forced to plead—

Clerk of Arraigns (loudly): Silence! Silence!

Kidd: My papers have been seized and I can not make my defence without them. I desire my trial to be put off until I can have my papers.

Recorder: If he won't plead, there must be judgment entered.

Kidd: My Lord, I insist upon my French passes. Pray let me have them.

Recorder: Mr. Kidd, I must tell you that, if you will not plead, you must have judgment against you.

Kidd: If your Lordship would permit those French passes to be read, they would justify me. . . . If I plead, without them, I shall be accessory to my own death!

Recorder (angrily): You are accessory to your own death if you do not plead.

Kidd: My Lord, would you have me plead, and have no vindication by me? I can not—

Clerk of Arraigns: Will you make silence there! *Silence!!!*

So horrified and enraged was I to read of such monstrous unfairness that I scarce found voice to continue. I gazed upon Lord Derringdale, and he on me, as though these were incredible things that Dr. Oldish wrote down for us to read.

After a silence I turned the letter and read on:

My Lord, they so bullied and perplexed Captain Kidd that finally they forced him to plead, not guilty.

Then came a thunderbolt; for there suddenly appeared *two* indictments; and the first that was read to Captain Kidd did charge him with the murder of his gunner, Wm. Moore!

Murder? My God, he had been justified in pistolling this mutineer!

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Captain Kidd was astounded. As for me, I knew now what that villainous Clerk of Arraigns had meant when he said that Captain Kidd did not yet know what he was charged with.

But how could he dream of such a charge? Because, if it had been murder, why, murder was a hanging offence in America; and why had Lord Bellomont not had him accused, indicted, and tried *there?*

If he were to be tried for murder *here,* why had no notice of this charge been given him?

Well, my Lord, as soon as Captain Kidd found his voice he pleaded not guilty.

Then Mr. Lemmon and I were assigned him as counsel; and I addressed the Court, begging their Lordships to postpone the trial until we could come by our two French passes.

(Follows verbatim[2] short-hand report):

Lord Chief Baron Ward: Where are these passes?

Mr. Lemmon: We can not yet tell whether they are in the Admiralty or that Mr. Jodrell hath them.

Justice Powel: What ship was it that had a French pass?

Mr. Lemmon: The *Kedah Merchant*—the same he was indicted for.

Lord Chief Baron Ward: You ought to show cause why trial should be put off, otherwise it can't be allowed.

The Solicitor General: Let him be tried for murder then, where there is no pretence of missing passes.

Clerk of Arraigns: William Kidd, you are now to be tried for murder. The jury is going to be sworn. If you have any cause of exception you may speak to them as they come to the Book.

Kidd (said sorrowfully): I shall challenge none. I know nothing to the contrary but that they are all honest men.

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[2] Verbatim from the trial.

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Then Captain Kidd arose in simple dignity to open his own defence.

He said in his pleasant, honest way:

"My Lords; I was a merchant in New York, in good repute and in good circumstances, when I was solicited to engage, under royal commission, to suppress piracy.

"I had no need to turn pirate myself.

"My crew were desperate characters and they mutinied against me. I lost all control over them. They did as they pleased. They threatened to kill me in my cabin. Ninety-five deserted me for Culliford.

"I had not enough left to bring my prizes before a court to have them condemned.

"My commission was under the Broad Seal, and my prizes carried French passes."

Then, concerning the act for which he had been so suddenly and monstrously indicted:

"I will inform the Court," said he, "of the facts precisely as they occurred.

"We were still within three miles of the Dutch ship, and the men were still in a state of mutiny and clamouring for her capture.

"My gunner, Wm. Moore, addressing the mutineers, said that he could propose a plan to take her with no danger to ourselves.

"'And how is that to be done?' I inquired.

"He said that I was to invite the Dutch ship's captain and officers aboard me; and take 'em to my cabin. Then he and the crew could board and plunder the Dutchman; and I and my officers could swear that we had never boarded her nor seen her plundered. To this I replied: 'That would be Judas-like treachery to rob that ship pretending friendship.'

"Moore said angrily: 'We have no other resources. You have brought us to utter ruin!'

"'Shall we commit this crime because we are poor?' said I.

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"Upon this, Moore and the mutineers became so violent that I seized a slush-bucket which chanced to be at hand and struck him.

"Had I premeditated his death I would not have used such a weapon. I am heartily sorry I killed him. I never meant to."

Well, my Lord, this was a simple and manly statement; but all the Court was against us; and Mr. Lemmon and I perceived very plainly that, it being determined to hang Captain Kidd at all odds, witnesses were brow-beaten and the jury most wickedly and unfairly instructed.

It was not even proven that Moore died of the blow, for he was a filthy and sickly fellow, and had been ill.

The rogue, Bradenham, the ship's surgeon, testified against Captain Kidd, and when the Captain quietly asked him if he himself had not been one of the mutineers, the wicked old Lord Chief Baron Ward interrupted sneeringly:

"Captain Kidd, do you infer that, even if Mr. Bradenham was a mutineer, it was lawful for you to kill Wm. Moore?"

Then the Lord Chief Baron summed up very harshly against my client:

"If a man kill another," he began, *"without provocation or reasonable cause, the law presumes and implies malice!* And then such killing will be murder!"

God forgive this wicked old Judge; for he charged the jury most strangely, and venomously, and unfairly. I know not whether the Lord Chief Baron Ward be only stupid and not an evil man; but he seems smart enough regarding his own interests.

So, my Lord, this jury retired, and now has returned with the astounding verdict of guilty.

Captain Kidd, even yet, has not seemed to understand.

He sits in his cell staring at the floor, but answers civilly and softly when spoken to.

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All he has said is that he dreads the effect of this awful news on his poor wife in America.

Nothing else has he spoken.

My Lord, it is as I told your lordship: there are *great folk* determined to hang Captain Kidd.

Now that they have carried their point, and have so monstrously made sure of his death, they mean to make doubly sure by trying him tomorrow, for piracy.

Be assured, my Lord, that you shall have further and instant knowledge of all procedures in Court concerning Captain Kidd, and that I have the honour to subscribe myself,

Y^r^ most humble, obliged and ob^t^ serv^t^, etc., etc.

OLDISH.

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Chapter XLVIII

NOW there happened a calamity so strange, so sinister, that never yet have I learned the mystery of it.

For, on the following day, when an express should have arrived from my Captain's lawyers to acquaint us concerning his trial for piracy, no express arrived. Nor on the next day; and none on the next.

And it was not until the end of the week, when Lord Derringdale himself went to London for news, that I learned of the terrible and infamous procedure in the Old Bailey where perjured rogues swore my Captain's life away; and where, in high places, dark evil was at work which suddenly deprived my Captain of his two lawyers, Mr. Lemmon and Dr. Oldish.

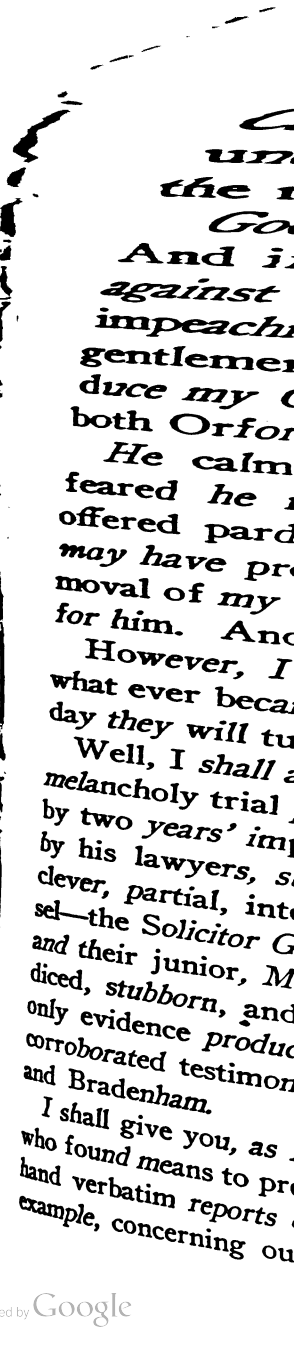
It seems incredible that this poor sea-captain was obliged to face that Court bent upon his destruction, and be deprived of his two paid counsel to aid and advise him.

But it was so. Neither Mr. Lemmon nor Dr. Oldish appeared. None knew why; none knew where they hid, or by whose instigation these lawyers so treacherously abandoned their helpless client.

The night before, they had told the Court they would be ready to appear.

When Court opened they were not there. They never reappeared; never again presented themselves or had any communication with their betrayed client.

Mr. Lemmon had promised to find and fetch the two French passes. Neither he nor the passes were there. My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Captain faced a wicked judge and a hostile court alone, undefended, robbed of his only proofs of innocence. And the monstrous miscarriage of justice proceeded.

God knows what had happened in those few hours. And if this be any explanation, I do not know, only that against Lord Orford and Somers, at that very moment, impeachments were pending in Parliament, and certain gentlemen of the opposition had spared no efforts to induce my Captain to make damaging disclosures involving both Orford and Somers.

He calmly refused. Yet, perhaps these noble lords feared he might involve them and perjure himself if offered pardon. And—I do not charge them—but they *may* have procured by bribery or threat or force the removal of my Captain's lawyers in order to leave no chance for him. And dead men tell no tales.

However, I know not—nor does Lord Derringdale—what ever became of these two lawyers; only I think some day they will turn up in hell.

Well, I shall acquaint you, from later hearsay, how this melancholy trial proceeded where a poor sea-captain, worn by two years' imprisonment, utterly alone and abandoned by his lawyers, strove for his life before three trained, clever, partial, interested, instructed and dishonest counsel—the Solicitor General, the Advocate of the Admiralty, and their junior, Mr. Coniers. And this before a prejudiced, stubborn, and, no doubt, bribed Court. And the only evidence produced against my Captain was the uncorroborated testimony of the two bribed rogues, Palmer and Bradenham.

I shall give you, as I had them from Lord Derringdale who found means to procure them, fragments of the shorthand verbatim reports of that outrageous trial. As, for example, concerning our fight with the Portuguese, both

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Palmer and Bradenham endeavoured to convey a false impression that we attacked them:

Palmer: He met a Portuguese ship and fought her.

Kidd: Who fired first?

Palmer (unwillingly): The Portuguese.

And, again:

Bradenham: Captain Kidd went ashore with his men and plundered several boats and burned several huts and ordered one of the natives tied to a tree, and his men shot him.

And, hoping to fix this atrocity upon my Captain, opposing counsel asked: "What was the reason for shooting this native?"

Bradenham (unwillingly): One of our men, the ship's cooper, had been ashore, and the natives cut his throat.

Kidd (to Bradenham): Did you not see any French passes aboard the *Kedah Merchant?*

Bradenham: You told me you had French passes. I never saw them.

Kidd: Did you never declare that you had seen these passes?

Bradenham: No I never saw any.

Kidd (to Palmer): I ask *you* whether I had no French passes.

Palmer: Indeed, Captain Kidd, I can not say. I never saw them.

Kidd (in despair): It is vain to ask any questions here!

Lord Chief Baron Ward: What is this pretence of a French pass?

Palmer: I saw none.

Kidd: But you have heard of them?

Palmer: Yes, but never saw them.

Lord Chief Baron Ward: Mr. Kidd, have you anything further to say?

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Kidd: My Lord, I had many papers for my defence if I could have had them—

Lord Chief Baron Ward (sneering): What papers were they?

Kidd: My French passes.

Lord Chief Baron Ward: . . . You should have objected in the beginning. What you mean by it now I can not tell.

Kidd: I did object—

Lord Chief Baron Ward (interrupting): As for your French passes, none saw them but yourself—*if there ever were any!*[1] Have you more to say?

Kidd: Bradenham contradicts himself in a hundred places. He tells a thousand lies. It is hard that the life of a King's subject should be taken away upon perjured oaths. I would not turn pirate and they now endeavour to prove me one!

The Solicitor General: Will you further question Mr. Bradenham?

Kidd (in utter despair): No! No! This wretch is saving his life by taking away mine. I will not trouble the Court any more. It is folly. So long as these rogues swear as they do no oaths of mine are of any avail.

The Solicitor General: Will you question the other witness?

Kidd: No, it is useless. It is folly. What signifies it to ask him any question? I have no witnesses other than the reputable gentlemen[2] you have heard, and what they

[1] These two passes have been discovered and made Parliamentary papers. Verbatim copies can be found in the Common's Journal, Vol. XIII, p. 21.

[2] Such honourable and unimpeachable witnesses as Colonel Hewetson, Captain Bond, Captain Humphreys, and Mr. Cooper had given eloquent testimony of Captain Kidd's bravery and character. But to no purpose; for The Lord Chief Baron coolly re-

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have said seems to signify nothing. No; our words and oaths can not be admitted. A couple of rogues will swear to anything," he added wearily; and sat down, burying his white and haggard face in his hands.

Well, the jury was most wickedly charged; the shameful suppression of the French passes by the Admiralty was not noticed; and the jury was virtually directed by The Lord Chief Baron Ward to find the prisoner guilty of piracy.

When these brought in the verdict, my Captain rose with an effort to face them. He did not flinch at the death to which they doomed him.

Asked if he had anything to say, he replied, wearily and briefly:

"My Lord, I have been sworn against by perjured people."

Then the wicked old Lord Chief Baron pronounced sentence:

"William Kidd, the sentence that the law hath appointed to pass upon you for your offences, and which this Court doth therefore award, is that you shall go from hence to the place from whence you came, and from thence to the place of execution, where you shall be hanged by the neck until you are dead. And may God be merciful to your soul."

My Captain stood a moment with downcast head; then looking at the villainous Judge, said very gently: "My Lord, it is a very hard sentence."

Then the Clerk of Arraigns cried sharply: "Look to him, Keeper!"

And that was the end of that monstrous mockery of justice.

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marked that: *"Whatever he might have been, is not a matter to be insisted on now."*

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Chapter XLIX

MY Captain died yesterday, the 24th May; the year 1701, at Execution Dock at Wapping, on the River Thames.[1]

On May 10th, previous, he had been condemned to die.

A week later I heard that my Captain had been found guilty, and was condemned to die. My Lord Derringdale and I went instantly to London. If recognized and arrested, I could do my Captain no harm now. And I cared not what they might do to me.

I went to that great blockhead, Paul Lorrain, the Reverend Ordinary of Newgate; and passed myself off as my Captain's brother-in-law, begging for an interview.

But this morbid and reverend gentleman would do nothing for me, saying that my Captain was done with all mundane and temporal affairs, and should not be disturbed in his ghostly preparations to meet his Maker.

I could not prevail upon this gloomy, hollow-voiced clergyman to use his influence for an interview or even to carry to my Captain any message. No. The stubborn Ordinary was too busy with his well meant attempts to extort a confession from a poor gentleman who had nothing to confess. And let me say at once that never did my Captain yield to the cruel pressure of this reverend zealot, or to any promised political protection from the

[1] Darby Mullins, an Irishman, one of his crew, was executed with him. The other condemned men were reprieved on the gallows.

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opposition, or ever consented to perjure himself and name any of the noble lords as conspirators, or seek to buy his life with a lie.

My Lord Derringdale, thrusting personal safety and interest aside, went to my Lord Halifax and admitted that it had been he who had been with Captain Kidd; and offered to appear before the Lords of the Admiralty if anything he had done had embarrassed Lord Halifax.

But that nobleman used my kinsman very courteously and loyally, saying he did not care a tinker's dam what Government might say or think concerning him; and that Lord Derringdale had best remain very silent in case his Dutch Majesty, at the last moment, might be pleased to pardon my Captain at the Tree[2] itself.

So my kinsman came to me, where I was huddled all distraught and shivering with the horror of it all, in his house near Green Park, called Dale House, awaiting word of his demarche.

"Dirck," said he, "there is talk in Parliament that the King means to reprieve and pardon Captain Kidd at the foot of the tree. . . . I know not if it be true. But Lord Halifax is very kind; and he hath warned us to make no move to alarm or further irritate this damned King, but let him quiet and soften if he will, and presently discover a disposition to pardon this poor sea-captain whom the real and noble culprits would send to his death."

"My God, sir," said I, "how can I help my Captain then, who am like to destroy even this feeble hope if I discover myself or even seek a last word and handclasp?"

My lord shook his head; and we sat, heavy with foreboding, in that darkened house; and heard the loud, alarming voices of ragged rascals on the street a-calling broadsides and ballads, and all about the Bloody Pirate, Captain

[2] Gallows

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Kidd, who lay in Newgate awaiting the terrible justice of God and man upon him for his wickedness.

To wait, helpless, while a beloved friend remains in mortal peril, is the cruelest of all martyrdoms. To realize that any attempt to aid, or even to communicate, must only make certain and hasten the fatal moment, is the most dreadful of ordeals.

I scarce slept at all; and if I ate I do not now recollect.

But one rainy and gloomy afternoon, when my lord had gone again to my Lord Halifax for any news, I, wandering through the house, came into the quarters occupied by the private Chaplain when my lord is in residence. Here I noticed the Chaplain's band and cassock, and other emblems of his holy office.

And that afternoon fell asleep from very misery in a chair; and there did dream how I dressed me in this band and cassock and went to Newgate Prison, and there had access to my Captain.

Waking, all chilled and sweating cold; and scarce knowing what I was about, I crept again into the Chaplain's chamber and put on his dress over my own, and keeping my sword—not even yet knowing what I meant to do.

The rain fell very heavily as I left the house, not answering the footman who let me out, or noticing any servant. And afterward they said I was deathly white and seemed like some sick man who walked in his sleep.

I know not how I came to Newgate; but as soon as I was arrived there I was instantly aware of what I meant to do. . . . And if my Captain refused to disguise himself in my Chaplain's garb and so escape, then I meant to decoy the Reverend Paul Lorrain into that dim cell, and fell him, and truss him up, and so, in cleric's garb, also, escape together with my Captain.

Now, when a turnkey came to the iron grille, he would

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not unlock it or admit me, saying that the Reverend Ordinary was now a-praying with my Captain, and that I must go into a corridor which he showed me, and which was outside the inner prison gates, and there await the pleasure of the Reverend Paul Lorrain.

So, as he, in a very surly manner, refused to let me in or even disturb the Ordinary with any message from me, I went across the stony court and into a wet and dirty corridor where, on the right, was an iron door.

Here the sullen turnkey had bidden me enter and wait. There was nobody in the corridor. I opened the rusty door and went in, and closed the door behind me.

By a barred window I saw a man sitting upon the only bench there. He wore a hat with a wet feather in it; a leather shoulder-belt and sword; and his spurred jack-boots were all filthy with mud.

He turned to look at me; stood staring intently as I approached the bench to seat myself.

Suddenly I knew him.

As he sprang to his feet I leaped back and bolted the iron door, then walked toward him, freeing my body of the flapping cassock so I could come at my sword.

"Murderer," said I, striving to control my choking voice, "so you have come back in this hour to make more certain of your victim!"

Villain that he was, this fellow had never been a coward; and now he turned very red and gave me a tiger's glance; and, swift as thought, his long straight blade was out; and I had scarce time to catch and engage it with my own.

Holding him, I said very calmly: "Mr. Bradenham, you shall never live to add another falsehood to those thousand lies which send my Captain to his death. . . . Now God punishes you. . . . Now. . . . And *thus!*—"

As a viper strikes too swift to follow with the human

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eye, so my point flickered and stabbed and glittered and stabbed twice, where the jaw-bone joins the ear. And out of his gasping mouth boiled a great volume of blood to suffocate and drench him where he swayed toward me. Then I passed my point into the false and perjured heart of him; and, whipping it clear, looked upon him as he fell.

His coming here had meant my Captain's ruin; his end could not avert it.

I took up his soiled and muddy sleeve and wiped my sword on it, then let the dead arm fall; and went and unbarred the door; once more passed out; turned the great key and took it with me across the court to the inner grille, hiding it under my cassock.

"Turnkey," said I, "I must have instant access to the Ordinary upon a matter of life or death. And here's for you—"

I thrust a bag of English gold through the bars; but he stood away from me and would not touch it.

At the same instant I heard a great trample and clatter of horsemen behind me; and, turning around, saw a company of horse riding into the courtyard; and knew that my only chance was gone.

As they came crowding in, their wet horses slipping and stamping and striking fire from the pavement, I went out of that accursed place and presently gained the street. And so to my lord's house and there went to my closet and upon my knees; and prayed God's mercy on my Captain's guiltless soul which I knew, already, was near its passing, unless the King took pity on him at the Tree.

On the morrow I was still sleeping the deathly sleep of exhaustion when I came to dream of rain falling, and of a gallows; and I seemed again to hear the wet drums a-beat-

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ing; and once more looked upon poor Leisler where he prayed upon the scaffold. . . . And heard Milburne's bitter death-cry—

I awoke, shaking in limb and body; and saw the sun shining on the leaded panes where the Derringdale arms were set in stained glass.

Then by my bedside I saw Lord Derringdale seated, who, as I awoke with a cry of fright, took me by the hand, holding mine in a firm, kind clasp, and gazed upon me out of sad and tender eyes.

I seemed to understand; and presently bowed my head and fell a-weeping.

When, at length, I made out to control and compose myself, and began to understand that it was now late afternoon; and that I had slept all day since a little before dawn, I asked my lord in a trembling voice if all was over. And knew already that it was ended; and that no mercy of the King had saved my Captain at the Tree.

My lord said in a still, serene voice: "He met his end like a very gallant gentleman. . . . He had nothing to confess, and confessed nothing, only those simple, worldly sins to which all mankind is born. . . . I would not have you witness the sorrowful spectacle, so left you sleeping like the dead on your bed and went alone to the river. . . . And saw the Silver Oar borne past, and the clergy with the condemned a-walking very slow; and heard the low drone of prayer. . . . And so—and as is usual. . . . And what this poor man's slayers shall do with his dead body at Tilbury Fort upon the shore, betwixt high water mark and low—well, what matters the martyr's body? . . . For your Captain's soul is with God, I think."

I nodded.

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Then I got out o' bed and kneeled down; and my lord kneeled beside me; and there we prayed.

And, while praying, I heard the harsh cries of the vendors of broadsides and ballads in the street a-crying at tuppence, "The Last Dying Words of the Pirate, Captain Kidd!"

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Chapter L

WELL, my story is told; and as truthfully as I know how—the story of the man they hanged. Yet, if you would hear what little remains to be known, I shall endeavour to tell you as briefly as I may.

My own fortune was all gone. And the Crown confiscated the estate of my Captain,[1] leaving the unhappy widow and little Betty penniless save only for the estate which Sarah Kidd had brought my Captain when he married her.

Yet to her, and to Sancia, I must go as soon as ever I could devise a way and still keep clear of prison.

So first I went into France; and there lay awaiting word from my Lord Derringdale, who was moving heaven and earth with the King to grant me a pardon. A *pardon*—for crimes I never had committed! Yet that was the only way, or I could not go into America at all where I should be instantly arrested by order of John Nanfan.

So I wrote to my dear Captain's lady, telling her all I knew; and to Sancia by every ship; and waited in a little hamlet near Calais for some word from my Lord Derringdale.

Well, in September came his letter at last; and he had for me papers granting me a full pardon from the King; so that now I was free to sail to New York and find my

[1] Later, Queen Anne made a gift of nearly $35,000 out of Captain Kidd's estate for the purpose of founding a hospital in London.

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wife and my Captain's widow, and endeavour to earn a living and care for them as long as ever I lived on earth.

My lord's letter was very kind. He sent to me a noble sum of money, saying that, as but one life lay between me and the Derringdale title, and that I might yet live to wear it, what money he sent me might even be called my own, though prematurely inherited.

"Dirck," he wrote, "I am at ease to know you to be a Hazlett every inch, in soul and mind and heart and body. And am persuaded that your lady is all that any Derringdale Countess ought to be.

"Derring Court is your home whenever you choose to make it so while I am alive. And you may bring your Captain's widow, too, and her little daughter. For if you never become the Earl, and your wife never becomes a Countess of Derringdale, nevertheless, latent within you both abide these qualities. And the event is with God."

So I took a sloop to Berwick, and thence shipped to New York; and came, in seven weeks, within Sandy Hook, and so to an anchor off the ship-yard below Maiden Lane.

Much had the city changed; and, through tears, I looked upon it, and could scarcely endure to see it where once I had known such happiness.

But I lost no time; and, although my little house had been restored to me under the Royal pardon, I went not thither, but to the King's Arms on Broadway where I hired a horse. Thence—with my horse and saddle-bags, and two great sacks full of my effects—to the waterside, and, by a ketch, to Jersey.

There I loaded my horse and mounted and set off for the lonely little farm where were gathered under a lowly roof all that I most loved on earth.

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It was Indian summer, and a tender sunset of rose and gold when I rode to the picket fence gate, and got off my horse, and led him into a yard where the grass was still very green, and a few brown leaves lingered on the shrubbery and trees.

I saw a slim girl at the well, who had a pitcher in her hand, and who now turned to look at me.

Then Sancia let the pitcher fall upon the grass, and ran to me with a strange cry, and took me around the body and held me with a grip like one a-dying.

That was our meeting. And that was many years ago. Yet, in this year that I am writing, often she takes me thus, even if I be absent from her but an hour; and so we hold to each other as though some sly and evil fate might slink near to rob the one of the other. For what we have passed through and endured in this world has taught us how hazardous and brief is life; and how strange, sometimes, is God's purpose.

We do not dispute Almighty God. Only we do not understand His designs. And so, cling very closely to each other and to Sarah and Betty.

We are quiet folk, and live in retirement, submissive to God's will and purpose, loving one another, not sad and despairing, but, with tenderness and courage, living each day through that dawns, and remembering, at bed-time, to kneel together and return becoming thanks; and to pray for the soul's repose of the most honest, kind, and gallant gentleman I ever knew—the man they hanged.

(4)

THE END

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